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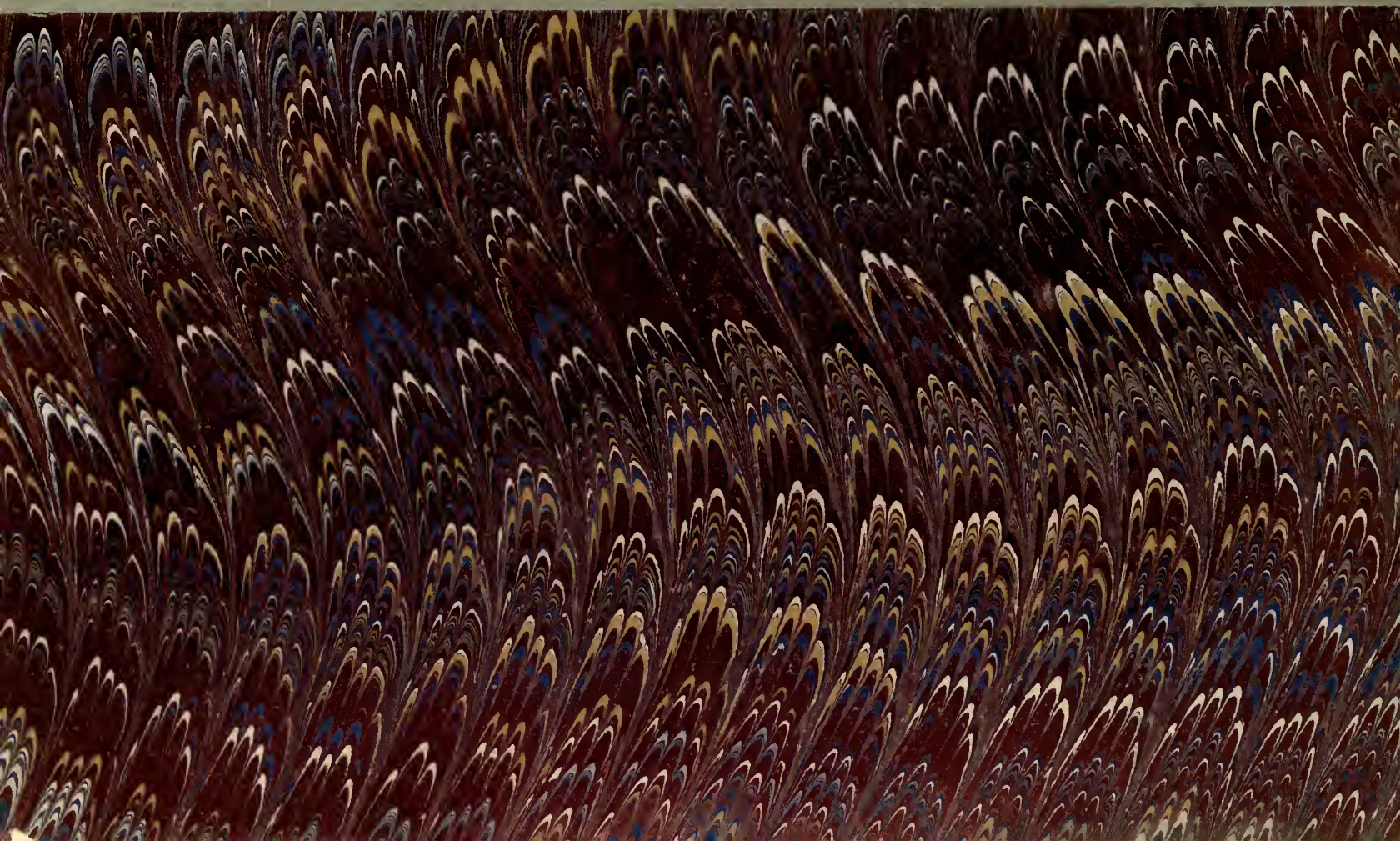

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THE WORKS

OF

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE WORKS

OF

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE:

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED.

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TO

JOHN FORSTER, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF GOLDSMITH, ETC.

This Volume is inscribed,

AS A SLIGHT RETURN FOR MANY KINDNESSES,

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.

[1850.]

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1850

(IN THREE VOLUMES).

THE present edition of Marlowe's Works is not a reprint of that put forth by the same publisher in 1826, but exhibits a new text formed on a collation of the early copies. I had no concern in the edition of 1826, which, nevertheless, has been frequently cited as mine; and when I characterize it as abounding with the grossest errors, I cannot offend its editor, who has been long deceased.

Several years ago, an edition of Marlowe's Works was projected by Mr. J. P. Collier; but, on learning that I had commenced the present one, he abandoned his design, and kindly transferred to me some curious documents which he had intended to use himself, and which I have inserted in their proper places: nor, conscious as I am that there has been inexcusable delay in bringing out the present edition, ought I to be dissatisfied that Mr. Collier should have since printed a considerable portion of those papers in the Prolegomena to his *Shakespeare*. I have also to return my thanks to Mr. Collier for furnishing me with all the entries concerning Marlowe's pieces which he had met with while preparing for the press his *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*.

My best acknowledgments are due to the Rev. Dr. Bandinel, Librarian of the Bodleian, Oxford, both for the information which he communicated to me by letter, and for the many courtesies which I experienced from him when I had occasion to inspect Malone's collection of English poetry, now added to the Bodleian treasures. By the ready services of the Rev. H. O. Coxe, of the same noble establishment, I have profited more than once.

To the Rev. J. C. Robertson, Vicar of Beakesbourne, who spared neither

time nor trouble in aiding my inquiries about Marlowe in his native city, I feel myself greatly indebted; and to the Rev. W. S. H. Braham, Rector of St. George's, Canterbury, I am not without obligations.

Having reason to believe that Marlowe had been educated at the King's School, Canterbury, I requested the Hon. D. Finch, Auditor, to examine certain old *Treasurer's Accounts,* which, I was told, were preserved in the Cathedral, and were likely to determine the point. With this request Mr. Finch complied; and informed me that Marlowe was mentioned in those Accounts, as one of the King's Scholars who had received the usual stipend during such and such years. But there his civilities ended. It was in vain that I continued asking him, as a particular favour, either to permit me to make the necessary extracts from those Accounts, or to allow a clerk to make them for me;—in Mr. Finch's opinion, my solicitations were unreasonable. Several months after, a gentleman, whose influence is powerful at Canterbury, was induced (through the medium of a mutual friend) to exert himself in my behalf; and, in consequence of his kind interposition, the extracts from the Accounts were at last forwarded to me, accompanied with a special notice that "ten and sixpence" must be sent, in return, to Mr. Finch.

The task of tracing Marlowe's course at Cambridge was voluntarily undertaken for me by the Rev. George Skinner, of Jesus College; and he performed it with a zeal for which I feel truly grateful.

To the Rev. John Mitford, to W. J. Thoms, Esq., and to W. H. Black, Esq., I have to offer my thanks for various and not unimportant assistance.

The first edition of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* was lent to me by the late Mr. Miller of Craigentinny.

ALEX. DYCE.

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SOME ACCOUNT

OF

MARLOWE AND HIS WRITINGS.

WHEN the latest biographer of Marlowe set out with a declaration that "the time of this writer's birth cannot be ascertained," * he rather hastily assumed the impossibility of discovering it. Christopher Marlowe, the son of John Marlowe, shoemaker,† was born at Canterbury in February 1563-4, and baptized there in the Church of St. George the Martyr on the 26th of that month.‡

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* *Lives of English Dramatists*, i. 49. (Lardner's *Cyclop.*)

† "Marlowe a shooe makers sonne of Cant." *MS. Note*, in a very old hand, on the margin of a copy of Beard's *Theatre* of *God's Judgments*, 1598, which, when I saw it, belonged to the late Mr. B. H. Bright.—"His [Marlowe's] father was a shoemaker in Canterburie." *MS. Note* in a copy of *Hero and Leander*, ed. 1629, now in the possession of Mr. J. P. Collier.—See also the last stanza but four of the ballad called *The Atheist's Tragedie*, Appendix I. to this volume.

‡ 1563-4, "The 26th day of ffebruary was christened Christofer the sonne of John Marlow." *Register of St. George the Martyr, Canterbury.*—The following entries are found in the same Register; which, though very old, is only a transcript; and the scribe was unable to decypher the Christian names in the fourth, seventh, and eighth entries:

1548, "The 28th day of December was christened Marget the daughter of John Marlow."

1562, "The xxist of May was christened Mary the daughter of John Marlowe."

1565, "The [date illegible] day of December was christened Margarit the daughter of John Marlowe."

1568, "The last day of October was christened [*sic*] the sonne of John Marlow."

1569, "The 20th day of August was christened John the sonne of John Marlow."

1566, "The 10th day of December was buried Simon the sonne of Thomas Marlow."

1567, "The 5th day of November was buried [*sic*] the sonne of John Marlow."

1568, "The 28th day of August was buried [*sic*] the daughter of John Marlow."

1570, "The 7th day of August was buried Thomas ye sonne of John Marlow."

1604, "John Marloe clarke of St. Maries was buried ye 26th of January."

Qy. does the last entry refer to the elder or to the younger John Marlowe (see the fifth entry)? It is possible that, while our poet's father followed the business of a shoemaker (which, according to the stanza of the ballad referred to in the preceding note, he continued to do till his death), he also held the situation of "clarke of St. Maries."

So unsettled was the orthography of the time, that our author's name (as will be seen) was written in ten different ways,—Marlo, Marloe, Marlow, Marlowe, Marley, Marly, Marlyc, Marlen, Marlin, Marlyn!

Our poet's history has hitherto been a blank up to the period of his graduating at Cambridge; but that deficiency is now in some sort supplied by the following particulars.

The King's School at Canterbury was founded by Henry the Eighth for a Master, an Usher, and fifty Scholars between the ages of nine and fifteen,—the Scholars having each a stipend of four pounds per annum, and retaining their Scholarships for five years. To enable some of the more deserving Scholars, on completing their education at this establishment, to proceed to one of the Universities, several benefactions were made at various times. The earliest which I find recorded is that of Archbishop Parker. In 1569 he founded two Scholarships, each of the value of £3. 6*s.* 8*d.*, in Corpus Christi alias Benet College, Cambridge, to maintain, during the space of two hundred years, two Scholars, natives of Kent, and educated at the King's School, who were to be called Canterbury Scholars, and to be entitled to all the advantages enjoyed by the other Scholars in the college. Archbishop Whitgift having renewed this foundation, it is now perpetual.*

That the King's School may henceforth claim the honour of having contributed to the instruction of Marlowe is proved by a document which I obtained with great difficulty,†—an extract from "the Treasurer's Accounts" concerning the "Stipend. sive Salar. L^{a} puerorum studen. Grammatic.," for the year ending at the Feast of St. Michael, 21st Eliz. It commences with "Idem denar. per dictum Thesaur. de exit. officii sui hoc anno solut. quinquaginta pueris studen. Grammatic. pro salariis suis ad s. iiij^{li} pro quolibet eorum per annum," and contains four notices of the usual sum having been paid "Xrōfero Marley,"—"in primo termino hujus anni," "in secundo termino hujus anni," "in tercio termino hujus anni," and "in ultimo termino hujus anni." If I may depend upon the information which I received together with the extract just quoted, Marlowe did not continue at the King's School the full period which its statutes allowed him to remain.‡

At the proper age Marlowe was removed to Cambridge; and, as Benet was the college of which he became a member, I at first concluded that he had been elected to one of the Parker Scholarships already mentioned; but a careful examination of the records both of the University and of Benet, which has recently been made at my request, leaves, I am told, very little doubt that he did not obtain a Scholarship.§

* For other particulars concerning the King's School, see Hasted's *Hist. of Kent*, iv. 583 sqq.

† See Preface.

‡ "Marlowe's name," I am informed, "does not occur in [the Accounts for] 1575, 1576, 1577, nor 1581: the intervening Accounts are wanting." (It could not occur in the Accounts for 1581).—The present Master of the King's School observes to me "that no special patronage was required for Marlowe's election as a Scholar; any boy *of good ability* may at any time get into the School."

§ The only mention of him in the Books of Corpus (Benet) Coll. is an entry of his admission in 1580; and there he is called "Marlin," without the Christian name. My correspondent at Cambridge observes; "the University books enter both the Christian name and the surname in all cases; the Benet Books only in the case of *Scholars*. It therefore seems *nearly* certain that Marlowe was not

He was matriculated as Pensioner of Benet College, 17th March, 1580-1.* He took the degree of A.B. in 1583, and that of A.M. in 1587.†

If Marlowe did not benefit by the Parker foundation, we are at a loss to know how he was enabled to meet the expenses of the University: that his father could have furnished him with the requisite sums, is altogether improbable; and we are driven to conjecture that Marlowe owed his maintenance at college either to some wealthier relative, or to some patron whose favour he had won by early indications of genius. Among the Kentish gentry there was no one more likely to have lent him a helping hand than Sir Roger Manwood,‡ Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who had his principal mansion at St. Stephen's near Canterbury, and was much distinguished for his munificence. Indeed, it would seem that on some occasion or other Marlowe was indebted to the bounty either of that excellent man, or of his son Peter (afterwards Sir Peter) Manwood, who was both learned himself and an encourager of the learned; for, unless the Latin verses in p. 384 of the present volume are wrongly assigned to our poet, which there is no reason to suppose, a tribute of respect to the memory of Sir Roger Manwood was among his latest compositions.

It is plain that Marlowe was educated with a view to one of the learned professions. Most probably he was intended for the Church; nor is it unlikely that, having begun, even during his academic course, to entertain those sceptical opinions for which he was afterwards so notorious, he abandoned all thoughts of taking

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a *Foundation Scholar*. He may perhaps have held some bye-scholarship or exhibition." The same obliging informant has since communicated to me the remark of a gentleman belonging to Corpus, that "*Scholars* were entered with a 'pomp and circumstance' not found in the notice of 'Marlin.'"

* "17 Mar. 1580 Chrõf. Marlen Pensioner." *Cambridge Matriculation-Book.*

† "Xrõf. Marlyn 1583 A.B."—"Chr: Marley 1587 A.M." *Cambridge Grace-Book.*

‡ Sir Roger Manwood, the son of a draper, was born at Sandwich in 1525. He applied himself to the study of the law, and appears to have become early eminent in his profession. He was made a Serjeant, 23d April, 1567, a Justice of the Common-Pleas, 14th Octr. 1572; and he was both knighted and appointed Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 17th Novr. 1578. He founded and endowed a free-school at Sandwich, and was a very liberal benefactor to the parish and church of St. Stephen's alias Hackington, where (in the neighbourhood of Canterbury) he mostly resided. Sir Roger was twice married: by his first wife he had three sons and two daughters; by his second wife no issue. He died 14th Decr. 1592, and was buried in the parish-church of St. Stephen's, which contains a splendid monument to his memory. See *Hist. of Sandwich*, pp. 245-248, by Boys (who erroneously states that Sir Roger was author of the well-known treatise on Forest Laws: it was written by John Manwood).—The monument above-mentioned was erected by Sir Roger himself shortly before his decease. This fact was curiously confirmed some years ago when the monument was undergoing repairs: the person who was at work on it told the present rector of St. Stephen's that some letters and figures in the last line of the inscription (those that record the date of Sir Roger's death) were not cut by the same hand which had cut the rest.—The Register of St. Stephen's states that Sir Roger was buried 16th December.

Peter Manwood, the eldest and only surviving son of Sir Roger, was created a Knight of the Bath at the Coronation of James the First. He served several times in Parliament for Sandwich; and died in 1625. His eldest daughter became the wife of Sir Thomas Walsingham, knight, who (as will afterwards be shown) was on terms of intimacy with Marlowe. See Boys's *Hist. of Sandwich*, pp. 249, 250.

orders. Be that as it may, his predilection for the drama was decided: before 1587 it seems certain that he had produced *Tamburlaine the Great;* and eventually he joined the crowd of literary adventurers in the metropolis with a determination to rely on his genius alone for a subsistence.

At one time Marlowe unquestionably "fretted his hour upon the stage." According to Phillips, whose account is followed by Wood* and Tanner,† he "rose from an actor to be a maker of plays;" ‡ and in a very curious ballad,§ which was composed while some of his contemporaries were still alive, we are told that he performed at the Curtain in Shore-ditch;

> "He had alsoe a player beene
> Upon the Curtaine-stage,
> But brake his leg in one lewd scene
> When in his early age."

But is the assertion of Phillips, that Marlowe was *first* an actor and *afterwards* a dramatist, to be received as the exact truth? I think not; for, without taking into consideration the flagrant inaccuracies of Phillips's work, there are circumstances in the history of Marlowe which seem strongly to contradict it. Nor do the words of the ballad, "When in his early age," necessarily confirm the statement of Phillips. In the stanza just cited, the ballad-monger (who found "age" an obvious rhyme to "stage") meant, I conceive, no more than this,—that Marlowe's histrionic feats took place soon after he had formed a permanent connection with the London theatres for the sake of a livelihood; and, as far as I can judge, such really was the case. We have seen that Marlowe took the degree of A.M. in 1587; and there is every reason to believe that he was then known as a successful dramatist: but if he had been also known as one who had exhibited himself on the London boards in the capacity of a regular actor (and as such the ballad-monger evidently describes him), I am by no means sure that, in those days, the University of Cambridge would have granted the degree.‖ On this point, however, I would not urge my opinion with any

* *Ath. Oxon.* ii. 7, ed. Bliss.

† *Biblioth. Brit.* p. 512.

‡ *Theat. Poet.* (*Modern Poets*), p. 24, ed. 1675.—Warton says that Marlowe was "often applauded, both by Queen Elizabeth *and King James the First*, as a judicious player" (*Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 433, ed. 4to.); yet he presently adds that Marlowe "died *rather before the year* 1593" (p. 437),—which was "rather before" King James ascended the throne of England.

§ *The Atheist's Tragedie;* see Appendix I. to this volume. The date of the ballad may be inferred from the second stanza,—

> "A truer storie nere was told,
> *As some alive can showe,*" &c.

‖ Even the composing of plays for a London theatre by a member of the University was a proceeding very unlikely to meet with approbation from the Dons of Cambridge. They most probably held in supreme contempt all modern dramas which were not academic,—which were not written to be acted in a college-hall when some royal or dignified personage honoured the University with a visit.

positiveness: new materials for Marlowe's biography may hereafter come to light, and prove that I am mistaken.

For the same person to unite in himself the actor and the dramatist was very common, both at that time and at a later period. Marlowe may have performed on more than one stage, though we can trace him only to the Curtain; and we may gather from the terms of the ballad ("He had alsoe a player beene .... *But* brake his leg," &c.) that, the accident which there befell him having occasioned incurable lameness, he was for ever disabled as an actor.

The tragedy of *Tamburlaine the Great*, in Two Parts (the Second Part, it appears, having been brought upon the stage soon after the First *), may be confidently assigned to Marlowe, though the old editions have omitted the author's name. It is his earliest drama, at least the earliest of his plays which we possess. From Nash's Epistle "To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities,"† prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, 1587, and from Greene's Address "To the Gentlemen Readers," ‡ prefixed to his *Perimedes the Blacke-Smith*, 1588, Mr. Collier concludes, and, it would seem, justly, "that Marlowe was our first poet who used blank-verse in dramatic compositions performed in public theatres, that *Tamburlaine* was the play in which the successful experiment was made, and that it was acted anterior to 1587."§ On the authority of a rather obscure passage in *The Black Book*, 1604, Malone had conjectured that *Tamburlaine* was written either wholly or in part by Nash: || but to that conjecture Mr. Collier,—besides adducing a line from a sonnet by Gabriel Harvey, in which Marlowe, then just deceased, is spoken of under the

* See Prologue to the Sec. Part.

† In which Nash ridicules the then recent introduction of blank-verse on the public stage, and seems to allude to Marlowe in contemptuous terms.

‡ In which Greene expressly mentions Marlowe's tragedy; "daring God out of heauen with that atheist *Tamburlan*, or blaspheming with the mad preest of the sonne."—Mr. Collier thinks that Marlowe also wrote the play in which "the Priest of the Sun" was a leading character.

§ *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 112.—Compare too the Prologue to the First Part of *Tamburlaine*;

> "From *jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits*,
> And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
> We'll lead you to the stately tent of war," &c.—

Mr. Collier informs us, that, before the appearance of *Tamburlaine*, writers for the regular theatres had confined themselves to the use of prose or rhyme; and that all the English tragedies in blank verse which preceded *Tamburlaine* were performed either at court or before private societies.—Warton incidentally observes that *Tamburlaine* was "represented before the year 1588." *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iv. 11, ed. 4to.

|| *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 357.—The passage in *The Black Book* is,—"the spindle-shank spiders ..... went stalking over his [Nash's] head as if they had been conning of *Tamburlaine*" (see Middleton's *Works*, v. 526, ed. Dyce); and it means, I have no doubt, that the spiders stalked with the tragic gait of an actor practising the part of Tamburlaine: compare the 2d line of the quotation from Hall in p. xvii.

appellation of "Tamberlaine,"*—has opposed the explicit testimony of Henslowe's *Diary*, "Pd unto Thomas Dickers [Dekker], the 20 of Desembr 1597 . . . . . fyve shellenges for a prolog to *Marloes Tamberlen*." † I may add, that the rhymer who has turned the history of Marlowe into a ballad, describes him in one place as "blaspheming *Tambolin*." ‡

This tragedy, which was entered in the Stationers' Books, 14th August, 1590,§ and printed during the same year, has not come down to us in its original fulness; and probably we have no cause to lament the curtailments which it suffered from the publisher of the first edition. "I have purposely," he says, "omitted and left out some fond and frivolous gestures, digressing, and, in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter, which I thought might seem more tedious unto the wise than any way else to be regarded, though haply they have been of some vain-conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were shewed upon the stage in their graced deformities: nevertheless now to be mixtured in print with such matter of worth, it would prove a great disgrace to so honourable and stately a history."‖ By the words, "fond and frivolous gestures," we are to understand those of the "clown," who very frequently figured, with more or less prominence, even in the most serious dramas of the time. The introduction of such buffooneries into tragedy¶ is censured by Hall towards the conclusion of a passage which, as it mentions "the Turkish Tamberlaine," would seem to be partly levelled at Marlowe:**

> "One higher-pitch'd doth set his soaring thought
> On crowned kings that Fortune hath low brought,
> Or some vpreared high-aspiring swaine,
> As it might be *the Turkish Tamberlaine*.
> Then weeneth he his base drink-drowned spright
> Rapt to the three-fold loft of heauen hight,

* "Weepe, Powles; thy Tamberlaine voutsafes to dye." *A New Letter of Notable Contents*, 1593, Sig D 3.

† *Diary*, p. 71, ed. Shake. Soc.—As another proof that *Tamburlaine* is by Marlowe, Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 114) adduces Heywood's Prologue to our author's *Jew of Malta*: but that Prologue is nothing to the purpose; see note ‖, p. 142 of the present volume.—Notwithstanding the strong evidence to the contrary, Mr. Hallam (*Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, ii. 169, ed. 1843) still continues to regard Nash as Marlowe's coadjutor in *Tamburlaine*.

‡ See Appendix I. to the present volume.

§ "A ballad entituled the storye of Tamburlayne the greate," &c. (founded, I suppose, on Marlowe's play) was entered in the Stationers' Books, 5th Nov. 1594.

‖ P. 4 of the present volume.

¶ In Italy, at the commencement of the 18th century (and probably much later), it was not unusual to introduce "the Doctor," "Harlequin," "Pantalone," and "Coviello," into deep tragedies. "I have seen," says Addison, "a translation of *The Cid* acted at Bolonia, which would never have taken, had they not found a place in it for these buffoons." *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, &c. in the years 1701, 1702, 1703*, p. 68, ed. 1745.

** Perhaps I ought to add, that Marlowe was dead when (in 1597) the satire, from which these lines are quoted, was first given to the press.

When he conceiues vpon his fained stage
The stalking steps of his greate personage,
Graced with huf-cap termes and thundring threats,
That his poore hearers' hayre quite vpright sets.
* * * * * * * * *
Now, least such frightfull showes of Fortune's fall
And bloudy tyrants' rage should chance apall
The dead-stroke audience, midst the silent rout
Comes leaping in a selfe-misformed lout,
And laughes, and grins, and frames his mimik face,
And iustles straight into the prince's place:
Then doth the theatre eccho all aloud
With gladsome noyse of that applauding crowd:
A goodly hoch-poch, when vile russettings
Are match['d] with monarchs and with mightie kings!" *

But Hall's taste was more refined and classical than that of his age; and the success of *Tamburlaine*, in which the celebrated Alleyn represented the hero,† was adequate to the most sanguine expectations which its author could have formed. Nor did it cease to be popular when no longer a novelty: the Scythian conqueror, gorgeous in his "copper-laced coat and crimson velvet breeches,"‡ riding in a chariot drawn by harnessed monarchs,§ and threatening destruction to the very powers of heaven,‖ was for many years a highly attractive personage to the play-

* Hall's *Virgid.* Lib. i. Sat. iii., ed. 1602.

† See Heywood's Prol. to our author's *Jew of Malta*, p. 142 of the present volume.

‡ "Item, Tamberlynes cotte, with coper lace,"—"Item, Tamberlanes breches of crymson vellvet." Appendix to Henslowe's *Diary*, pp. 274-5, ed. Shake. Soc. We find *ibid.* p. 273, "Tamberlyne brydell" (i. e. the bridle for the captive kings).

§ "*Enter Tamburlaine, drawn in his chariot by the Kings of Trebizon and Soria, with bits in their mouths, &c.*

"*Tamb.* Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!" &c.

p. 64, sec. col.

This has been quoted or alluded to, generally with ridicule, by a whole host of writers. Pistol's "hollow pamper'd jades of Asia" in Shakespeare's *Henry IV. P. ii.* Act ii. sc. 4, is known to most readers: see also Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, act ii. sc. 2; Fletcher's *Women Pleased*, act iv. sc. 1; Chapman's, Jonson's, and Marston's *Eastward Ho*, act ii. sig. B 3, ed. 1605; Brathwait's *Strappado for the Diuell*, 1615, p. 159; Taylor the water-poet's *Thiefe* and his *World runnes on Wheeles*,—*Workes*, pp. 111 [121], 239, ed. 1630; *A Brown Dozen of Drunkards*, &c. 1648, sig. A 3; the Duke of Newcastle's *Varietie, a comedy*, 1649, p. 72;—but I cannot afford room for more references.—In 1566 a similar spectacle had been exhibited at Gray's Inn: there the Dumb Show before the first act of Gascoigne and Kinwelmersh's *Jocasta* introduced "a king with an imperiall crowne vpon hys head," &c. "sitting in a chariote very richly furnished, drawen in by iiii kings in their dublets and hosen, with crownes also vpon theyr heads, representing vnto vs ambition by the historie of Sesostres," &c.

‖ In defence of such passages Marlowe perhaps would have alleged the example of the Italian romanesque poets (who were more read in England during his time than they are at present). In Bojardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, when Marfisa finds that she cannot overcome Ranaldo,

"Chiama iniquo Macone e doloroso,
Cornuto e becco Trivigante appella;
Ribaldi, a lor dicea, per qual cagione,
Tenete il cavalier in su'l'arcione?

goers of the metropolis. Numerous entries concerning the performance of both Parts of this tragedy occur in Henslowe's *Diary*, all of them, however, subsequent to the death of Marlowe: the earliest is dated 28th August, 1594, the latest 13th Nov. 1595.*

Venga un di voi, et lascisi vedere,
Et pigli a suo piacer questa difesa,
Ch'io farò sua persona rimanere
Quà giù riversa e nel prato distesa.
Voi non volete mia forza temere
Perchè là su non posso esser ascesa;
Ma, s'io prendo il cammino, io ve n'avviso,
Tutti v'uccido, ed ardo il Paradiso."

Lib. i. C. XVIII. st. 9, ed. Pan.

In the same poem Agramante declares to his council that he is resolved to subdue, not only Carlo Mano, but the whole world; and he concludes,

"Poi che battuto avrò tutta la terra,
Ancor nel Paradiso io vo' far guerra."

Lib. II. C. I. st. 64.

In *Le Prime Imprese del Conte Orlando* by Dolce, when Agolante hears that his son Almonte is slain,

"egli ha sua stella
Accusa, e la biastema parimente;
Et è da l' ira stimolato tanto
Che di strugger il ciel si dona vanto."

C. XVII. p. 134, ed. 1579.

There are touches of this kind even in Ariosto;

"Dal sagace Spagnuol, che con la guida
Di duo del sangue d'Avalo ardirìa
Farsi nel cielo e ne lo 'nferno via."

Orl. Fur. C. XXXIII. st. 51.

The same sort of extravagance is occasionally found in English dramatists later than Marlowe. For instance, in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London* (acted about 1599, and certainly intended for a serious play) the Soldan exclaims,

"Should Ioue himselfe in thunder answere I [i.e. ay],
When we say no, wee'd pull him from the skie."

Sig. F 2, ed. 1615.

Yet this early production of Heywood contains some fine things; e. g.,

"In Sion towres hangs his victorious flagge,
Blowing defiance this way; and it showes
Like a red meteor in the troubled aire,
Or like a blazing comet that fore-tels
The fall of princes." Sig. G.

The line marked in Italics has been cited neither by the editors of Milton nor by those of Gray as parallel to the following passages;

"Th' imperial *ensign;* which, full high advanc'd,
Shone *like a meteor* streaming to the wind."

Par. Lost. I. 536.

"Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, *like a meteor, to the troubled air.*" *The Bard.*

* Pp. 40-60, ed. Shake. Soc.—The play called *Tambercame*, which is mentioned in the same Diary, was doubtless a distinct piece from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine.*

Taylor, the water-poet, makes Tom Coryat inform the Great Mogul, that Tamburlaine "perhaps is not altogether so famous in his own country of Tartaria as in England;"* and notices of the play, which shew that it was still in some repute, might be cited from writers of a more recent period.† But before the close of the seventeenth century it had sunk into oblivion: a precocious young gentleman, a Mr. Charles Saunders, whose *Tamerlane* (after having been acted, with a Prologue by Dryden) was printed in 1681, writes thus in his Preface; "It hath been told me, there is a Cock-pit play going under the name of *The Scythian Shepherd or Tamberlain the Great*, which how good it is any one may judge by its obscurity, being a thing, not a bookseller‡ in London, or scarce the players themselves who acted it formerly, cow'd call to remembrance."

With very little discrimination of character, with much extravagance of incident, with no pathos where pathos was to be expected, and with a profusion of inflated language, *Tamburlaine* is nevertheless a very impressive drama, and undoubtedly superior to all the English tragedies which preceded it;—superior to them in the effectiveness with which the events are brought out, in the poetic feeling which animates the whole, and in the nerve and variety of the versification. Marlowe was yet to shew that he could impart truthfulness to his scenes; but not a few passages might be gleaned from *Tamburlaine* as grand in thought, as splendid in imagery, and as happy in expression, as any which his later works contain.

A memorandum that Marlowe "translated Coluthus's *Rape of Helen* into English rhyme in the year 1587," is cited from Coxeter's MSS. by Warton; who observes that "Coluthus's poem was probably brought into vogue, and suggested to Marlowe's notice, by being paraphrased in Latin verse the preceding year by Thomas Watson."§

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* *Oration to the Great Mogul*, p. 85, *Workes*, ed. 1630.

† E. G. "Tut, leave your raging, sir; for though you should roar like Tamerlin at the Bull," &c. Cowley's *Guardian*, act iii. sc. 6, ed. 1650.

‡ Since those days, the old editions of Marlowe's pieces have, of course, become more and more difficult to procure. The following fragment of Memoranda, in the handwriting of (I believe) Dr. Ducarel, was obligingly forwarded to me by Mr. Bolton Corney, and may prove not uninteresting to some readers. "One fine summer's day, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-four, going into an old book-shop kept by an old woman and her daughter, on the north side of Middle-Row, Holbourn, to look for any ancient books; not being there long, looking round the shop, before Dodd the comedian came in, to search, as he told me, for any one of Kit Marlow's plays. I asked the old woman if she had any more books besides those in the shop. She said 'she had; but they were in an inner room without any window-light; and that the last person that had been there was the noted book-worm Dr. Rawlinson,'—who then had been sleeping with his fathers some few years.

"Mr. Dodd ask'd if it was agreeable for him to accompany me. We had two candles lighted, and going into this dark recess, saw a great number of books laying on the ground, which took us some hours looking over. He brought out a book or two; but was not lucky enough to find Kit Marlow there. And, after turning over, for three or four hours, many dirty books, I only found worth buying," &c. Though Dodd failed in Middle-Row, he must have found "dark recesses" in other localities where a search after early dramas was not made in vain; for his collection of plays (sold by auction after his decease) was very curious and valuable.

§ *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 433, ed. 4to; where Warton also remarks, "I have never seen it [Marlowe's translation of Coluthus] . . . . But there is entered to Jones, in 1595, 'A booke entituled

—The poet of Lycopolis so seldom rises above mediocrity, that the loss of Marlowe's version may be borne with perfect resignation.

It is to be presumed that *Tamburlaine* had not been long before the public, when Marlowe produced his *Faustus*.* The date of the first edition of the prose-romance which supplied the materials for this play, is, I believe, doubtful; but "A ballad of the life and death of Doctor Faustus the great cungerer" was licensed to be printed 28th February, 1588-9; and, as ballads were frequently founded on favourite dramas, it is most likely that the ditty just mentioned was derived from our author's play. A stanza in Rowlands's *Knave of Clubs*, not only informs us that Alleyn acted the chief part in this tragedy, but also describes his costume;

> "The gull gets on a surplis,
> With a crosse upon his brest,
> Like Allen playing Faustus,
> In that manner was he drest." †

The success of *Faustus* was complete. Henslowe has sundry entries‡ concerning it; none, however, earlier than 30th Sept. 1594, at which date Marlowe was dead, and the play, there is every reason to believe, had been several years on the prompter's list. Henslowe has also two important memoranda regarding the "additions" which were made to it, when, in consequence of having been repeatedly performed, it had somewhat palled upon the audience;

"Pd unto Thomas Dickers [Dekker], the 20 of Desembr 1597, for adycyons to *Fostus* twentie shellinges."

"Lent unto the companye, the 22 of novmbr 1602, to paye unto Wm Birde and Samwell Rowley for ther adicyones in *Docter Fostes*, the some of . . . . iiij^li^".§

Faustus was entered in the Stationers' Books 7th January 1600-1.‖ The earliest edition yet discovered is the quarto of 1604; which never having been

Raptus Helenæ, Helen's Rape, by the Athenian duke Theseus'." Surely, Warton could not mean, that the book entered to Jones in 1595 was perhaps Marlowe's version of Coluthus; for Coluthus relates the rape of Helen by Paris, not by *Theseus*.

* Mr. Collier observes that "Marlowe's *Faustus*, in all probability, was written very soon after his *Tamburlaine the Great*, as in 1588 'a *ballad* of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus' (which in the language of that time might mean either the play or a metrical composition founded upon its chief incidents) was licensed to be printed." *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 126. As we find that the play was entered in the Stationers' Books in 1601, the "ballad of Faustus" must mean the story of Faustus in verse,—perhaps, that ballad which I have reprinted in the present volume, p. 136. Mr. Collier, in a note on Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 42, ed. Shake. Soc., states that "the old Romance of *Faustus*, on which the play is founded, was first entered on the Stationers' books in 1588:" qy. does he mean the old *ballad* of *Faustus*?

† P. 22. ed. Percy Soc. (reprint of ed. 1611).—An inventory of Alleyn's theatrical apparel includes "Faustus Jerkin, his cloke." Collier's *Mem. of Alleyn*, p. 20.

‡ *Diary*, pp. 42—91, ed. Shake. Soc.

§ *Ibid.* pp. 71, 228.—Among the stage-properties of the Lord Admiral's men (*Ibid.* p. 273) we find "j dragon in *fostes*."

‖ I make this statement on the authority of the MS. notes by Malone in his copies of 4tos 1604 and 1631 (now in the Bodleian Library).

examined either by Marlowe's editors or (what is more remarkable) by the excellent historian of the stage, Mr. Collier, they all remained ignorant how very materially it differs from the later editions. The next quarto, that of 1616 (reprinted in 1624 and in 1631), besides a text altered more or less from the commencement to the end, contains some characters and scenes which are entirely new: but, as the present volume includes both the edition of 1604 and that of 1616, a more particular account of their variations is unnecessary here.—We have seen that "additions" were made to *Faustus* in 1597, and again in 1602, at the first of which dates Marlowe had been several years deceased; and a question arises, is the quarto of 1604 wholly from our author's pen, or is it,—as the quarto of 1616 indisputably is,—an alteration of the tragedy by other hands? Malone believed that the quarto of 1604 was "Marlowe's original play;"* but a passage in a speech of the Horse-courser proves him to have been mistaken. The words are these; "Mass, Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor:"† now, Marlowe died in 1593; and the said Doctor Lopez did not start into notoriety till the following year, during which he suffered death at Tyburn for his treasonable practices.‡ I at first entertained no doubt that the (somewhat mutilated and corrupted) quarto of 1604 presented *Faustus* with those comparatively unimportant "additions" for which Dekker was paid twenty shillings in 1597; and that the quarto of 1616 exhibited that alteration of the play which was made by the combined ingenuity of Bird and Rowley in 1602. But I have recently felt less confident on this subject, having found that the anonymous comedy *The Taming of a Shrew*, which was entered in the Stationers' Books and printed in 1594, contains a seeming imitation of a line in *Faustus*,—a line which occurs only in the quarto of 1616 (reprinted in 1624 and 1631), and which belongs to a scene that, as the merest novice in criticism will at once perceive, was not the composition of Marlowe. If the line in question§ was really imitated by the author

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* MS. Note in his copy of 4to 1604.—In his copy of 4to 1631 he has written; "The reason why Rowley and Bird's additions did not appear in the edition of 1604, was, that they were retained for the use of the theatre." (Malone, it would seem, was not then aware that Dekker had made additions to *Faustus* in 1597.)—Mr. Collier says, "We may conclude that the additions last made [to *Faustus* by Bird and Rowley] were very considerable; and with them probably the piece was printed in 1604." *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* III. 126: but when Mr. Collier made this remark, he was unacquainted with the quarto of 1604, as is proved by his quoting, throughout his valuable work, the text of the later *Faustus*.

† P. 96, sec. col.

‡ He was executed in June 1594: see Stowe's *Annales*, p. 768, ed. 1615.

§ It is,—

"Or *hew'd* this flesh and bones as *small as sand*."

P. 126, first col.

The probable imitation of it is,—

"And *hew'd* thee *smaller than the Libian sandes*."

The resemblance between these two lines might have been considered as purely accidental, did not *The*

of *The Taming of a Shrew*, we must conclude that, earlier than 1597, *Faustus* had received "additions" concerning which the annals of the stage are silent; nor must we attempt to assign to their respective authors those two rifacimenti of the tragedy which are preserved in the quartos of 1604 and 1616.—A fifth quarto of *Faustus* was printed in 1663, *With New Additions, as it is now Acted. With several New Scenes, together with the Actors Names* [i. e. the names of the Dram. Pers.], the new matter* occupying much less space than the title-page would lead us to imagine, and evidently supplied by some poetaster of the lowest grade.—The repeated alterations and editions of this tragedy seem to justify the assertion of Phillips, that "of all that Marlowe hath written to the stage, his *Dr. Faustus* hath made the greatest noise, with its devils and such like tragical sport."†

The well-known fact, that our early dramatists usually borrowed their fables from novels or "histories," to which they often servilely adhered, has not been considered any derogation from their merits. Yet the latest biographer of Marlowe dismisses *Faustus* as "unworthy of his reputation," chiefly because it "closely follows a popular romance of the same name."‡ Certain it is that Marlowe has "closely followed" the prose *History of Doctor Faustus;* but it is equally certain that he was not indebted to that *History* for the poetry and the passion which he has infused into his play, for those thoughts of surpassing beauty and grandeur with which it abounds, and for that fearful display of mental agony at the close, compared to which all attempts of the kind by preceding English dramatists are "poor indeed." In the opinion of Hazlitt, "*Faustus*, though an imperfect and unequal performance, is Marlowe's greatest work."§ Mr. Hallam remarks; "There is an awful melancholy about Marlowe's Mephistophiles, perhaps more impressive than the malignant mirth of that fiend in the renowned work of Goethe. But the fair form of Margaret is wanting."‖ In the comic scenes of *Faustus* (which are nearly all derived from the prose *History*) we have buffoonery of the worst description; and it is difficult not to believe that Marlowe is answerable for at least a portion of them, when we recollect that he had inserted similar scenes in the original copy of his *Tamburlaine*.

Taming of a Shrew contain various passages almost transcribed from *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus:* see much more on this subject, p. li. of the present essay.

* Mr. Collier is mistaken when he states that in 4to. 1663 "a scene at Rome is transferred to Constantinople, and another interpolated from *The Rich Jew of Malta.*" *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 126. There is no scene at *Constantinople*, nor *any interpolation from the Jew of Malta;* but there is a scene at Babylon, during which the Sultan questions one of his Bashaws concerning the taking of Malta, and is informed how they had won the town by means of the Jew.——Perhaps it is hardly worth mentioning that Marlowe's *Faustus* was "*made into a Farce, with the Humours of Harlequin and Scaramouch,*" by the celebrated actor Mountfort, who was so basely assassinated in 1692.

† *Theat. Poet.* (*Modern Poets*), p. 25, ed. 1675.

‡ *Lives of English Dramatists*, i. 58 (Lardner's *Cyclop.*).

§ *Lectures on Dram. Lit.* p. 53, ed. 1840.

‖ *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, ii. 171, ed. 1843.

In what year Marlowe produced *The Jew of Malta* we are unable to determine. The words in the Prologue, "now the Guise is dead," are evidence that it was composed after 23rd Dec. 1588; and Mr. Collier thinks that it was probably written about 1589 or 1590.* Barabas was originally performed by Alleyn;† and the aspect of the Jew was rendered as grotesque and hideous as possible by means of a false nose. In Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, a person is described as having "his visage (or vizard) like the artificiall Jewe of Maltae's nose;"‡ and a speech in the play itself, "O, brave, master! I worship your nose for this,"§ is a proof that Marlowe intended his hero to be distinguished by the magnitude of that feature. It would seem, indeed, that on our early stage Jews were always furnished with an extra quantity of nose: it was thought that a race so universally hated could hardly be made too ugly. The great popularity of this tragedy is evinced by Henslowe's *Diary*, where we find numerous notices concerning it, the earliest dated 26th February 1591-2, the latest 21st June 1596; and again, a notice of its revival 19th May 1601.‖ Though entered in the Stationers' Books 17th May 1594,¶ it remained in manuscript till 1633, when, after having been acted at court and at the Cock-pit with prologues and epilogues by Heywood, it was published under the auspices of the same dramatist.

The character of Barabas, upon which the interest of the tragedy entirely depends, is delineated with no ordinary power, and possesses a strong individuality. Unfortunately, however, it is a good deal overcharged; but I suspect that, in this instance at least, Marlowe violated the truth of nature, not so much from his love of exaggeration, as in consequence of having borrowed all the atrocities of the play from some now-unknown novel, whose author was willing to flatter the prejudices of his readers by attributing almost impossible wickedness to a son of Israel. "The first two acts of *The Jew of Malta*," observes Mr. Hallam, "are more vigorously conceived, both as to character and circumstance, than any other Elizabethan play, except those

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* *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 135.

† See pp. 141, 142.

‡ P. 19, ed. Percy Soc.

§ P. 157, sec. col.

‖ Pp. 21—74, 187, ed. Shake. Soc. We also find (*Ibid.* p. 274) in an inventory of the stage-properties of the Lord Admiral's men, "j cauderm for the Jewe," i. e. the caldron into which Barabas falls.

¶ On the preceding day was entered "a ballad" on the same subject, derived, we may presume, from the tragedy.—Sir John Harington has the following couplet in an epigram written perhaps as early as 1592;

> "Was ever *Jew of Malta* or of Millain
> Then [Than] this most damned Jew more Jewish villain?"
>
> *Of a devout usurer—Epigrams*, B. iii. *Ep.* 16, ed. folio.

In his *Cutter of Coleman-street* (an alteration of his *Guardian*), Cowley makes one of the characters say, "But I'm the very *Jew of Malta*, if she did not use me since that worse than I'd use a rotten apple." Act ii. sc. 3 [sc. 1].

of Shakespeare:"* but the latter part is in every respect so inferior, that we rise from a perusal of the whole with a feeling akin to disappointment. If the dialogue has little poetry, it has often great force of expression.—That Shakespeare was well acquainted with this tragedy cannot be doubted; but that he caught from it more than a few trifling hints for *The Merchant of Venice* will be allowed by no one who has carefully compared the character of Barabas with that of Shylock.†—An alteration of *The Jew of Malta* was brought out at Drury-lane Theatre in 1818, when Kean was in the zenith of his fame, and, owing to his exertions in Barabas, it was very favourably received.

Warton incidentally mentions that Marlowe's *Edward the Second* was "written in the year 1590;"‡ and, for all we know, he may have made the assertion on sufficient grounds, though he has neglected to specify them. Mr. Collier, who regards it (and, no doubt, rightly) as one of our author's latest pieces, has not attempted to fix its date. It was entered in the Stationers' Books 6th July 1593, and first printed in 1598.

From that heaviness, which prevails more or less in all "chronicle histories" anterior to those of Shakespeare, this tragedy is not quite free; its crowded incidents do not always follow each other without confusion; and it has few of those "raptures," for which Marlowe is eulogized by one of his contemporaries.§ But, taken as a whole, it is the most perfect of his plays; there is no overdoing of character, no turgidity of language. On the two scenes which give the chief interest to this drama Lamb remarks; "the reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakespeare scarce improved in his Richard the Second; and the death-scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene ancient or modern with which I am acquainted."‖ The excellence of both scenes is indisputable; but a more fastidious critic than Lamb might perhaps justly object to such an exhibition of physical suffering as the latter scene affords.

The Massacre at Paris was, we are sure, composed after August 2nd, 1589, when Henry the Third, with whose death it terminates, expired in consequence of the wound he had received from Jaques Clément the preceding day.¶ On the

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* *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, ii. 170, ed. 1843.

† See a considerable number of what have been called the "parallel passages" of these two plays in the Appendix to Waldron's edition, and very ingenious continuation, of Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, p. 209.

‡ *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 438, ed. 4to.

§ See the lines by Drayton quoted in p. liii of this memoir.

‖ *Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 28, ed. 1808.

¶ "*The Jew of Malta* contains, in its original prologue, spoken by Machiavel, an allusion to *The Massacre at Paris*, which had preceded it." *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 135. But when Mr. Collier made this remark, he had not yet seen Henslowe's MSS.: and as to the words in question, "now the Guise is dead,"—they only shew that *The Jew of Malta* was written after the death of the Duke of Guise.

entry in Henslowe's *Diary*,—"Rd at the tragedey of the guyes [Guise] 30 [January, 1593*] . . . . . iij^{s} . . . . iiij^{s},"—Mr. Collier observes, "In all probability Marlowe's *Massacre at Paris*. This entry is valuable, supposing it to apply to Marlowe's tragedy, because it ascertains the day it was first acted, Henslowe having placed *ne* [i. e. new] in the margin. It was perhaps Marlowe's last play, as he was killed about six months afterwards." Henslowe has several later entries concerning the performance of the same piece (which he also designates *The Massacre*); but probably, when he notices "the Guise" under the year 1598,† he refers to a revival of the tragedy with additions and alterations.—It appears that in the play as originally written, the character of Guise was supported by Alleyn.‡—*The Massacre at Paris* was printed without date (perhaps about 1595 or 1596), either from a copy taken down, during representation, by some unskilful and ignorant short-hand-writer, or from a very imperfect transcript which had belonged to one of the theatres.

It would be rash to decide on the merits of a play which we possess only with a text both cruelly mutilated § and abounding in corruptions; I strongly suspect, however, that *The Massacre at Paris*, even in its pristine state, was the very worst of Marlowe's dramas.

We must now turn from his works to the personal history of Marlowe.—It is not to be doubted that by this time he had become acquainted with most of those who, like himself, were dramatists by profession; and there can be little doubt too that beyond their circle (which, of course, included the actors) he had formed few intimacies. Though the demand for theatrical novelties was then incessant, plays were scarcely recognized as literature, and the dramatists were regarded as men who held a rather low rank in society: the authors of pieces which had delighted thousands were generally looked down upon by the grave substantial citizens, and seldom presumed to approach the mansions of the aristocracy but as clients in humble attendance on the bounty of their patrons. Unfortunately, the discredit which attached to dramatic writing as an occupation was greatly increased by the habits of those who pursued it: a few excepted, they were improvident,

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* It is quite manifest, both from what precedes and what follows in the *Diary*, that Henslowe (who was an egregious blunderer) ought to have written here "1592," i. e. 1592-3 (see *Diary*, p. 30, ed. Shake. Soc.); and with that date the entry has been given by Malone, *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, iii. 299, as well as by Mr. Collier, *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 132.

† "Lent Wm Birde, alias Borne, the 27 of novembr [1598], to bye a payer of sylke stockens, to playe the Gwisse in } xx^{s}."

"Lent unto Wm Borne, the 19 of novembr, 1598, upon a longe taney clocke of clothe, the some of xij^{s}, wch he sayd yt was to Imbrader his hatte for the Gwisse } xij^{s}." *Diary*, pp. 110, 113., ed. Shake. Soc.

At a later date Webster wrote a drama (now lost) which was called *The Guise*, and which is more likely to have been an original work than one founded upon Marlowe's tragedy.

‡ In an inventory of theatrical apparel belonging to Alleyn is "hose [i. e. breeches] . . . . for the Guises." Collier's *Mem. of Alleyn*, p. 21.

§ See note *, p. 239.

unprincipled, and dissolute,—now rioting in taverns and "ordinaries" on the profits of a successful play, and now lurking in the haunts of poverty* till the completion of another drama had enabled them to resume their revels.—At a somewhat later period, indeed, a decided improvement appears to have taken place in the morals of our dramatic writers: and it is by no means improbable that the high respectability of character which was maintained by Shakespeare and Jonson may have operated very beneficially, in the way of example, on the play-wrights around them.—But among those of superior station there was at least one person with whom Marlowe lived on terms of intimacy: the publisher of his posthumous fragment, *Hero and Leander*, was induced to dedicate it "to the right worshipful Sir Thomas Walsingham, knight,"† because he had "bestowed upon the author many kind favours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth which he found in him with good countenance and *liberal affection*."‡ Nor is this the only proof extant that Sir Thomas Walsingham cultivated a familiarity with the dramatists of his day; for to him, as to his "long-loved and honourable *friend*," Chapman has inscribed by a sonnet the comedy of *Al Fooles*, 1605.§

Among the play-wrights of the time, Robert Greene was far from the meanest in the estimation of his contemporaries. The ill-will which he appears to have borne to Marlowe‖ when the latter first rose into public favour, had most probably passed away long before the period at which we are now arrived; and we may conclude that they eventually kept up a friendly intercourse with each other, undisturbed by any expression of uneasiness on the part of Greene at Marlowe's acknowledged preeminence.—The wretched Greene, reduced to utter beggary, and abandoned by the companions of his festive hours, expired at the house of a poor shoemaker near Dowgate on the 3rd of September 1592;¶ and soon after his decease, his *Groatsworth of Wit bought with a million of Repentance* was given to the public by Henry Chettle, one of the minor dramatic and miscellaneous writers of the day. The following "Address," which occurs towards the conclusion of that tract, has been frequently

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* The author of *The Atheist's Tragedie* has not failed to notice such vicissitudes of fortune in Marlowe's case;

"A poet was he of repute,
And wrote full many a playe,
Now strutting in a silken sute,
Then begging by the way."

See Appendix I. to this volume.

† Sir Thomas Walsingham, knight, of Chesilhurst in Kent. He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Peter Manwood, Knight of the Bath (see *ante*, note ‡, p. xiii), and died in 1630, aged 69. See Thorpe's *Registrum Roffense*, p. 933, and Hasted's *Hist. of Kent*, i. 99.

‡ See p. 277.

§ This poetical dedication is found, I believe, in only a single copy of the play.

‖ See *ante*, note ‡, p. xv.

¶ For various other particulars, see the *Account of Greene*, &c., p. lxxii. sqq., prefixed to his *Dram. Works, &c.*, ed. Dyce.

reprinted: but it is a document which must not be omitted in any biography of Marlowe:—

"To those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintaince, that spend their wits in making playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisedome to preuent his extremities.

"If wofull experience may mooue you, gentlemen, to beware, or vnheard-of wretchednes intreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look backe with sorrow on your time past, and endeuour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee will I first beginne), thou famous gracer of tragedians [i. e. Marlowe], that Green, who hath said with thee, like the foole in his heart, 'There is no God,' should now giue glorie vnto his greatnesse; for penetrating is his power, his hand lyes heauy vpon me, he hath spoken vnto me with a voyce of thunder, and I haue felt* he is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded that thou shouldest giue no glory to the giuer? Is it pestilent Machiuilian policie that thou hast studied? O peevish† follie! what are his rules but meere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time the generation of mankinde? for if *sic volo, sic iubeo*, holde in those that are able to commaund, and if it be lawfull *fas et nefas*, to doo any thing that is beneficiall, onely tyrants should possesse the earth, and they, striuing to exceed in tiranny, should ech to other be a slaughterman, till, the mightyest outliuing all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age mans life should end. The brocher‡ of this dyabolicall atheisme is dead, and in his life had neuer the felicitie he aymed at, but, as he beganne in craft, liued in feare, and ended in dispaire. *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei judicia!* This murderer of many brethren had his conscience seared like Cayne; this betrayer of him that gaue his life for him inherited the portion of Judas; this apostata perished as ill as Julian: and wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple? Looke vnto mee, by him perswaded to that libertie, and thou shalt finde it an infernall bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death; but wilfull striuing against knowne truth exceedeth all the terrors of my soule. Deferre not (with mee) till this last point of extremitie; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

"With thee I ioyne young Iuuenall [i. e. Lodge], that byting satyrist, that lastly§

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* *felt*] Old ed. "left."

† *peevish*] Old ed. "punish" (the compositor's eye having perhaps caught that word from the preceding sentence).

‡ *brocher*] Old ed. "Brother."—"Probably Francis Kett, A. M., of Winmondham in Norfolk, whc was bred at Benet College in Cambridge, and was chosen fellow 1573. In February 1589 he was burnt at Norwich for holding detestable opinions against Christ." *MS. Note by Malone.*

§ *lastly*] Qy. "lately"? Lodge's talent as a satirist may be seen in his *Fig for Momus*, 1595. The "comedie" which he composed in conjunction with Greene, is *A Looking Glasse for London and England* (reprinted in Greene's *Dram. Works, &c.*, ed. Dyce).—Malone observes: "Dr. Farmer is of opinion that the second person addressed by Greene is not Lodge, but Nashe, who is often called Juvenal by the writers of that time; but that he was not meant, is decisively proved by the extract from Chettle's

with mee together writ a comedie. Sweet boy, might I aduise thee, be aduised, and get not many enemies by bitter words: inueigh against vaine men, for thou canst doo it, no man better, no man so well; thou hast a libertie to reprooue all and name none; for one being spoken to, all are offended,—none beeing blamed, no man is iniuried. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage; tread on a worme, and it will turne; then blame not schollers who are vexed with sharpe and bitter lines, if they reprooue thy too much liberty of reproofe.

"And thou [i. e. Peele] no lesse deseruing then the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour, driuen (as myselfe) to extreame shifts, a little haue I to say to thee; and, were it not an idolatrous oath, I would sweare by sweet S. George thou art vnworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned; for vnto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleaue; those puppits, I meane, that speake from our mouths, those anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whome they all haue bin beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all haue bin beholding, shall, were yee in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an vpstart crow * [i. e. Shakespeare] beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke-verse as the best of you; and, beeing an absolute Johannes-fac-totum, is in his owne conceyt the onely Shake-scene in a countrey. Oh, that I might intreat your rare wittes to bee imployed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and neuer more acquaynte them with your admyred inuentions! I knowe the best husband of you all will neuer prooue an vsurer, and the kindest of them all will neuer prooue a kinde nurse: yet, whilst you may, seeke you better maisters; for it is pitty men of such rare wits should bee subiect to the pleasures of such rude groomes.

"In this I might insert two more that both haue writte against these buckram gentlemen: but let their owne worke serue to witnesse against theyr owne wickednesse, if they perseuer to maintaine any more such peasants. For other new commers, I leaue them to the mercie of these painted monsters, who, I doubt not, will driue the best-minded to despise them: for the rest, it skills not though they make a ieast at them.

"But now returne I again to you three, knowing my miserie is to you no newes; and let me heartilie intreate you to be warned by my harmes. Delight not, as I haue done, in irreligious oaths, for from the blasphemers house a curse shall not depart.

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pamphlet [see p. xxx. of this Memoir]; for he [Chettle] never would have laboured to vindicate Nashe from being the writer of the Groatsworth of Wit, if any part of it had been professedly addressed to him. Besides, Lodge had written a play in conjunction with Greene, called A Looking-Glass for London and England, and was author of some satirical pieces; but we do not know that Nashe and Greene had ever written in conjunction." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 307, ed. 1821.

* This allusion to Shakespeare will be particularly noticed in a later part of the present memoir.

Despise drunkennes, which wasteth the wit, and maketh* men all equall vnto beasts. Flie lust, as the deathsman of the soule, and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost. Abhorre those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your eares; and when they sooth you with tearms of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whome they haue often so flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your liues are like so many light† tapers that are with care deliuered to all of you to maintaine: these with wind-puft wrath may be extinguished, with‡ drunkennesse put§ out, with‖ negligence let fall; for mans time of itselfe is not so short but it is more shortened by sinne. The fire of my life¶ is now at the last snuffe, and the want of wherewith to sustaine it, there is no substance for life to feed on. Trust not, then, I beseech yee, left to such weake stayes; for they are as changeable in minde as in many attires. Well, my hand is tyred, and I am forst to leaue where I would beginne; for a whole booke cannot contain their wrongs, which I am forst to knit vp in some few lines of words."**

Both Marlowe and Shakespeare having taken offence at the above "Address," their complaints were noticed by Chettle, the editor of the tract, in a public statement which he prefixed to his *Kind-Harts Dreame*, &c, and which, if satisfactory to Shakespeare, was little calculated to soothe the displeasure of Marlowe. "About three moneths since," says Chettle, "died M. Robert Greene, leauing many papers in sundry booke-sellers hands; among other, his *Groatsworth of Wit*, in which a letter written to diuers play-makers is offensiuely by one or two of them taken; and because on the dead they cannot be auenged, they wilfully forge in their conceites a liuing author; and after tossing it two [to] and fro, no remedy, but it must light on me. How I haue all the time of my conuersing in printing†† hindred the bitter inueying against schollers, it hath been very well knowne, and how in that I dealt I can sufficiently prooue. With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them [i. e. Marlowe] I care not if I neuer be: the other [i. e. Shakespeare], whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I haue moderated the heate of liuing writers, and might haue vsde my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the author beeing dead, that I did not, I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe haue seene his demeanor no lesse ciuill than he exclent in the qualitie he professes; besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightnes of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting that aprooues his art. For the first, whose learning I reuerence, and, at the perusing of Greenes booke, stroke out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ, or, had it beene true, yet to publish it was intollerable, him I would wish to vse

* *maketh*] Old ed. "making." † *light*] i.e. lit—lighted. ‡ *with*] Old ed. "which."
§ *put*] Old ed. "puts." ‖ *with*] Old ed. "which."
¶ *life*] Old ed. "light." Something seems to have dropt out from this sentence.
** I quote from ed. 1617. †† Chettle was originally a printer.

me no worse than I deserue. I had onely in the copy this share; it was il written, as sometime Greenes hand was none of the best; licensd it must be, ere it could bee printed, which could neuer be if it might not be read: to be breife, I writ it ouer, and, as neare as I could, followed the copy, onely in that letter I put something out, but in the whole booke not a worde in; for I protest it was all Greenes, not mine, nor Maister Nashes, as some vniustly haue affirmed."*

That it should have been attributed to Nash seems strange enough: but we have his own testimony, in addition to Chettle's, that such was the case. "Other newes," he says, "I am aduertised of, that a scald triuiall lying pamphlet, cald *Greens Groats-worth of Wit*, is giuen out to be of my doing. God neuer haue care of my soule, but vtterly renounce me, if the least word or sillible in it proceeded from my pen, or if I were any way priuie to the writing or printing of it."†—"Possibly," observes Mr. Collier, "one of the 'lying' portions of it, in the opinion of Nash, was that in which an attack was made upon Shakespeare,"‡—a remark which somewhat surprises me. Nothing can be plainer than that Greene wrote the passage in question with a perfect knowledge that those whom he addressed, viz. Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, were no less jealous of the "Shake-scene" than himself, and that they would relish the sneering allusion to one who had given evidence of possessing a dramatic power which in its full development might reduce the whole band of earlier play-wrights to comparative insignificance. There is, therefore, no likelihood that Nash, the companion of Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele,—and he too a writer for the stage,—would have beheld the bright dawn of Shakespeare's genius with feelings more liberal than theirs. But, however he may have felt towards Shakespeare, I cannot doubt that when he mentioned the *Groatsworth of Wit* in the terms above cited, he was thinking only of the probable consequences of such a publication to himself: he was vexed and irritated because its disclosures concerning men with whom he was well known to have associated,—the dead Greene,§ and the still-living Marlowe,—had a strong tendency to injure his own character; and he boldly pronounced it to be a "lying pamphlet," in the hope of shaking its credit with the world.

That Greene's exhortation, "to be warned by *his* harms," had no effect on

* "To the Gentlemen Readers," before *Kind-Harts Dreame*, &c. n. d.—Mr. Collier remarks, "We have some doubts of the authenticity of the 'Groatsworth of Wit' as a work by Greene." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. cxxxi. I cannot think these doubts well founded. The only important part of the tract, the Address to the play-wrights, has an earnestness which is scarcely consistent with forgery; and Chettle, though an indigent, appears to have been a respectable man. Besides, the *Groatsworth of Wit*, from beginning to end, closely resembles in style the other prose-works of Greene.

† "A priuate Epistle to the Printer," prefixed to the sec. ed. of *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Diuell*, 1592 (I quote from ed. 1595).

‡ Introd. to Nash's *Pierce Penniless's Supp.* &c. p. xvii, ed. Shake. Soc.

§ After Greene's death, Nash was anxious to persuade the public that no great intimacy had subsisted between them; but he was obliged to allow that he had been Greene's companion "at that fatall banquet of Rhenish wine and pickled hearing," of which Greene surfeited and died: see Nash's *Strange Newes*, &c., 1592, Sigs. E 4, H, L 4.

Marlowe, is but too certain. Greene had not been a year in the grave, when Marlowe perished by a violent death in the very prime of manhood. This catastrophe occurred at Deptford; where, in the burial-register of the parish-church of St. Nicholas, may still be read the entry, "Christopher Marlow, slaine by ffrancis Archer, the 1 of June, 1593."*—In Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgements*, 1597, we have the following account. "Not inferior to any of the former in atheisme and impietie, and equal to al in maner of punishment, was one of our own nation, of fresh and late memorie, called Marlin [*in the margin* Marlow], by profession a scholler, brought vp from his youth in the Vniuersitie of Cambridge, but by practise a playmaker and a poet of scurrilitie, who by giuing too large a swing to his owne wit, and suffering his lust to haue the full reines, fell (not without just desert) to that outrage and extremitie, that hee denied God and his sonne Christ, and not onely in word blasphemed the Trinitie, but also (as it is credibly reported) wrote bookes against it, affirming our Sauiour to be but a deceiuer, and Moses to be but a coniurer and seducer of the people, and the holy Bible to bee but vaine and idle stories, and all religion but a deuice of policie. But see what a hooke the Lord put in the nostrils of this barking dogge! So it fell out, that as he purposed to stab one, whom he ought a grudge vnto, with his dagger, the other party perceiuing so auoyded the stroke, that, withall catching hold of his wrest, hee stabbed his owne dagger into his owne head, in such sort that, notwithstanding all the meanes of surgerie that could bee wrought, hee shortly after died thereof; the manner of his death being so terrible (for hee euen cursed and blasphemed to his last gaspe, and together with his breath an oath flew out of his mouth), that it was not only a manifest signe of Gods judgement, but also an horrible and fearefull terror to all that beheld him. But herein did the justice of God most notably appeare, in that hee compelled his owne hand, which had written those blasphemies, to bee the instrument to punish him, and that in his braine which had deuised the same."†—Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c., 1598, after referring to the passage of Beard just quoted, goes on to say, "As the poet Lycophron was shot to death by a certain riual of his, so Christopher Marlow was stabd to death by a bawdy seruingman, a riuall of his in his lewde loue."‡—The story is told somewhat differently by Vaughan in *The Golden*

* This entry (which, not without much trouble, I found in the tattered register) was first given to the public by a writer in a periodical work called *The British Stage* (No. for January 1821).

† P. 149, ed. 1631.

‡ Fol. 286.—This account of Meres is wrought up by poor Dermody as follows:

"Who, led by sweet Simplicity aside
From pageants that we gaze at to deride,
Has not, while wilder'd in the bow'ry grove,
Oft sigh'd, 'Come, live with me and be my love'?
Yet, oh! be love transform'd to deadly hate,
As freezes memory at Marlow's fate:

Groue, &c., 1600 : "Not inferiour to these was one Christopher Marlow, by profession a play-maker, who, as it is reported, about 14 yeres agoe wrote a booke against the Trinitie. But see the effects of Gods justice! It so hapned that at Detford, a litle village about three miles distant from London, as he meant to stab with his ponyard one named Ingram [Archer ?], that had inuited him thither to a feast and was then playing at tables, hee [Archer ?] quickly perceyuing it, so auoyded the thrust, that withall drawing out his dagger for his defence, hee stabd this Marlow into the eye, in such sort that, his braynes comming out at the daggers point, hee shortly after dyed. Thus did God, the true executioner of diuine iustice, worke the ende of impious atheists."* — The author of *The Returne from Pernassus*, an academic drama which, though acted before the death of Queen Elizabeth, was not printed till 1606, has these striking lines concerning our poet;

> "Marlowe was happy in his buskin['d] Muse,—
> Alas, vnhappy in his life and end!
> Pitty it is, that wit so ill should dwell,
> Wit lent from heauen, but vices sent from hell.
> Our theater hath lost, Pluto hath got,
> A tragick penman for a driery plot." †—

In *The Thunderbolt of God's wrath against hard-hearted and stiffe-necked sinners*, &c., 1618, Rudierde closely adheres to the narrative of Beard, mixing up with it, however, the erroneous statement that Marlowe was killed "in a streete in London."‡—Wood, it is evident, derived his information wholly from Beard and

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> Disastrous bard! by too much passion warm'd,
> His fervid breast a menial beauty charm'd;
> Nor, vers'd in arts deceitful woman knows,
> Saw he the prospect of his future woes.
> Vain the soft plaint, the sordid breast to fire
> With warmth refin'd or elegant desire;
> Vain his melodious magic, to impart
> Affections foreign to th' unfeeling heart;
> In guardless ecstacy's delicious glow,
> He sinks beneath a vassal murd'rer's blow.
> O'er his dread fate my kindred spirit stands
> Smit with commutual wound, and Pity wrings her hands.
> Ah! had some genial ray of bounty shone
> On talents that but lack'd its aid alone,
> Had some soft pennon of protection spread
> Its eider plumage o'er that hapless head,
> What emanations of the beauteous mind
> Had deck'd thy works, the marvel of mankind;
> Snatch'd from low-thoughted Care thy stooping soul,
> And plac'd thee radiant on Fame's deathless roll;
> Where still anneal'd, thy own unequall'd strain
> Shall crown'd by sensibility remain!"
>
> *The Pursuit of Patronage,—The Harp of Erin*, vol. i. 49.

* Sig. C 4, ed. 1608. † Sig. B 2. ‡ P. 29.

Meres, when, not without a touch of his own quaintness, he related the circumstances of our author's death.*—To the above authorities, I subjoin the MS. Notes of an unknown writer in a copy of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, ed. 1629.† "Feb. 10, 1640. Mr. [here two words in cipher], that Marloe was an atheist, and wrot a booke against [here two words in cipher], how that it was all one mans making, and would haue printed it, but it would not be suffred to be printed. Hee was a rare scholar, and made excellent verses in Latine. Hee died aged about 30." — "Marloe was an acquaintance of Mr. [here a name in cipher] of Douer, whom hee made become an atheist; so that he was faine to make a recantation vppon this text, 'The foole hath said in his heart there is no God.'"—"This [here the name, as before, in cipher] learned all Marloe by heart."—"Marloe was stabd with a dagger, and dyed swearing."

In addition to the various charges of impiety brought against Marlowe in the preceding passages, the reader will find in Appendix ii. to the present volume that "Note" of his "damnable opinions" which, just before the poet's death, was given in, as grounds for a judicial process, by a person named Bame, and which Ritson exultingly drew forth from the Harleian MSS.‡ in answer to Warton's assertion that Marlowe had no systematic disbelief of religion, and that the Puritans had construed his slight scepticism into absolute atheism.§

How far the poet's freethinking was really carried, I do not pretend to determine. I certainly feel that probability is outraged in several of the statements of Bame, who appears to have had a quarrel with Marlowe, and who, it must not be forgotten, was afterwards hanged at Tyburn; and I can readily believe that the Puritans would not stick at misrepresentation in speaking of a man whose writings had so greatly contributed to exalt the stage: but when I see that the author of *The Returne from Pernassus*, whom no one will suspect of fanaticism, has painted the

* See *Ath. Oxon*, ii. 7, ed. Bliss.—Compare too the ballad called *The Atheist's Tragedie*, Appendix I. to this volume.—A couplet in Marston's *Satires*, 1598, has been supposed, without much reason, to point at Marlowe's death;

> "'Tis loose-leg'd Lais, that same common drab,
> For whom good Tubrio tooke the mortall stab."
>
> *Sat.* ii. p. 145, ed. 1764.

Mr. Collier thinks that in the Epistle to the Reader, prefixed to the Second Part of T. B.'s translation of *The French Academie*, there is an allusion to Marlowe: vide *Poet. Decam.* ii. 271, sqq. I do not think so.

† In the possession of Mr. Collier.

‡ It is among the papers of Lord Keeper Puckering.—The writer of a critique on my first edition of Marlowe's *Works*, 1850, most strangely supposes that this "Note" was not given in as grounds for a judicial process, but "was only required by the master of the Revels to enable him to determine whether Marlowe should be allowed, either as author or actor, to form part of any company performing under the Queen's sanction." *Fraser's Magazine* for February, 1853, p. 233.

§ Vide Warton's *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 437, ed. 4to., and Ritson's *Observations* on that work, p. 40.

character of Marlowe in the darkest colours, while at the same time he bestows a high encomium on his genius; and, above all, when I remember that, before either Bame or the Puritans had come forward as his accusers, the dying Greene * had borne unequivocal testimony against him to the very same effect,—it is not easy for me to resist the conviction that Marlowe's impiety was more confirmed and daring than Warton and others have been willing to allow.

It was only to be expected that among the surviving friends of Marlowe there would be some who would mention him † in terms altogether different from those employed by the writers last quoted; and accordingly we find that in the Prologue to *The Honour of the Garter*, which was published very shortly after Marlowe's death, he is apostrophised by Peele in the language of enthusiastic admiration;

> "Unhappy in thine end,
> Marley, the Muses' darling for thy verse,
> Fit to write passions for the souls below,
> If any wretched souls in passion speak." ‡—

When Nash republished his *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem* in 1594, he prefixed to it an Epistle in which he renews his attack on Gabriel Harvey, and "vindicates," among others, "poor deceased Kit Marlowe:" this I state on the authority of Mr. Collier,§ the only copy of that edition which I have seen being imperfect and wanting the passage about Marlowe.—The same writer, in his final and best attack on Gabriel Harvey, *Haue with you to Saffron-walden*, &c, 1596, has recorded a "saying" of Marlowe concerning Richard Harvey, the younger brother of Gabriel; "Kit Marloe was wont to say, that he was an asse, good for nothing but to preach of the Iron Age."‖ The reader, I presume, will not think so highly of this bon-mot as Nash appears to have done: but it at least contains the truth; for Richard Harvey has fairly "written himself down an ass" in his *Astrological Discourse*, which, to the infinite dismay of many persons as silly as the author, announced that a very fatal conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter was to happen on the 28th of April, 1583.—In a M.S. poem called *The Newe Metamorphosis, or a Feaste of Fancie*, &c, by J. M., 1600, (unknown to me, except through the medium of a recent work,)¶ our poet is spoken of as "*kynde* Kit Marloe,"—an epithet which, however impious his tenets, or however

* Be it remembered too that the more offensive part of what Greene had written concerning Marlowe, was omitted by Chettle when he revised the *Groat's-worth of Wit*: see *ante*, p. xxix.

† Hartley Coleridge, treating of old dramas founded on deeply tragic incidents in English domestic life which had recently occurred, observes; "It is a wonder that the assassination of Marlowe was never dramatized." Introd. to the *Works* of Massinger and Ford, p. xiii. Surely, it is no wonder that the dramatists of those days did not endeavour to give additional publicity to the melancholy and disgraceful fate of one who had been the most eminent among them.

‡ Peele's *Works*, ii. 222, ed. Dyce, 1829.

§ Introd. to Nash's *Pierce Penniless's Suppl.* &c., p. xxix, ed. Shake. Soc.

‖ Sig. N 3.

¶ Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 190, ed. 8vo.

loose his morals, he may have fully merited.—And here let me observe with respect to "Kit," that it is not to be considered as a fond and familiar appellation bestowed on Marlowe in consequence of any endearing qualities which he may have possessed; for Heywood, after declaring that

> "Our moderne poets to that passe are driuen,
> Those names are curtal'd which they first had giuen;
> And, as we wisht to haue their memories drown'd,
> We scarcely can afford them halfe their sound,"

adduces fourteen instances of such abbreviations of the Christian name, among which is the following;

> "Marlo, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
> Could ne're attaine beyond the name of Kit,
> Although his *Hero and Leander* did
> Merit addition rather."*

Neither painting nor engraving has preserved the features of Marlowe; nor does any passage in the writings of his contemporaries enable us to form the slightest idea of his personal appearance.—I now resume the enumeration of his works.

Bishop Tanner, speaking of the tragedy of *Dido*, says, "Hanc perfecit et edidit Tho. Nash, Lond. 1594, 4to."; and he presently adds, "Petowius in præfatione ad secundam partem *Herois et Leandri* multa in Marlovii commendationem adfert; hoc etiam facit Tho. Nash in *Carmine elegiaco tragœdiæ Didonis* præfixo in obitum Christoph. Marlovii, ubi quatuor ejus tragœdiarum mentionem facit, nec non et alterius *De Duce Guisio*."† Warton, too, observes, "His [Marlowe's] tragedy of *Dido Queen of Carthage* was completed and published by his friend Thomas Nashe in 1594;" subjoining in a note, "Nashe, in his *Elegy* prefixed to Marlowe's *Dido*, mentions five of his plays."‡ As the *Elegy* by Nash is not in any of the few copies of *Dido* which are at present known, it would seem to be lost irretrievably; but that it once existed is unquestionable. Malone, who applied to Warton for farther particulars on this subject has left the following MS. note in his copy of the play.§ "He [Warton] informed me by letter that a copy of this play was in Osborne's Catalogue in the year 1754; that he then saw it in his shop (together with several of Mr. Oldys's books that Osborne had purchased), and that the elegy in question, 'on Marlowe's untimely death,' was inserted immediately after the title-page; that it mentioned a play of Marlowe's entitled *The Duke of Guise*,‖ and four others, but whether particularly by *name* he could not recollect. Unluckily he did not purchase this rare piece, and it is now God knows where."¶ Mr. Collier, who seems to be

* *The Hierarchie of the blessed Angells*, 1635, p. 206.

† *Biblioth. Brit.* p. 512.

‡ *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 435, ed. 4to.

§ Now in the Bodleian Library.

‖ i. e. *The Massacre at Paris.*

¶ Yet it would almost seem that Malone had as little faith in honest Tom Warton's veracity as Ritson himself had; for presently, after citing Tanner, he writes; "I suspect Mr. Warton had no

unacquainted with what Tanner and Warton have stated concerning *Dido*, regards it as a drama undoubtedly written by Marlowe and Nash in conjunction; and moreover is of opinion that their respective shares may be easily distinguished, those of Nash being more monotonous in versification and less poetical than those of Marlowe.* For my own part, since I find Tanner's statement so circumstantially confirmed by Warton, I consider myself bound to believe, till some positive evidence be produced to the contrary, that *Dido* was completed for the stage by Nash after the decease of Marlowe. As to any marked difference of versification which would enable us to determine exactly what parts of the play are by Marlowe and what by Nash,†—I must confess that it is not quite so perceptible to me as to Mr. Collier; nor do I think that we are warranted in assigning to the latter poet all the less brilliant passages, since we know that Marlowe, though often soaring to a height which Nash could not have reached, yet frequently sinks to the level of a very ordinary writer. In short, I cannot but suspect that Nash's contributions to *Dido* were comparatively small.—The date of its original representation has not been ascertained: it was acted by the Children of the Chapel;‡ and (as already noticed) was first printed in 1594.

Previous to the appearance of this tragedy, several dramas on the story of Dido had been attempted in England.§ John Rightwise, master of St. Paul's School, London, "made the *Tragedy of Dido* out of Virgil, and acted the same with the scholars of his school, before Cardinal Wolsey, with great applause:"‖ it would

other authority than this for saying that this play was left imperfect by Marlowe, and completed and published by Nash."

* See *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 225.—At p. 138 Mr. Collier remarks that "Marlowe and Nash were not acquainted with each other in 1587," but at p. 221, that Dido was "apparently written previous to 1590."

† Mr. Collier particularly gives to Nash the description of the fall of Troy,—a description which I should rather say is Marlowe's, its splendid extravagance being above the powers of Nash.

‡ It is doubtful, as Mr. Collier observes, whether the following entry in Henslowe's *Diary* refers to some alteration and revival of Marlowe's *Dido*, or to some new piece on the same subject (for Henslowe afterwards mentions a play called *Æneas' Revenge*);

> "Layd owte for coper lace for the littell boye, for a valle [veil ?] for the boye, ageanste the playe of Dido and Eneus, the 3 of Jenewary 1597 . . . } xxix^{s}."

p. 117, ed. Shake. Soc. Among the stage-properties of the Lord Admiral's men we find "j tome of Dido," and among their stage-dresses "Dides robe." *Ibid.* pp. 273, 276. For Marlowe's *Dido* "a tomb" was not wanted.—In an inventory of Alleyn's theatrical wardrobe is "Pryams hose in Dido" (Collier's *Mem. of Alleyn*, p. 21): qy. were the said hose [i. e. breeches] used for *the statue of Priam* in Marlowe's tragedy (see the first scene of act ii. p. 255)? It is at least certain that Priam could not possibly be *a character* in any play on the story of Dido.

§ Warton, *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 435, ed. 4to., notices "the interlude of Dido and Eneas at Chester," which, he says, "I have before mentioned:" but I cannot find the earlier mention of it.

‖ Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* i. 35, ed. Bliss. See too Tanner's *Biblioth.* p. 632, where, however, the notice of this play is taken from Wood.—Warton, *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* ii. 434, ed. 4to., states that it was written by Rightwise and in Latin; but he afterwards, iii. 84, wrongly assigns it to Edward Haliwell, and says "it may be doubted whether this drama was in English."—A mistake of Harwood

seem to have been a Latin composition. In 1564, "a tragedie named *Dido*, in hexametre verse, without anie chorus,"* written by Edward Haliwell, was played before Queen Elizabeth in King's-College chapel, Cambridge: and in 1583 a Latin *Dido* was represented for the amusement of Prince Alasco in Christ-Church hall, Oxford. The author of the last-mentioned piece has hitherto been unknown: but I can now state that it was composed by Dr. William Gager, whose Latin plays were greatly admired even beyond the precincts of the university; and large fragments of it, which I have recovered from his own manuscript, may be read in an appendix to the present volume.†

Much of Marlowe's play is necessarily derived from Virgil;‡ and, as those portions of the *Æneid* that relate to Dido are in a high degree truthful and passionate, the comparison which we are forced to make between them and the English tragedy is so unfavourable to the latter, that we are in some danger of estimating it below its real worth. But, though Marlowe's portrait of Dido be nearly as inferior to Virgil's as Hogarth's Sigismonda is to Correggio's, and though the other characters of the play have little force or variety, our author must yet be allowed the praise of having engrafted on the Roman fable some well-imagined circumstances, and of having given to many passages, which are wholly unborrowed, such richness of colouring and such beauty of expression as the genuine poet only can bestow.

Nash, whose name has occurred more than once in this memoir, and whose partnership in *Dido* has just been mentioned, survived the publication of that tragedy for several years. If his *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600, was not put forth by himself, his *Lenten Stuffe*, 1599, must be regarded as the piece with which he closed his literary career. In 1601 he was certainly deceased.§ His talents as a writer were very considerable and various; but his strength is chiefly displayed in his prose-invectives, which, whatever be their offences against good taste and perhaps against good feeling, are scarcely to be paralleled for bitterness of

concerning Rightwise's *Dido* has perplexed Mr. Hallam, *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, i. 433, ed. 1843.

* Nichols's *Prog. of Elizabeth*, i. 186, ed. 1823.—It "was written by Edward Haliwell, fellow of King's College, as appears from Hatcher's account of the provosts, fellows, &c. of that society. Bodl. MSS. Rawlinson, B. 274." Note by Bliss in Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, i. 35.—See also Tanner's *Biblioth.* p. 372.—Warton, *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* ii. 383, ed. 4to., supposes it to have been an English play

† See Appendix III. (Gager's MS. was lent me by the late Mr. T. Rodd the bookseller.)—The comedy *Rivales*, with which Prince Alasco had been entertained on the preceding night, was also by Gager; see Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* ii. 87, ed. Bliss. Of Gager's plays two only, I believe, have been printed, —*Ulysses Redux*, 1591, and *Meleager*, 1592. Meres mentions "Doctor Gager of Oxforde," as one of "the best for comedy amongst us," in a list of names where Shakespeare's occurs! *Palladis Tamia*, &c, 1598, fol. 283.

‡ Marlowe is under no obligations either to the *Didone* of Dolce (first printed in 1547) or to the *Didone* of Cinthio (first printed in 1583),—Italian tragedies of some celebrity.

§ As is proved by one of the "Cenotaphia" in Fitzgeoffrey's *Affaniæ*, &c, 1601.—Nash was baptized at Lowestoft in November 1567 (the day not known): see *Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, iii. 178.

sarcasm and volubility of language.* Like other wits of the day, he subsisted by his pen; and sometimes he did not scruple to employ it on subjects of the vilest ribaldry.† In Dekker's tract called *A Knight's Conjuring*, &c, 1607, he is introduced, together with Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, in the Elysian fields: but I now subjoin only a portion of the passage, because I have quoted it more fully elsewhere;‡ "Whil'st Marlow, Greene, and Peele had got under the shades of a large vyne, laughing to see Nash (that was but newly come to their colledge) still haunted with the sharpe and satyricall spirit that followed him heere upon earth."

As the various editions of Marlowe's *Ovid's Elegies*, printed together with Davies's *Epigrams*, have no dates, we cannot determine in what years they were successively published. Of the three editions which I have collated (and others, I believe, exist) the volume entitled *Epigrammes and Elegies by J. D. and C. M.*, containing only a portion of the *Amores*, and exhibiting a comparatively antiquated orthography, is undoubtedly the earliest.§ A later edition which I have used, and which contains the *Elegies* complete, with their more objectionable passages rather heightened than softened down, is probably that which was burnt at Stationers' Hall by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, in June 1599.‖ A much

* The lines on Nash in Drayton's *Epistle to H. Reynolds* have been frequently cited: but not so, I believe, the following epigram in Freeman's *Rubbe and a great Cast*, 1614 (Part Sec. Ep. 96);

"Nash, had Lycambes on earth liuing beene
The time thou wast, his death had bin al one;
Had he but mou'd thy tartest Muse to spleene,
Vnto the forke he had as surely gone;
For why there liued not that man, I thinke,
Vsde better or more bitter gall in inke."

† See Davies's *Wits Bedlam*, 1617, Sig. F 2, where a certain piece by Nash is mentioned as "knowne to euery trull."—But in estimating Nash's character, we must not attach any importance to the following lines, which seem to have been dictated merely by friendship for the person addressed;

"*To Dr. Harvey of Cambridge.*

"The proverb sayes, Who fights [fight] with durty foes
Must needs be foyl'd, admit they win or lose:
Then think it doth a Doctor's credit dash,
To make himself antagonist to Nash."
Sir J. Harington's *Epigrams*, *B* ii. *Ep.* 36, ed. folio.

‡ *Account of Peele and his Writings*, p. v. (prefixed to his *Works*), ed. 1829.

§ Ritson says (under "Davies") that these pieces were printed "about 1596;" afterwards (under "Marlow") he dates them, "1596." *Bibl. Poet.* pp. 181, 276.

‖ We may wonder at the inconsistency of the book-inquisitors of those days, who condemned to the flames Marlowe's *Ovid's Elegies*, Marston's *Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image*, nay, even Hall's *Satires*, and yet spared Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, which equals the original in licentiousness, and is occasionally so gross in expression that it would have shocked Ariosto. The truth may be that "the authorities" did not choose to meddle with a translation which was not only dedicated to the Virgin Queen, but had been executed at her desire.—Though Sir John took every sort of liberty with the original, omitting, altering, &c, and though (as innumerable passages shew) he wanted an eye for its charming picturesqueness, his *Orlando Furioso* did not deserve Jonson's sweeping censure,—that it, "under all translations, was the worst." *Conversations with Drummond*, p. 3, ed. Shake. Soc.

later edition, collated by me, is a re-impression of the one last mentioned, and appears to have been published about 1640. These three editions bear each the imprint "Middleburgh;" but, whatever may have been the case with respect to the first two, the third is evidently the production of a London press.

This version of the *Amores*, taken altogether, does so little credit either to Marlowe's skill as a translator or to his scholarship, that one is almost tempted to believe it was never intended by him to meet the eye of the world, but was made, merely as a literary exercise, at an early period of life, when classical studies chiefly engaged his attention. We look in vain for the graces of Ovid. In many passages we should be utterly puzzled to attach a definite meaning to the words, if we had not the original at hand; and in many others the Latin is erroneously rendered, the mistranslations being sometimes extremely ludicrous.* I doubt if more can be said in praise of this version than that it is occasionally spirited and flowing.† Of the XVth Elegy of the First Book there are two translations,—the second, which is "by B. J." (i. e. Ben Jonson) being, however, only an alteration of the first.‡

The *Epigrams*, which appeared along with the *Ovid's Elegies*, are wholly by John (afterwards, Sir John) Davies; a man so celebrated as the author of *Nosce Teipsum*, that I need not touch on his biography. Like other collections of the kind which came from the press a little later, these *Epigrams* are, for the most part, satires in miniature. They possess some poignancy of ridicule and some vigour of expression, but hardly enough to justify the applauses which they once called forth; § and they

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* E. g.

"Snakes leap by verse from caves of broken mountains."
("Carmine dissiliunt, abruptis faucibus, angues.")
P. 325, sec. col.

"Ida, the seat of groves, did sing with corn."
("Ipse locus nemorum canebat frugibus Ide.")
P. 346, sec. col.

† Here is a couplet which reminds us of Pope's *Homer;*

"So the fierce troops of Thracian Rhesus fell,
And captive horses bade their lord farewell."
P. 320, first col.

‡ Both versions would seem to be by Jonson. See note †, p. 324.

§ They were probably widely circulated in manuscript before their appearance in print. See note ‡, p. 354, and note ‡‡, p. 359, of the present volume, for notices of them from Guilpin's *Skialetheia*, &c, 1598, (where Davies is termed "our English Martiall,") from Sir J. Harington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, and from Bastard's *Chrestoleros*, &c, 1598. See also Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, &c, 1598, fol. 284; Fitzgeoffrey's *Affaniæ*, &c, 1601, Sigs. B 3, E 4; R. Carew's *Epistle on the Excell. of the English Tongue*, p. 13 (appended to his *Survey of Cornwall*, ed. 1769); and *Jonson's Conversations with Drummond*, pp. 15, 26, 37, (where mention is made of two epigrams not in the printed collection), ed. Shake. Soc.—In Jonson's xviii^th^ *Epigram* is the line "Davis and Weever, and the best have been" (i.e. and the best epigrammatists that have been), *Works*, VIII. 161; where Gifford gives, without any addition of his own, a note by Whalley, who says that Jonson alludes to Davies of Hereford and to Weever's *Funeral Monuments:* but the allusion is to Sir John Davies's *Epigrams* and to Weever's *Epigrams*, 1599.

chiefly recommend themselves to readers of the present day, as illustrating the manners and "humours" which prevailed towards the close of Elizabeth's reign. I have given them with the text considerably improved by means of one of the Harleian MSS. When Davies republished his poems in 1622, he did not admit a single *Epigram* into the volume.

A paraphrase on the very elegant production of the Pseudo-Musæus * had been projected and was already partly composed by Marlowe, when death put an end to his labours; and as much of *Hero and Leander* as could be discovered after his decease having been entered in the Stationers' Books 28th September, 1593,† was given to the press in 1598.—While the poem of the Greek grammarian is comprised in 341 verses, the fragment in question extends to above 800.

In this paraphrase ‡ Marlowe has somewhat impeded the progress and weakened the interest of the story by introducing extraneous matter and by indulging in whimsical and frivolous details; he occasionally disregards costume; he is too fond of conceits, and too prodigal of "wise saws" and moral axioms. But he has amply redeemed these faults by the exquisite perception of the beautiful which he displays throughout a large portion of the fragment, by descriptions picturesque and vivid in the extreme, by lines which glow with all the intensity of passion, by marvellous felicities of language, and by skilful modulation of the verse.—The quotation from this poem in *As you like it* § may be considered as a proof that it was admired by Shakespeare; and the words which are there applied to the author,—"dead shepherd,"—sound not unlike an expression of pity for his sad and untimely end.

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* "Musæus station'd with his lyre
Supreme among th' Elysian quire,
Is, for the dwellers upon earth,
Mute as a lark ere morning's birth."
(Wordsworth's *Lines written in a blank leaf of Macpherson's Ossian.*)

Yet various learned men believed that the Greek poem on Hero and Leander was really composed by the ancient Musæus: and we therefore need not be surprised at finding Marlowe and his continuator Chapman entertain that belief.—The elder Scaliger had not only persuaded himself that the poem was genuine, but that it was superior to the works of Homer. The younger and the greater Scaliger, however, thought very differently; and I give the following passage from his *Epistolæ*, because it is not cited by Schrader in the Prolegomena to *Musæus*. "Parcior et castigatior [Dionysio Per., Oppiano, et Nonno] quidem Musæus, sed qui cum illorum veterum frugalitate comparatus, prodigus videatur. Neque in hoc sequimur optimi parentis nostri judicium, quem acumina illa et flores declamatorii ita cœperunt, ut non dubitavit eum Homero præferre." p. 531, ed. 1627.

† "It occurs again in the registers of the Stationers, in 1597, 1598, and 1600." [The latest entry must refer to an edition of the poem with Chapman's continuation.] Warton's *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 434, ed. 4to.

‡ By an oversight, Warton calls it a "translation." *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 434, ed. 4to. Though Warton was perhaps better acquainted with the Greek and Roman writers than any of our poetical antiquaries, Tyrwhitt always excepted, yet this is not the only mistake he has made in such matters. For instance, in vol. ii. 461, he mentions Grindal's "recommending such barbarous and degenerate classics as *Palingenius* [i. e. Pier Angelo Manzolli], Sedulius, and Prudentius," &c.

§ See note †, p. 281 of the present volume.

Jonson, too, in *Every Man in his Humour* * has cited *Hero and Leander;* and he is reported to have spoken of it often in terms of the highest praise.†

The age of Elizabeth, so fertile in great poets, had also its indifferent rhymers in abundance; and one of the latter class lost no time in attempting to complete this beautiful fragment. Before the close of the year 1598 Henry Petowe put forth *The Second Part of Hero and Leander, conteyning their further fortunes;* ‡ and, though none of his contemporaries has informed us how it was received by the public, there can be little doubt that it met with the contempt and ridicule which it deserved. In a Dedicatory Epistle to Sir Henry Guilford, knight, Petowe writes as follows. "This historie of Hero and Leander, penned by that admired poet Marloe, but not finished (being preuented by sodaine death), and the same (though not abruptly, yet contrary to all menns expectation) resting, like a heade seperated from the body, with this harsh sentence, *Desunt nonnulla;* I, being inriched by a gentleman, a friend of mine, with the true Italian discourse of those louers' further fortunes, haue presumed to finish the historie, though not so well as diuers riper wits doubtles would haue done," &c. Whether Petowe really borrowed the substance of this Continuation from a foreign original, or whether what he says about "the true Italian discourse" is to be understood as an ingenious fiction, I haue taken no pains to inquire: it is at least certain that the wretched style in which he relates the very foolish incidents is all his own.§ One passage (and the best, too,) of the poem must

* See note *, p. 282 of the present volume.

† In an address "To the Reader," signed R. C., prefixed to *The Chast and Lost Lovers*, &c, 1651, the work of William Bosworth, "a young gentleman 19 years of age," who was then deceased, is the following passage; "The strength of his fancy and the shadowing of it in words he [Bosworth] taketh from Mr. Marlow in his *Hero and Leander*, whose mighty lines Mr. Benjamin Johnson (a man sensible enough of his own abilities) was often heard to say that they [sic] were examples fitter for admiration than for parallel." But I cannot help suspecting that all R. C.'s knowledge of Jonson's admiration of "Mr. Marlow" was derived from Ben's verses on Shakespeare, where we find the words, "Marlowe's mighty line."

Some other notices of Marlowe's poem may be thrown together here.—"Let me see, hath any bodie in Yarmouth heard of Leander and Hero, of whome diuine Musæus sung, and a diuiner Muse than him, Kit Marlow? . . . . At that, she [Hero] became a franticke Bacchanal outright, and made no more bones but sprang after him [Leander], and so resignd vp her priesthood, and left worke for Musæus and Kit Marlowe." Nash's *Lenten Stuffe*, &c, 1599, pp. 42, 45.—"[Will you read] Catullus? [take] Shakespeare, and Barlowes [Marlowe's] Fragment." R. Carew's *Epistle on the Excell. of the English Tongue*, p. 13. (appended to his *Survey of Cornwall*, ed. 1769.)—"Marlowe his excellent fragment of Hero and Leander." Bolton's *Hypercritica*,—according to a MS. copy,—*Anc. Crit. Essays* (edited by Haslewood), ii. 247.—"In his begun poem of *Hero and Leander* he [Marlowe] seems to have a resemblance of that clean and unsophisticated wit which is natural to that incomparable poet [Shakespeare]." Phillips's *Theat. Poet.* (*Modern Poets*), p. 24, ed. 1675.

‡ It was entered in the Stationers' Books, 14th April of that year.—As poems in those days were much read in MS., Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* was probably familiar to Petowe before it had reached the press. This observation applies, of course, to Chapman also (see *postea*).

§ In an address "To the quicke-sighted Reader," Petowe declares that this production was "the first fruits of an vnripe wit, done at certaine vacant howers."—He afterwards published: *Philochasander and Elanira the faire Lady of Britaine*, &c, 1599.—*Elizabetha quasi vivens. Eliza's Funerall*, &c, 1603 (reprinted in *The Harl. Miscel.* vol. x. ed. Park).—*Englands Cæsar. His Majesties most royall*

be inserted here, because it affords a remarkable proof of the celebrity which Marlowe had acquired :—

"Quicke-sighted spirits,—this suppos'd Apollo,—
Conceit no other but th' admired Marlo ;
Marlo admir'd, whose honney-flowing vaine
No English writer can as yet attaine ;
Whose name in Fame's immortall treasurie
Truth shall record to endles memorie ;
Marlo, late mortall, now fram'd all diuine,
What soule more happy then that soule of thine ?
Liue still in heauen thy soule, thy fame on earth !
Thou dead, of Marlos Hero findes a dearth.
Weepe, aged Tellus ! all on earth * complaine !
Thy chiefe-borne faire hath lost her faire † againe :
Her faire in this is lost, that Marlo's want
Inforceth Hero's faire be wonderous scant.
Oh, had that king of poets breathed longer,
Then had faire beautie's fort been much more stronger !
His goulden pen had clos'd her so about,
No bastard æglet's quill, the world throughout,
Had been of force to marre what he had made ;
For why they were not expert in that trade.
What mortall soule with Marlo might contend,
That could 'gainst reason force him stoope or bend ?
Whose siluer-charming toung mou'd such delight,
That men would shun their sleepe in still darke night
To meditate vpon his goulden lynes,
His rare conceyts, and sweete-according rimes.
But Marlo, still-admired Marlo's gon
To liue with beautie in Elyzium ;
Immortall beautie, who desires to heare
His sacred poesies, sweete in euery eare :
Marlo must frame to Orpheus' melodie
Himnes all diuine to make heauen harmonie.
There euer liue the prince of poetrie,
Liue with the liuing in eternitie !" ‡

As the piece just quoted, however despicable in itself, possesses a sort of interest from its connection with Marlowe's fragment, and as it is of such rare occurrence that little more than its title has been cited by poetical antiquaries, some other extracts from it have been appended to the present volume.§

But Chapman,—the well-known translator of Homer,—had also been busy with a continuation of Marlowe's "half-told tale ;" and it appears to have been completed as early as Petowe's *Second Part* above described. "As Musæus, who wrote the loue

Coronation, &c, 1603 (reprinted *ibid.*).—*The Whipping of Runawaies*, &c, 1603. And he probably was author of *The Mous-trap* (a collection of Epigrams), 1606, as it has a dedication signed *H. P.*—From what I have read of these pieces, I should say that Petowe improved as he continued to write, for they are much superior to his *Hero and Leander :* still they give him no claim to be styled a poet.

* *all on earth*] Old ed. "*all* earth *on earth.*"

† *faire*] i. e. beauty. ‡ Sig. B ii. § See Appendix IV.

of Hero and Leander, had two excellent schollers, Thamaras and Hercules, so hath he in England two excellent poets imitators of him in the same argument and subiect, Christopher Marlow and George Chapman," are the words of Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c. 1598.* At that date, however, there is little doubt that Chapman's portion of the poem had not been printed; nor does it seem to have been ever printed singly. The earliest edition of the complete work yet discovered is that of 1600; † and, strangely enough, its title-page makes no mention of Chapman, though his name is coupled with Marlowe's in the title-pages of all the subsequent impressions. In this elaborate performance (the popularity of which is attested by repeated editions) Chapman has divided Marlowe's fragment into two Sestiads,‡ has added four other Sestiads from his own pen, and has prefixed a rhyming Argument to each of the six.

A passage of the Third Sestiad, in which Chapman makes an apostrophe to the "free soul" of Marlowe, requires some notice here:

> "Then, ho, most strangely-intellectual fire,
> That, proper to my soul, hast power t' inspire
> Her burning faculties, and with the wings
> Of thy unspherèd flame visit'st the springs
> Of spirits immortal! Now (as swift as Time
> Doth follow Motion) find th' eternal clime
> Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
> Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,
> And drunk to me half this Musæan story,
> Inscribing it to deathless memory:
> Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
> That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep;
> Tell it how much his late desires I tender
> (If yet it know not), and to light surrender
> My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die
> To loves, to passions, and society." §

The words, "his late desires," seem capable of no other interpretation than—the late wishes of Marlowe that Chapman should continue the poem; while the words which follow, "If yet it know not," seem to imply that those wishes had not been expressed to Chapman by Marlowe himself, but had been conveyed to Chapman by others. Perhaps, therefore, we are to understand,—that on some occasion, not long

* Fol. 282. Meres, we may presume, had seen Chapman's Continuation in a manuscript copy. A little before the passage just quoted, he mentions Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, which certainly were not then in print.

† See the second article in the list of editions, p. 276 of the present volume: according to the title-page, that edition ought also to contain Marlowe's *First Book of Lucan*; but in the Bodleian copy (the only one I have ever met with) the Lucan is wanting.

‡ Warton says, "I learn from Mr. Malone, that Marlowe finished only the two first Sestiads *and about one hundred lines of the third.*" *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 434, ed. 4to. But this is a mistake; see note *, p. 279, first col., and note ‡, p. 289, in the present volume.

§ P. 291, sec. col.

before his death, Marlowe, when speaking of the poem to his friends, had mentioned Chapman as the person whom he should choose to complete it, if he himself should not live to bring it to a close. I need hardly remind the reader that, in Marlowe's case, "his late desires" cannot be referred to wishes expressed during the lingering illness of a death-bed. As to the conclusion of the passage, "and to light surrender," &c., I must confess that I am far from understanding it clearly.—Most probably there is no authority (at least, no good authority) for Warton's statement that Chapman had formed a friendship with Marlowe;* and the lines just cited would certainly lead us to suppose that their acquaintance with each other, if any, had been very slight.

Chapman offends, to a still greater degree than Marlowe, by loading the narrative with excrescences, which render it deficient in unity and due subordination of parts; and he has all Marlowe's proneness to conceits and apothegms. He disappoints us by unexpected inequalities and strange improprieties; he loves frigid personifications; his meaning is not always transparent, his versification not always happy. But he has great depth of thought; he rises not unfrequently to the real poetic enthusiasm; his pictures have a truly graphic force of delineation; his touches of fancy are often bright and delicate; his pathos is sometimes profound. Chapman has not received justice from Warton, who mentions only slightly and disparagingly his continuation of *Hero and Leander*.† It is, on the whole, a less perfect performance than Marlowe's (much shorter) portion of the tale: but if the superiority of the one poet over the other is to be decided by individual passages, there will be no small difficulty in determining to whom the palm is due.

The *Second and Fourth Books* of Virgil's *Æneid* by Lord Surrey, some of Ovid's *Epistles* by Turberville, and Gascoigne and Kinwelmersh's paraphrase and alteration of

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* Warton states that Chapman, having gone to London in his youth, "soon commenced a friendship with Spenser, Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Daniel." *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 447, ed. 4to. According to Wood (cited by Warton, ibid. p. 448), Chapman was a man "religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet;" and as Marlowe unhappily appears not to have possessed those "qualities," it is unlikely that any intimacy should have existed between him and Chapman.

† "At length George Chapman, the translator of Homer, completed, but with a striking inequality, Marlowe's unfinished version." *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 434, ed. 4to. (which, indeed, is nearly what Phillips had said in the *Theat. Poet.* (*Modern Poets*), p. 25, ed. 1675).—To this opinion we may oppose that of Chapman's contemporary, Chettle, who speaks of him as

> "Coryn, full of worth and wit,
> That finisht dead Musæus' gracious song
> With grace as great and words and verse as fit."
>
> *England's Mourning Garment*, n. d. Sig. D 2.

At a much later period Chapman published a version of Musæus,—*The Divine Poem of Musæus. First of all Bookes. Translated according to the originall, By Geo: Chapman*, 1616, 12mo. It is dedicated to Inigo Jones. In an address "To the Commune Reader" Chapman mentions "that partly excellent poem of Maister Marloe's." (Here, in the former edition of the present work, I cited some lines from "this rare translation": but the whole of it may now (1858) be read, among the other translations by Chapman, excellently edited by my friend the Rev. R. Hooper.)

the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides under the title of *Iocasta*, were all, or nearly all,* the specimens of blank-verse translation from the ancient poets which our language afforded, till Marlowe's *First Book* of *Lucan*, having been entered in the Stationers' Books 28th Sept. 1593, was published in 1600.

As the versification wants that variety of pause which Marlowe latterly was accustomed to observe, I should have unhesitatingly referred this attempt to an early period of his life, did not such a defect seem sufficiently accounted for by the necessity which he had imposed upon himself of "translating line for line." Nor is it unlikely, that having once had in view a complete version of the *Pharsalia*, he may have been deterred from proceeding farther than the First Book by finding that he had adopted a plan which greatly increased the difficulty of his undertaking. Though a pleasing memorial of his devotion to classical literature, this fragment can add very little to his fame, even if we should allow that it reflects the lofty and declamatory style of Lucan more faithfully than any subsequent translation.

The beautiful song, "Come live with me," &c, was originally printed, but wanting the fourth and sixth stanzas, in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, a collection of poems which the title-page affirms to be wholly by Shakespeare; and it was for the first time published complete, and subscribed with the real author's name, "C. Marlowe,"† in *England's Helicon*, 1600.

Few songs have been more popular than this: we find both a Reply to and an Imitation of it ‡ in *England's Helicon;* snatches of it are sung by Sir Hugh Evans

* Of course, Grimoald's blank-verse translations from the *Alexandreis* of Gaultier are not to be taken into account.—In Steevens's list of *Ancient Translations from Classic Authors* (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, i. 380), there occurs *Virgil's Eclogues and Georgicks, translated into blank verse by W. Webbe, Lond.* 1589. Qy. was there ever any such book? Webbe, indeed, gives translations of the *First and Second Eclogues* in his *Discourse* of *English Poetrie* (p. 71, sqq. ed. Haslewood), but they are in English hexameters; and *ibid.* (p. 54) he says that he once turned the *Georgics* "to that same English verse which other such workes were in, though it were rudely," &c, and that his version had fallen into the hands of a person, who, he was told, either had published or intended to publish it.—Peele translated one of the *Iphigenias* of Euripides into English verse (qy. if blank-verse?); but in all probability it was never printed. I learn this fact from some Latin lines (in MS.) by Dr. Gager,—*In Iphigeniam Georgii Peeli Anglicanis versibus redditam.* The "*Effiginia* a Tragedye showen on the Innocentes daie at nighte by the Children of Powles," 1571, which is mentioned in Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c, p. 13, is very unlikely to have been Peele's translation; for at that date Peele, there is good reason to believe, was under twenty years of age.

† Marlowe himself quotes (with a slight variation) a line of it in *The Jew of Malta:* see note †, p. 170.

‡ The first stanza of the Reply had previously appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim.* Sir E. Brydges has insented *both* these pieces as Raleigh's in his ed. of that extraordinary man's *Poems.* I think it very doubtful if he wrote even the former of them; but I cannot discuss the question of their authorship here: on that subject see Percy's *Rel. of A. E. P.* i. 237, ed. 1812, Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.* pp. 254, 307, and Sir E. Brydges's Introd. to *England's Helicon*, p. xiii.—Oldys in a MS. note, under the article "Marlowe," in his copy of Langbaine's *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, says; "Sr W. Ralegh was an encourager of his [Marlowe's] Muse; and he wrote an answer to a Pastoral Sonnet of Sr Walters printed by Isaac Walton in his Book of Fishing." For the first of these statements I know no authority; as to the second,—"Sr Walters" is obviously a slip of the pen for "Marlowe's."

in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*;* and Donne† and Herrick‡ have each (unsuccessfully) attempted to rival it. In 1653, when it was comparatively little known, Isaac Walton, by inserting it in *The Complete Angler*, gave it fresh celebrity.—Making no appeal to the heart, nor having any force of sentiment, it cannot be regarded as a love-song of the highest class; but it is among the very best of those sweet and fanciful strains with which genius has enriched the fabled Arcadia.

As the editor of *England's Parnassus*, 1600, appears never to have resorted to manuscript sources, we may conclude that the descriptive stanzas by Marlowe in that anthology, "I walk'd along a stream," &c, were extracted from some printed piece, of which not a single copy now remains. Most probably it was a composition of no great length: but the stanzas in question present so fine a picture of objects seen through a poetic medium, that, in exchange for the rest, every reader of taste would willingly part with a dozen of those long and tedious productions which are precious in the estimation of antiquaries alone.

A comedy called *The Maiden's Holiday* was entered in the Stationers' Books, 8th April 1654, as the joint-work of Marlowe and Day; but it did not reach the press; and at last it met its fate from that arch-destroyer of manuscript dramas, John Warburton's cook. In matters of authorship the Stationers' Books are not always to be trusted; and that Marlowe and Day should have written in conjunction is rendered highly improbable by the fact, that we find no notice of Day as a dramatist earlier than 1599. Still, there is a possibility that Marlowe may have so far mistaken his own powers as to attempt a comedy, that he may have left it unfinished at his death, and that Day may have completed it: there is a possibility too that we possess a fragment of *The Maiden's Holiday* in that pastoral "Dialogue" attributed to "Kitt Marlowe," which was recently discovered among the Alleyn Papers, and which, mean as it is, I have not chosen to exclude from the present edition.

Lusts Dominion; or, The Lascivious Queen. A Tragedie. Written by Christofer Marloe, Gent., was issued from the shop of Kirkman in 1657; but that it could not have been the work of Marlowe has been distinctly shown by Mr. Collier;§ who also

* Act iii. sc. 1.—In Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), viii. 104, may be seen the old music to which it was sung, given from a MS. by Sir J. Hawkins.—N. Breton mentions this song in *A Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters*, 1603; "At the least you shall heare the old song that you were wont to like well of, sung by the blacke browes with the cherrie-cheeke, vnder the side of the pide cow, *Come liue with me and be my loue.*" p. 59, ed. 1637.—Again, in his *Choice, Chance, and Change*, &c, 1606; "Why, how now, doe you take me for a woman, that you come vpon me with a ballad of *Come liue with me and be my loue?*" p. 3.—In Deloney's *Strange Histories*, &c., 1607, is a ballad called *The Imprisonment of Queene Elinor*, &c, "to the tune of *Come liue with me and be my loue.*"

† See Donne's *Poems*, p. 190, ed. 1633. In later eds. it is entitled *The Bait.*

‡ See *To Phillis to love and live with him*, Herrick's *Hesperides*, p. 223, ed. 1648.

§ "This play, *Lust's Dominion*, though hitherto supposed to have been written by Marlow, is unquestionably not his. Some confusion is occasioned in the plot by the insertion of characters unknown to history; but the King Philip who figures in the first act is Philip II. of Spain, who did not die (vide Watson's *Philip* II, vol. iii. p. 332) until 1598. Marlow was killed by Archer in 1593.

conjectures with great probability, that, as a Spanish Moor is its hero, it is no other than *The Spaneshe Mores Tragedie*, which was written by Dekker, Haughton, and Day, and is mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary* under "the 13 of febrearye 1599 [1600]." *

A drama entitled *Alarvm for London, or The Siedge of Antwerpe. With the ventrous actes and valorous deeds of the lame Soldier. As it hath been playde by the right Honorable the Lord Charberlaine* [sic] *his Seruants*, did not pass the press till 1602. A copy of it, now belonging to Mr. Collier, has the following lines written by some early possessor on its title-page :

"Our famous Marloe had in this a hand,
As from his fellowes I doe vnderstand.
The printed copie doth his Muse much wrong ;
But natheles manie lines ar good and strong :
Of *Paris' Massaker* † such was the fate ;
A perfitt coppie came to hand to late."

The report of Marlowe's "fellowes" may be true : but certainly throughout the *Alarum for London* no traces of his genius are discoverable.

If this be not sufficient, or if it should be supposed for a moment that Philip I. might be intended, there is still further and conclusive evidence to shew that Marlow could not be the author of *Lust's Dominion*. A tract was printed in London in 1599 (vide Lord Somers' Collection, ii. 505), called *A briefe and true Declaration of the Sicknesse, last words, and Death of the King of Spain, Philip Second*, from which various passages in the play were clearly borrowed. We will compare a few quotations from both relating to the death of the King.

'Dry your wet eyes, for sorrow wanteth force
T'inspire a breathing soul in a dead corse.' *Lust's Dom.*

'My friends and subjects, your sorrowes are of no force to recover my health.' *Tract.*

'when I am embalm'd,
Apparel me in a rich royal robe . . . . .
Then place my bones within that brazen shrine.' *Lust's Dom.*

'Commanding that this my bodie . . . . be embalm'd ; then apparelled with a royal robe, and so placed within this brazen shrine.' *Tract.*

'Have care to Isabel :
Her virtue was King Philip's looking-glass.' *Lust's Dom.*

'I pray you, have a great care and regard to your sister, because she was my looking-glasse.' *Tract.*" Note in *Dodsley's Old Plays*, ii. 311, ed. 1825.—To a correspondent in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. 253, the above "argument for the rejection of *Lust's Dominion* does not appear by any means conclusive :" and he writes "about it and about it" with the bold ignorance which distinguishes too many of the contributors to that useful periodical. Among other things, he says ; "The earliest extant edition of the play bears Marlowe's name at full length on the title-page. It is true that the date of that edition is 1650, sixty-six years after his death [a mistake ; the edition is dated 1657] : still the publisher must have had *some* reasonable ground for attributing the work to him." Now, the writer would hardly have ventured such a remark, had he been acquainted with Kirkman's character as a publisher, had he been aware, for instance, that Kirkman printed, in 1661, a drama called *The Thracian Wonder*, and put on the title-page the names of John Webster and William Rowley, though it is *certo certius* that not a word of so wretched a piece could have proceeded from Webster's pen.

* P. 165, ed. Shake. Soc. † See *ante*, pp. xxiv, xxv.

It is now necessary to consider a remarkable passage* of Greene's Address to Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, which has been already cited from *The Groatsworth of Wit.* "There is," he says, and that he is speaking of Shakespeare no one can hesitate to believe, "an vpstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke-verse as the best of you," &c. Hence it is evident that before September 1592 Shakespeare had re-modelled certain pieces written, either separately or conjointly, by Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, or Peele. It would seem, too, that, while accusing our great dramatist of having adorned himself with borrowed plumes, Greene more particularly alludes to the two old "histories" entitled *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, on which Shakespeare is known to have founded *The Second and Third Parts of Henry the Sixth;* for the words, "his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*," are parodied from a line in *The True Tragedie*,

> "Oh, tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide."
> Sig. B 2, ed. 1595.

I say that Greene seems to allude to *both* these elder dramas, because hardly a shadow of doubt can be entertained that they were written by the same poet or poets.

To *The First Part of the Contention* and to *The True Tragedie* Greene may have contributed his share; so also may Lodge, and so may Peele have done: but in both pieces there are scenes characterised by a vigour of conception and expression, to which, as their undisputed works demonstratively prove, neither Greene, nor Lodge, nor Peele could possibly have risen. Surely, therefore, we have full warrant for supposing that Marlowe† was very largely concerned in the composition of *The First Part*

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* See *ante*, p. xxviii.

† Malone,—who had at first conjectured either that Greene and Peele were the joint-authors of these two pieces, or that Greene wrote the one and Peele the other,—was afterwards "inclined to believe that Marlowe was the author of one, if not of both." *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, ii. 313.—Concerning the authorship of *The First Part of the Contention*, Mr. Collier, *Shakespeare*, v. 107, merely says, "By whom it was written we have no information;" but in the *Hist. of the English Stage*, prefixed to his *Shakespeare*, p. xlix, he states that "there is much reason to suppose Greene had been concerned" in it as well as in the other play. On *The True Tragedie* he has the following observations. "Although there is no ground whatever for giving it to Marlowe, there is some reason for supposing that it came from the pen of Robert Greene . . . . . Although Greene talks of 'an upstart crow beautified with *our* feathers,' he seems to have referred principally to his own works, and to the manner in which Shakespeare had availed himself of them. This opinion is somewhat confirmed by two lines in a tract called 'Greene's Funerals' by R. B., 1594, where the writer is adverting to the obligations of other authors to Greene;—

> 'Nay, more, the men that so eclips'd his fame,
> *Purloin'd his plumes*—can they deny the same?'

Here R. B. nearly adopts Greene's words, '*beautified with our feathers*,' and applies to him individually what Greene, perhaps to avoid the charge of egotism and vanity, had stated more generally. . . . . Another fact tends to the same conclusion: it is a striking coincidence between a passage

of the Contention and of *The True Tragedie;* and the following instances of their occasional close resemblance to his *Edward the Second* are confirmative of that supposition, however little such parallelisms might be thought to weigh, if they formed the only grounds for it :

"I *tell* thee, Poull, *when* thou didst *runne at tilt*
And stolst away our ladaies' hearts *in France*," &c.
First Part of the Cont. Sig. B 3, ed. 1594.

"*Tell* Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I *ran at tilt in France*," &c.
Edward the Sec., p. 220, first col.

"Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland;
The wild Onele, my lords, is vp in armes,
With troupes *of Irish Kernes*, that, *vncontrold*,
Doth plant themselves *within the English pale*."
First Part of the Cont. Sig. E.

"*The wild Oneil, with* swarms *of Irish kerns*,
Lives *uncontroll'd within the English pale*."
Edward the Sec., p. 197, first col.

"Sterne Fawconbridge *commands the narrow seas*."
The True Tragedie, Sig. A 6, ed. 1595.

"The haughty Dane *commands the narrow seas*."
Edward the Sec., p. 197, first col.

"Thus yeelds *the cedar* to the axes edge,
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princlie eagle."
The True Tragedie, Sig. E 2.

"A lofty *cedar-tree*, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch."
Edward the Sec., p. 195, first col.

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in 'The True Tragedy' and some lines in one of Greene's acknowledged dramas, 'Alphonsus, King of Arragon'. . . . . In 'Alphonsus' the hero kills Flaminius, his enemy, and thus addresses the dying man ;—

'Go, pack thee hence,' &c.
'*And if he ask thee who did send thee down,*
Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy crown.'

In 'The True Tragedy' Richard, while stabbing Henry VI. a second time, exclaims,

'If any spark of life remain in thee,
Down, down to hell ; and say I sent thee thither.'"
Collier's *Shakespeare*, v. 225-7.—

Mr. Hallam remarks; "It seems probable that the old plays of the Contention of Lancaster and York, and the True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, which Shakespeare remodelled in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., were in great part by Marlowe, though Greene seems to put in for some share in their composition ;" and in a note he adds; "The bitterness he [Greene] displays must lead us to suspect that he had been one himself of those who were thus preyed upon. But the greater part of the plays in question is in the judgment, I conceive, of all competent critics, far above the powers either of Greene or Peele, and exhibits a much greater share of the spirited versification, called by Jonson the 'mighty line,' of Christopher Marlowe." *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, ii. 171, ed. 1843.

"What, will the *aspiring blood of Lancaster*
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would haue mounted."
The True Tragedie, Sig. E 6.

"Frown'st thou thereat, *aspiring Lancaster?*"
Edward the Sec., p. 184, sec. col.

"[And], highly scorning that *the lowly earth*
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air."
Ibid., p. 212, sec. col.

Besides *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie*,* some other play or plays, of which Greene was either the sole or joint author, and in which Marlowe had no concern whatever, may perhaps be comprehended in the expression, "our feathers:" but an inquiry into that point would be irrelevant here.

Two old plays are yet to be mentioned, which have been ascribed to Marlowe, and which Shakespeare remodelled,—*The Troublesome Raigne* of *King John* in Two Parts, and *The Taming of a Shrew*. Be it observed, however, that to neither of these plays, even supposing them to have been really written by Marlowe, could we refer the above-cited allusion of Greene in 1592; for at that date Shakespeare, unless his commentators are greatly mistaken, had not produced his *King John* and his *Taming of the Shrew*.

In support of Marlowe's claim to *The Troublesome Raigne*, it has been urged:—First, that the Prologue to the earliest 4to seems to solicit the favour of the audience for a piece which had been composed by the author of *Tamburlaine;*

"You, that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
Haue entertain'd *the Scythian Tamburlaine*,
And giuen applause vnto an infidel,
Vouchsafe to welcome with like curtesie
A warlike Christian and your countryman."

Secondly, that the play has two passages coincident with lines in *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie*,—to both which dramas, as already observed, there is every reason to believe that Marlowe was a very large contributor;

* I may notice, that while Shakespeare was remodelling *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie*, he had sometimes in his recollection plays which we know for certain to be by Marlowe;

"She bears a duke's *revenues on her back*."
Sec. Part of Henry VI., act I. sc. 3.

"He wears *a* lord's *revenue on his back*."
Edward the Sec., p. 193, first col.

"*These arms of mine* shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, *shall be thy sepulchre*."
Third Part of Henry VI., act II. sc. 5.

"What sight is this! my Lodovico slain!
These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre."
The Jew of Malta, p. 161, first col.

"Then, good my lord, if you forgiue them all,
Lift vp your hand in token you forgiue.
* * * * * * * *
King John, farewell ! in token of thy faith,
And signe thou diedst the seruant of the Lord,
Lift vp thy hand, that we may witnesse heere
Thou diedst the seruant of our Sauiour Christ.
Now ioy betide thy soule !"

The Troublesome Raigne, Sig. M, ed. 1622.

"Lord Cardinal,
If thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,
Hold vp thy hand, and make some signe to vs. [*The Cardinal dies.*
Oh, see, he dies, and makes no signe at all !
Oh, God, forgiue his soule !"

First Part of the Cont., Sig. F, ed. 1594.

"Let England liue but true within itselfe."

The Troublesome Raigne, Sig. M 2.

"Let England be true within itselfe."

The True Tragedie, Sig. D 4, ed. 1595.

But, on the other hand, there are many things throughout *The Troublesome Raigne** so materially at variance with the style of Marlowe, that, while I admit the probability of his co-operation in the play, I cannot assent to the critical *dictum*† which would attribute the whole of it to him.

As to *The Taming of a Shrew*, which was both entered in the Stationers' Books and printed in 1594,—it abounds in passages that either strongly resemble or directly correspond with passages in the undoubted plays of Marlowe. These were first pointed out by an ingenious American critic, and, together with his arguments to prove that the comedy was written by Marlowe, may be seen in the second volume of Mr. Knight's Library edition of *Shakespeare*. I shall, as briefly as possible, declare my reasons for believing that Marlowe was not the author of *The Taming of a Shrew*. —Among the less striking parallelisms just mentioned is the following one;

"And *hewd* thee *smaller* then the Libian sandes."

The Taming of a Shrew, p. 42, ed. Shake. Soc.

"Or *hew'd* this flesh and bones *as small as sand*."

Faustus (*from the quarto of* 1616), p. 126, first col.

* It has not been observed, that when Shakespeare opened the sec. scene of the first act of his *Richard the Third* with—

"*Set down, set down* your honourable *load*,"

he remembered a line with which a scene in the Second Part of *The Troublesome Raigne* begins,—

"*Set downe, set downe* the *loade* not worth your paine."

Sig. K 4, ed. 1622.

† Malone once supposed it to have been written by Peele or Greene; latterly (*Shakespeare*, by Boswell, ii. 313) he assigned it to Marlowe.

Now, if we were sure that the resemblance between these two lines was not accidental (and it seems highly probable that the former was suggested by the latter), we might at once conclude that the author of *The Taming of a Shrew* and Marlowe were distinct persons; for the line cited from *Faustus* belongs to a scene which is not found in the earliest quarto, and which is evidently the composition of a poet whose style was not a little dissimilar to that of Marlowe. But, leaving this particular out of the question, I find enough besides in *The Taming of a Shrew* to convince me that it was the work of some one who had closely studied Marlowe's writings, and who frequently could not resist the temptation to adopt the very words of his favourite dramatist. It is quite possible that he was not always conscious of his more trifling plagiarisms from Marlowe,—recollections of whose phraseology may have mingled imperceptibly with the current of his thoughts: but the case was certainly otherwise when he transferred to his own comedy whole passages of *Tamburlaine* or *Faustus*. In some instances the borrowed matter seems to be rather out of place: in the speech which I subjoin it is very awkwardly introduced. When the bridegroom Ferando enters "baselie attired, and a red cap on his head," Polidor entreats him to change his apparel before going to church, and offers him the use of his own wardrobe: upon which, Ferando replies,

> "Tush, Polidor, I haue as many sutes
> Fantasticke made to fit my humor so,
> As any in Athens, and as richlie wrought
> *As was the massie robe that late adorn'd*
> *The stately legate of the Persian King,*
> And this from them haue I made choise to weare."
> P. 21, ed. Shake. Soc.

Surely, we should have wondered at this violent and far-fetched comparison of Ferando's "sutes" to a particular massy robe, if we had not known that the writer was, as usual, levying a contribution on Marlowe;—

> "And I sat down, cloth'd with a massy robe
> That late adorn'd the Afric potentate."
> *The Sec. Part of Tamburlaine*, p. 56, first col.

Throughout the play there is little vigour of thought or expression; the style, when elevated, is laboriously ornate rather than poetical; the many high-flown descriptions of female beauty (which are admired by the American critic) have only an artificial glow; and the versification is monotonous in the extreme. Yet *The Taming of a Shrew* is by no means a contemptible drama, possessing, as it certainly does, some portion of genuine comic humour; a circumstance which alone would tend to prove that it was not the production of Marlowe, to whom, we have good reason to believe, nature had denied even a moderate talent for the humorous.—I may add, that, as *The Taming of a Shrew* is printed anonymously, its author probably had no intention

that his name should transpire, and therefore resorted to plagiarism with the greater boldness.

Another word on the subject of plays attributed to Marlowe. It has been conjectured that both *Locrine* and *Titus Adronicus* are by him: but, if every old tragedy of more than usual merit, whose author is either doubtful or unknown, must be fathered upon Marlowe, the catalogue of his dramas will presently be swollen to a size not easily reconcilable with the shortness of his life.

I have now brought to a close this very imperfect essay concerning one whom Drayton has characterised in the following fervid lines;

> "Neat [Next] Marlow, bathed in the Thespian springs,
> Had in him those braue translunary things
> That the first poets had; his raptures were
> All ayre and fire, which made his verses cleere;
> For that fine madnes still he did retaine,
> Which rightly should possesse a poet's braine."*

Though immeasurably superior to the other dramatists of his time, he is, like them, a very unequal writer; it is in detached passages and single scenes, rather than in any of his pieces taken as a whole, that he displays the vast richness and vigour of his genius. But we can hardly doubt that if death had not so suddenly arrested his career, he would have produced tragedies of more uniform excellence; nor is it too much to suppose that he would also have given still grander manifestations of dramatic power;—indeed, for my own part, I feel a strong persuasion, that, with added years and well-directed efforts, he would have made a much nearer approach in tragedy to Shakespeare than has yet been made by any of his countrymen.

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* *To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesie,—The Battaile of Agincourt*, &c. 1627, ed. fol.—Besides the notices of Marlowe which have been already cited from Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, &c, 1598 (see pp. xxxi, xlii), the following passages occur in that work. "As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, &c.; and the Latine tongue by Virgill, Ouid, Horace, &c. so the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeouslie inuested in rare ornaments and resplendent abiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, *Marlow*, and Chapman." fol. 280. "As these tragicke poets flourished in Greece, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, &c.; and these among the Latines, Accius, M. Attilius, Pomponius Secundus, and Seneca; so these are our best for tragedie, the Lorde Buckhurst, Doctor Leg of Cambridge, Doctor Edes of Oxforde, Maister Edward Ferris, the authour of the Mirrour for Magistrates, *Marlow*, Peele, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Beniamin Johnson." fol. 283.—The passage in Jonson's verses *To the memory of Shakespeare*, which has been before alluded to (see note†, p. xli), may not improperly be quoted here;

> "For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
> I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
> And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
> Or sporting Kyd, or *Marlowe's mighty line.*"

ADDENDA.

Account of Marlowe and his writings.

P. xxiv. "*Edward the Second* . . . . . first printed in 1598."

Not long ago I purchased a quarto of this play, which has the title-page and the first leaf of the text supplied in very old handwriting,—the title-page being worded as follows : *The troublesome Raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second King of England ; with the tragicall fall of proude Mortimer. As it was sondry times publiquely actcd in the honorable Cittie of London, By the right honorable the Earle of Pembroke his Seruants. Written by Chri : Mar : Gent. Imprinted at London for William Jones dwelling neere Holborne Conduit at the Signe of the Gunne.* 1593. Since the quarto just described is an imperfect copy of what is now known as the quarto of 1598, we may perhaps conclude, that the quarto of 1598 was merely a re-issue, with a new title-page, of an impression originally published in 1593. There may have been, however, a distinct edition of the play in 1593, of which no copies have come down to us.

The Second Part of Tamburlaine the Great.

P. 73, first col.

"Your soul gives essence to our wretched *subjects*," &c.

In a note on this line I have shown, by two other passages of the play, the rashness of Mr. Collier's assertion that "*subjects*" is a printer's blunder for "substance" : and I might also have cited the following passage from Chapman's continuation of our author's *Hero and Leander ;*

"Now (as swift as Time
Doth follow Motion) find th' eternal clime
Of his free soul, whose living *subject* stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood," &c.

p. 291, sec. col.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT,

IN TWO PARTS.

Tamburlaine the Great. Who, from a Scythian Shepheарde by his rare and woonderfull Conquests, became a most puissant and mightye Monarque. And (for his tyranny, and terrour in Warre) was tearmed, The Scourge of God. Deuided into two Tragicall Discourses, as they were sundrie times shewed vpon Stages in the Citie of London. By the right honorable the Lord Admyrall, his seruauntes. Now first, and newlie published. London. Printed by Richard Ihones: at the signe of the Rose and Crowne neere Holborne Bridge. 1590. 4to.

The above title-page is pasted into a copy of the *First Part of Tamburlaine* in the Library at Bridge-water House; which copy, excepting that title-page and the Address to the Readers, is the impression of 1605. I once supposed that the title-pages which bear the dates 1605 and 1606 (see below) had been added to the 4tos of the *Two Parts* of the play originally printed in 1590; but I am now convinced that both *Parts* were really reprinted, *The First Part* in 1605, and *The Second Part* in 1606, and that nothing remains of the earlier 4tos, except the title-page and the Address to the Readers, which are preserved in the Bridge-water collection.

In the Bodleian Library, Oxford, is an 8vo edition of both *Parts of Tamburlaine*, dated 1590: the title-page of *The First Part* agrees verbatim with that given above; the half-title-page of *The Second Part* is as follows;

The Second Part of The bloody Conquests of mighty Tamburlaine. With his impassionate fury, for the death of his Lady and loue faire Zenocrate; his fourme of exhortacion and discipline to his three sons, and the maner of his own death.

In the Garrick Collection, British Museum, is an 8vo edition of both *Parts* dated 1592: the title-page of *The First Part* runs thus;

Tamburlaine the Great. Who, from a Scythian Shepheard, by his rare and wonderfull Conquestes, became a most puissant and mightie Mornarch [sic]*: And (for his tyrannie, and terrour in warre) was tearmed, The Scourge of God. The first part of the two Tragicall discourses, as they were sundrie times most stately shewed vpon Stages in the Citie of London. By the right honorable the Lord Admirall, his seruauntes. Now newly published. Printed by Richard Iones, dwelling at the signe of the Rose and Crowne neere Holborne Bridge.*

The half-title-page of *The Second Part* agrees exactly with that already given. Perhaps the 8vo at Oxford and that in the British Museum (for I have not had an opportunity of comparing them) are the same impression, differing only in the title-pages.

Langbaine (*Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 344) mentions an 8vo dated 1593.

The title-pages of the latest impressions of *The Two Parts* are as follows;

Tamburlaine the Greate. Who, from the state of a Shepheard in Scythia, by his rare and wonderfull Conquests, became a most puissant and mighty Monarque. London Printed for Edward White, and are to be solde at the little North doore of Saint Paules-Church, at the signe of the Gunne, 1605. 4to.

Tamburlaine the Greate. With his impassionate furie, for the death of his Lady and Loue fair Zenocrate: his forme of exhortation and discipline to his three Sonnes, and the manner of his owne death. The second part. London Printed by E. A. for Ed. White, and are to be solde at his Shop neere the little North doore of Saint Paules Church at the Signe of the Gun. 1606. 4to.

The text of the present edition is given from the 8vo of 1592, collated with the 4tos of 1605–6.

TO THE GENTLEMEN-READERS* AND OTHERS THAT TAKE PLEASURE IN READING HISTORIES.†

Gentlemen and courteous readers whosoever: I have here published in print, for your sakes, the two tragical discourses of the Scythian shepherd Tamburlaine, that became so great a conqueror and so mighty a monarch. My hope is, that they will be now no less acceptable unto you to read after your serious affairs and studies than they have been lately delightful for many of you to see when the same were shewed in London upon stages. I have purposely omitted and left out some fond‡ and frivolous gestures, digressing, and, in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter, which I thought might seem more tedious unto the wise than any way else to be regarded, though haply they have been of some vain-conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were shewed upon the stage in their graced deformities: nevertheless now to be mixtured in print with such matter of worth, it would prove a great disgrace to so honourable and stately a history. Great folly were it in me to commend unto your wisdoms either the eloquence of the author that writ them or the worthiness of the matter itself. I therefore leave unto your learned censures§ both the one and the other, and myself the poor printer of them unto your most courteous and favourable protection; which if you vouchsafe to accept, you shall evermore bind me to employ what travail and service I can to the advancing and pleasuring of your excellent degree.

Yours, most humble at commandment,

R[ichard] J[ones], printer.

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* *To the Gentlemen-readers, &c.*] From the 8vo of 1592: in the 4tos this address is worded here and there differently. I have not thought it necessary to mark the *variæ lectiones* of the worthy printer's composition.

† *histories*] i. e. dramas so called,—plays founded on history.

‡ *fond*] i. e. foolish.—Concerning the omissions here alluded to, some remarks will be found in the *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*.

§ *censures*] i. e. judgments, opinions.

THE FIRST PART OF

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

THE PROLOGUE.

From jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MYCETES, king of Persia.
COSROE, his brother.
MEANDER, THERIDAMAS, ORTYGIUS, CENEUS, MENAPHON, } Persian lords.
TAMBURLAINE, a Scythian shepherd.
TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, } his followers.
BAJAZETH, emperor of the Turks.
KING OF FEZ.
KING OF MOROCCO.
KING OF ARGIER.
KING OF ARABIA.
SOLDAN OF EGYPT.
GOVERNOR OF DAMASCUS.
AGYDAS, MAGNETES, } Median lords.
CAPOLIN, an Egyptian.
PHILEMUS, Bassoes, Lords, Citizens, Moors, Soldiers, and Attendants.

ZENOCRATE, daughter to the Soldan of Egypt.
ANIPPE, her maid.
ZABINA, wife to BAJAZETH.
EBEA, her maid.
Virgins of Damascus.

THE FIRST PART OF

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter MYCETES, COSROE, MEANDER, THERIDAMAS, ORTYGIUS, CENEUS, MENAPHON, *with others.*

Myc. Brother Cosroe, I find myself agriev'd;
Yet insufficient to express the same,
For it requires a great and thundering speech:
Good brother, tell the cause unto my lords;
I know you have a better wit than I.

Cos. Unhappy Persia,—that in former age
Hast been the seat of mighty conquerors,
That, in their prowess and their policies,
Have triumph'd over Afric,* and the bounds
Of Europe where the sun dares scarce appear
For freezing meteors and congealèd cold,—
Now to be rul'd and govern'd by a man
At whose birth-day Cynthia with Saturn join'd,
And Jove, the Sun, and Mercury denied
To shed their† influence in his fickle brain!
Now Turks and Tartars shake their swords at thee,
Meaning to mangle all thy provinces.

Myc. Brother, I see your meaning well enough,
And through‡ your plancts I perceive you think
I am not wise enough to be a king:
But I refer me to my noblemen,
That know my wit, and can be witnesses.
I might command you to be slain for this,—
Meander, might I not?

Mean. Not for so small a fault, my sovereign lord.

Myc. I mean it not, but yet I know I might.—
Yet live; yea, live; Mycetes wills it so.—
Meander, thou, my faithful counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceivèd grief,
Which is, God knows, about that Tamburlaine,
That, like a fox in midst of harvest-time,
Doth prey upon my flocks of passengers;
And, as I hear, doth mean to pull my plumes:
Therefore 'tis good and meet for to be wise.

Mean. Oft have I heard your majesty complain
Of Tamburlaine, that sturdy Scythian thief,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis
Trading by land unto the Western Isles,
And in your confines with his lawless train
Daily commits incivil* outrages,
Hoping (misled by dreaming prophecies)
To reign in Asia, and with barbarous arms
To make himself the monarch of the East:
But, ere he march in Asia, or display
His vagrant ensign in the Persian fields,
Your grace hath taken order by Theridamas,
Charg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him captive to your highness' throne.

Myc. Full true thou speak'st, and like thyself, my lord,
Whom I may term a Damon for thy love:
Therefore 'tis best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent†
To apprehend that paltry Scythian.
How like you this, my honourable lords?
Is it not a kingly resolution?

Cos. It cannot choose, because it comes from you.

Myc. Then hear thy charge, valiant Theridamas,
The chiefest‡ captain of Myecetes' host,

---

* *Afric*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Affrica."
† *their*] Old eds. "his."
‡ *through*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "thorough."

* *incivil*] i. e. barbarous.—So the 8vo.—The 4to "vnciuill."
† *incontinent*] i. e. forthwith, immediately.
‡ *chiefest*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "chiefe."

The hope of Persia, and the very legs
Whereon our state doth lean as on a staff,
That holds us up and foils our neighbour foes:
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foaming gall with rage and high disdain
Have sworn the death of wicked Tamburlaine.
Go frowning forth; but come thou smiling home,
As did Sir Paris with the Grecian dame:
Return with speed; time passeth swift away;
Our life is frail, and we may die to-day.

Ther. Before the moon renew her borrow'd light,
Doubt not, my lord and gracious sovereign,
But Tamburlaine and that Tartarian rout *
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercy at your highness' feet.

Myc. Go, stout Theridamas; thy words are swords,
And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes.
I long to see thee back return from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine
All loaden with the heads of killèd men,
And, from their knees even to their hoofs below,
Besmear'd with blood that makes a dainty show.

Ther. Then now, my lord, I humbly take my leave.

Myc. Theridamas, farewell ten thousand times.

[*Exit* THERIDAMAS.

Ah, Menaphon, why stay'st thou thus behind,
When other men press † forward for renown?
Go, Menaphon, go into Scythia,
And foot by foot follow Theridamas.

Cos. Nay, pray you,‡ let him stay; a greater [task]
Fits Menaphon than warring with a thief:
Create him pro-rex of all § Africa,
That he may win the Babylonians' hearts,
Which will revolt from Persian government,
Unless they have a wiser king than you.

Myc. Unless they have a wiser king than you!
These are his words; Meander, set them down.

Cos. And add this to them,—that all Asia
Lament to see the folly of their king.

Myc. Well, here I swear by this my royal seat—

Cos. You may do well to kiss it, then.

Myc. Emboss'd with silk as best beseems my state,
To be reveng'd for these contemptuous words!
O, where is duty and allegiance now?

Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean main?
What shall I call thee? brother? no, a foe;
Monster of nature, shame unto thy stock,
That dar'st presume thy sovereign for to mock!—
Meander, come: I am abus'd, Meander.

[*Exeunt all except* COSROE *and* MENAPHON.

Men. How now, my lord! what, mated * and amaz'd
To hear the king thus threaten like himself!

Cos. Ah, Menaphon, I pass not† for his threats!
The plot is laid by Persian noblemen
And captains of the Median garrisons
To crown me emperor of Asia:
But this it is that doth excruciate
The very substance of my vexèd soul,
To see our neighbours, that were wont to quake
And tremble at the Persian monarch's name,
Now sit and laugh our regiment‡ to scorn;
And that which might resolve § me into tears,
Men from the farthest equinoctial line
Have swarm'd in troops into the Eastern India,
Lading their ships ‖ with gold and precious stones,
And made their spoils from all our provinces.

Men. This should entreat your highness to rejoice,
Since Fortune gives you opportunity
To gain the title of a conqueror
By curing of this maimèd empery.
Afric and Europe bordering on your land,
And continent to your dominions,
How easily may you, with a mighty host,
Pass ¶ into Græcia, as did Cyrus once,
And cause them to withdraw their forces home,
Lest you ** subdue the pride of Christendom!

[*Trumpet within.*

Cos. But, Menaphon, what means this trumpet's sound?

Men. Behold, my lord, Ortygius and the rest
Bringing the crown to make you emperor!

Re-enter ORTYGIUS *and* CENEUS, †† *with others, bearing a crown.*

Orty. Magnificent and mighty prince Cosroe,
We, in the name of other Persian states ‡‡
And commons of this mighty monarchy,
Present thee with th' imperial diadem.

---

* *rout*] i. e. crew.
† *press*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "prease."
‡ *you*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.
§ *all*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

* *mated*] i. e. confounded.
† *pass not*] i. e. care not.
‡ *regiment*] i. e. rule, government.
§ *resolve*] i. e. dissolve.—So the 8vo.—The 4to "dissolue."
‖ *ships*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "shippe."
¶ *Pass*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Hast."
** *you*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "they."
†† *Ceneus*] Here both the old eds. "Conerus."
‡‡ *states*] i. e. noblemen, persons of rank.

Cen. The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen,
That heretofore have fill'd Persepolis
With Afric captains taken in the field,
Whose ransom made them march in coats of gold,
With costly jewels hanging at their ears,
And shining stones upon their lofty crests,
Now living idle in the wallèd towns,
Wanting both pay and martial discipline,
Begin in troops to threaten civil war,
And openly exclaim against their * king:
Therefore, to stay all sudden mutinies,
We will invest your highness emperor;
Whereat the soldiers will conceive more joy
Than did the Macedonians at the spoil
Of great Darius and his wealthy host.

Cos. Well, since I see the state of Persia droop
And languish in my brother's government,
I willingly receive th' imperial crown,
And vow to wear it for my country's good,
In spite of them shall malice my estate.

Orty. And, in assurance of desir'd success,
We here do crown thee monarch of the East·
Emperor of Asia and Persia; †
Great lord of Media and Armenia;
Duke of Africa and Albania,
Mesopotamia and of Parthia,
East India and the late-discover'd isles;
Chief lord of all the wide vast Euxine Sea,
And of the ever-raging ‡ Caspian Lake.

All. § Long live Cosroe, mighty emperor!

Cos. And Jove may || never let me longer live
Than I may seek to gratify your love,
And cause the soldiers that thus honour me
To triumph over many provinces!
By whose desires of discipline in arms
I doubt not shortly but to reign sole king,
And with the army of Theridamas
(Whither we presently will fly, my lords,)
To rest secure against my brother's force.

Orty. We knew, ¶ my lord, before we brought the crown,
Intending your investion so near
The residence of your despisèd brother,
The lords ** would not be too exasperate
To injury * or suppress your worthy title;
Or, if they would, there are in readiness
Ten thousand horse to carry you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies.

Cos. I know it well, my lord, and thank you all.

Orty. Sound up the trumpets, then.

[*Trumpets sounded.*

All. † God save the king! [*Exeunt.*

* *their*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."
† *and Persia*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*and* of *Persia*."
‡ *ever-raging*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "riuer *raging*."
§ ALL] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.
|| *And Jove may*, &c.] i. e. And may Jove, &c. This collocation of words is sometimes found in later writers: so in the Prologue to Fletcher's *Woman's Prize*,—"Which *this may* prove!"
¶ *knew*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "knowe."
** *lords*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Lord."

SCENE II.

Enter TAMBURLAINE *leading* ZENOCRATE, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, AGYDAS, MAGNETES, Lords, *and* Soldiers *loaden with treasure.*

Tamb. Come, lady, let not this appal your thoughts;
The jewels and the treasure we have ta'en
Shall be reserv'd, and you in better state
Than if you were arriv'd in Syria,
Even in the circle of your father's arms,
The mighty Soldan of Ægyptia.

Zeno. Ah, shepherd, pity my distressèd plight!
(If, as thou seem'st, thou art so mean a man,)
And seek not to enrich thy followers
By lawless rapine from a silly maid,
Who, travelling ‡ with these Median lords
To Memphis, from my uncle's country of Media,
Where, all my youth, I have been governèd,
Have pass'd the army of the mighty Turk,
Bearing his privy-signet and his hand
To safe-conduct us thorough § Africa.

Mag. And, since we have arriv'd in Scythia,
Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We have his highness' letters to command
Aid and assistance, if we stand in need.

Tamb. But now you see these letters and commands
Are countermanded by a greater man;
And through my provinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightiness,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.
But, since I love to live at liberty,

* *injury*] This verb frequently occurs in our early writers. "Then haue you *iniuried* mauie." Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, sig. D 4, ed. 1591. It would seem to have fallen into disuse soon after the commencement of the 17th century: in Heywood's *Woman killed with kindness*, 1607, we find,

"You *injury* that good man, and wrong me too."
Sig. F 2.

but in ed. 1617 "*injury*" is altered to "iniure."
† ALL] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.
‡ *Who, travelling*, &c.] The halting metre shews that there is some corruption in this and the next line.
§ *thorough*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "through."

As easily may you get the Soldan's crown
As any prizes out of my precinct;
For they are friends that help to wean my state
Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it,
And must maintain my life exempt from servitude.—
But, tell me, madam, is your grace betroth'd?

Zeno. I am, my lord,—for so you do import.

Tamb. I am a lord, for so my deeds shall prove;
And yet a shepherd by my parentage.
But, lady, this fair face and heavenly hue
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia,
And means to be a terror to the world,
Measuring the limits of his empery
By east and west, as Phœbus doth his course.—
Lie here, ye weeds, that I disdain to wear!
This complete armour and this curtle-axe
Are adjuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine.—
And, madam, whatsoever you esteem
Of this success, and loss unvaluèd,*
Both may invest you empress of the East;
And these that seem but silly country swains
May have the leading of so great an host
As with their weight shall make the mountains quake,
Even as when windy exhalations,
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

Tech. As princely lions, when they rouse themselves,
Stretching their paws, and threatening herds of beasts,
So in his armour looketh Tamburlaine.
Methinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning brows and fiery looks
Spurning their crowns from off their captive heads.

Usum. And making thee and me, Techelles, kings,
That even to death will follow Tamburlaine.

Tamb. Nobly resolv'd, sweet friends and followers!
These lords perhaps do scorn our estimates,
And think we prattle with distemper'd spirits:
But, since they measure our deserts so mean,
That in conceit† bear empires on our spears,
Affecting thoughts coequal with the clouds,
They shall be kept our forcèd followers
Till with their eyes they view us emperors.

Zeno. The gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will never prosper your intended drifts,
That thus oppress poor friendless passengers.
Therefore at least admit us liberty,
Even as thou hop'st to be eternizèd
By living Asia's mighty emperor.

Agyd. I hope our lady's treasure and our own
May serve for ransom to our liberties:
Return our mules and empty camels back,
That we may travel into Syria,
Where her betrothèd lord, Alcidamus,
Expects the arrival of her highness' person.

Mag. And wheresoever we repose ourselves,
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.

Tamb. Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?
Or you, my lords, to be my followers?
Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?
Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.
Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,*
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine
Than the possession of the Persian crown,
Which gracious stars have promis'd at my birth.
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus;
Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,
Enchas'd with precious jewels of mine own,
More rich and valurous† than Zenocrate's;
With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools,‡
And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops,
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolv'd:§
My martial prizes, with five hundred men,
Won on the fifty-headed Volga's waves,
Shall we all offer‖ to Zenocrate,
And then myself to fair Zenocrate.

Tech. What now! in love?

Tamb. Techelles, women must be flatterèd:
But this is she with whom I am in¶ love.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. News, news!

Tamb. How now! what's the matter?

Sold. A thousand Persian horsemen are at hand,
Sent from the king to overcome us all.

---

* *unvaluèd*] i. e. not to be valued, or estimated.
† *conceit*] i. e. fancy, imagination.

* *Rhodope*] Old eds. "Rhodolfe."
† *valurous*] i. e. valuable.
‡ *pools*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Poles."
§ *resolv'd*] i. e. dissolved.—So the 8vo.—The 4to "desolu'd."
‖ *Shall we all offer*] The 8vo "*Shall we offer*" (the word "*all*" having dropt out).—The 4to "We all shall *offer*.
¶ *in*] The 8vo "it."—Omitted in the 4to.

Tamb. How now, my lords of Egypt, and Zenocrate!
Now must your jewels be restor'd again,
And I, that triumph'd * so, be overcome?
How say you, lordings? is not this your hope?
Agyd. We hope yourself will willingly restore them.
Tamb. Such hope, such fortune, have the thousand horse.
Soft ye, my lords, and sweet Zenocrate!
You must be forcèd from me ere you go.—
A thousand horsemen! we five hundred foot!
An odds too great for us to stand against.
But are they rich? and is their armour good?
Sold. Their plumèd helms are wrought with beaten gold,
Their swords enamell'd, and about their necks
Hang massy chains of gold down to the waist;
In every part exceeding brave † and rich.
Tamb. Then shall we fight courageously with them?
Or look you I should play the orator?
Tech. No; cowards and faint-hearted runaways
Look for orations when the foe is near:
Our swords shall play the orators for us.
Usum. Come, let us meet them at the mountain-top,‡
And with a sudden and an hot alarum
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill.
Tech. Come, let us march.
Tamb. Stay, Techelles; ask a parle first.

The Soldiers *enter.*

Open the mails,§ yet guard the treasure sure:
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflections may amaze the Persians;
And look we friendly on them when they come:
But, if they offer word or violence,
We'll fight, five hundred men-at-arms to one,
Before we part with our possession;
And 'gainst the general we will lift our swords,
And either lance‖ his greedy thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall serve
For manacles till he be ransom'd home.
Tech. I hear them come: shall we encounter them?
Tamb. Keep all your standings, and not stir a foot:
Myself will bide the danger of the brunt.

* *triumph'd*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "tryumph."
† *brave*] i. e. splendidly clad.
‡ *top*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "foot."
§ *mails*] i. e. bags, budgets.
‖ *lance*] So the 4to.—Here the 8vo has "launch;" but more than once in the *Sec. Part* of the play it has "*lance.*"

Enter THERIDAMAS *with others.*

Ther. Where is this * Scythian Tamburlaine?
Tamb. Whom seek'st thou, Persian? I am Tamburlaine.
Ther. Tamburlaine!
A Scythian shepherd so embellishèd
With nature's pride and richest furniture!
His looks do menace heaven and dare the gods;
His fiery eyes are fix'd upon the earth,
As if he now devis'd some stratagem,
Or meant to pierce Avernus' darksome vaults †
To pull the triple-headed dog from hell.
Tamb. Noble and mild this Persian seems to be,
If outward habit judge the inward man.
Tech. His deep affections make him passionate.
Tamb. With what a majesty he rears his looks!—
In thee, thou valiant man of Persia,
I see the folly of thy ‡ emperor.
Art thou but captain of a thousand horse,
That by charàcters graven in thy brows,
And by thy martial face and stout aspèct,
Deserv'st to have the leading of an host?
Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,
And we will triumph over all the world:
I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains,
And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about;
And sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere
Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome.
Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man-at-arms,
Intending but to raze my charmèd skin,
And Jove himself will stretch his hand from heaven
To ward the blow, and shield me safe from harm.
See, how he rains down heaps of gold in showers,
As if he meant to give my soldiers pay!
And, as a sure and grounded argument
That I shall be the monarch of the East,
He sends this Soldan's daughter rich and brave,§
To be my queen and portly emperess.
If thou wilt stay with me, renowmèd ‖ man,

* *this*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."—Qy. "*Where is this Scythian* shepherd *Tamburlaine*"? Compare the next words of Theridamas.
† *vaults*] Here the 8vo has "vauts,"—"which," says one of the modern editors, "was common in Marlowe's time:" and so it was; but in the *Sec. Part* of this play, act ii. sc. 4, the same 8vo gives,—
"As we descend into the infernal *vaults.*"
‡ *thy*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."
§ *brave*] See note † in preceding column.
‖ *renowmèd*] i. e. renowned.—So the 8vo.—The 4to "renowned."—The form "*renowmed*" (Fr. *renommé*) occurs repeatedly afterwards in this play, according to the

And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil
Of conquer'd kingdoms and of cities sack'd:
Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs *;
And Christian merchants, † that with Russian stems ‡
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian Sea,
Shall vail § to us as lords of all the lake;
Both we will reign as consuls of the earth,
And mighty kings shall be our senators.
Jove sometime masked in a shepherd's weed;
And by those steps that he hath scal'd the heavens
May we become immortal like the gods.
Join with me now in this my mean estate,
(I call it mean, because, being yet obscure,
The nations far-remov'd admire me not,)
And when my name and honour shall be spread
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
Or fair Böotes ‖ sends his cheerful light,
Then shalt thou be competitor ¶ with me,
And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty.

Ther. Not Hermes, prolocutor to the gods,
Could use persuasions more pathetical.

Tamb. Nor are Apollo's oracles more true
Than thou shalt find my vaunts substantial.

Tech. We are his friends; and, if the Persian king
Should offer present dukedoms to our state,
We think it loss to make exchange for that
We are assur'd of by our friend's success.

Usum. And kingdoms at the least we all expect,
Besides the honour in assured conquests,
Where kings shall crouch unto our conquering swords,
And hosts of soldiers stand amaz'd at us,
When with their fearful tongues they shall confess,
These are the men that all the world admires.

Ther. What strong enchantments tice my yielding soul
To these * resolved, noble Scythians!
But shall I prove a traitor to my king?

Tamb. No; but the trusty friend of Tamburlaine.

Ther. Won with thy words, and conquer'd with thy looks,
I yield myself, my men, and horse to thee,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintains Theridamas.

Tamb. Theridamas, my friend, take here my hand,
Which is as much as if I swore by heaven,
And call'd the gods to witness of my vow.
Thus shall my heart be still combin'd with thine
Until our bodies turn to elements,
And both our souls aspire celestial thrones.—
Techelles and Casane, welcome him.

Tech. Welcome, renowmed † Persian, to us all!

Usum. Long may Theridamas remain with us!

Tamb. These are my friends, in whom I more rejoice
Than doth the king of Persia in his crown;
And, by the love of Pylades and Orestes,
Whose statues ‡ we adore in Scythia,
Thyself and them shall never part from me
Before I crown you kings § in Asia.
Make much of them, gentle Theridamas,
And they will never leave thee till the death.

Ther. Nor thee nor them, ‖ thrice-noble Tamburlaine,
Shall want my heart to be with gladness pierc'd,
To do you honour and security.

Tamb. A thousand thanks, worthy Theridamas.—
And now, fair madam, and my noble lords,
If you will ¶ willingly remain with me,
You shall have honours as your merits be;
Or else you shall be forc'd with slavery.

Agyd. We yield unto thee, happy Tamburlaine.

Tamb. For you, then, madam, I am out of doubt.

Zeno. I must be pleas'd perforce,—wretched Zenocrate! [*Exeunt.*

8vo. It is occasionally found in writers posterior to Marlowe's time. e. g.

"Of Constantines great towne *renoum'd* in vaine."
Verses to King James, prefixed to Lord Stirling's *Monarchicke Tragedies*, ed. 1607.

* *cliffs*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "cliftes."

† *merchants*] i. e. merchant-men, ships of trade.

‡ *stems*] i. e. prows.

§ *vail*] i. e. lower their flags.

‖ *Böotes*] The 8vo "Botëes."—The 4to "Boetes."

¶ *competitor*] i. e. associate, partner (a sense in which the word is used by Shakespeare).

* *To these*] Old eds. "Are *these*."

† *renowmèd*] See note ‖, p. 11.—So the 8vo.—The 4to "renowned."

‡ *statues*] So the 4to.—"The first edition reads 'statutes,' but, as the Scythians worshipped Pylades and Orestes in temples, we have adopted the reading of the quarto as being most probably the correct one." *Ed.* 1826.

§ *kings*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "king."

‖ *Nor thee nor them*] The modern editors silently print "*Nor* they *nor* theirs."

¶ *will*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter COSROE, MENAPHON, ORTYGIUS, *and* CENEUS, *with* Soldiers.

Cos. Thus far are we towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune
Bears figures of renown and miracle.
But tell me, that hast seen him, Menaphon,
What stature wields he, and what personage?

Men. Of stature tall, and straightly fashionèd,
Like his desire, lift upwards and divine;
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burden; 'twixt his manly pitch,*
A pearl more worth than all the world is plac'd,
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fix'd his piercing instruments of sight,
Whose fiery circles bear encompassèd
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne
Where honour sits invested royally;
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with sovereignty and † love of arms;
His lofty brows in folds do figure death,
And in their smoothness amity and life;
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrappèd in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty;
His arms and fingers long and sinewy, ‡
Betokening valour and excess of strength;—
In every part proportion'd like the man
Should make the world subdu'd § to Tamburlaine.

Cos. Well hast thou pourtray'd in thy terms of life
The face and personage of a wondrous man:
Nature doth strive with Fortune * and his stars
To make him famous in accomplish'd worth;
And well his merits shew him to be made
His fortune's master and the king of men,
That could persuade, at such a sudden pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life,
A thousand sworn and overmatching foes.
Then, when our powers in points of swords are join'd,
And clos'd in compass of the killing bullet,
Though strait the passage and the port † be made
That leads to palace of my brother's life,
Proud is ‡ his fortune if we pierce it not;
And, when the princely Persian diadem
Shall overweigh his weary witless head,
And fall, like mellow'd fruit, with shakes of death,
In fair § Persia noble Tamburlaine
Shall be my regent, and remain as king.

Orty. In happy hour we have set the crown
Upon your kingly head, that seeks our honour
In joining with the man ordain'd by heaven
To further every action to the best.

Cen. He that with shepherds and a little spoil
Durst, in disdain of wrong and tyranny,
Defend his freedom 'gainst a monarchy,
What will he do supported by a king,
Leading a troop of gentlemen and lords,
And stuff'd with treasure for his highest thoughts!

Cos. And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine.
Our army will be forty thousand strong,
When Tamburlaine and brave Theridamas
Have met us by the river Araris;
And all conjoin'd to meet the witless king,
That now is marching near to Parthia,
And, with unwilling soldiers faintly arm'd,

---

* *pitch*] Is generally equivalent to—stature. ("I would have you tell me what *pitch* he was of, *Velim mihi dicas quâ* staturâ *fuerit*." Coles's *Dict.*) But here it means the highest part of the body,—the shoulders (see the 10th sign. of *Pitch* in Halliwell's *Dict. of Arch. and Prov. Words*),—the "pearl" being, of course, his head.

† *and*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "with."

‡ *His arms and fingers long and sinewy*] So the 8vo, except that, by a misprint, it has "snowy" for "*sinewy*."—The 4to gives the line thus,—

"*His armes long*, his *fingers* snowy-white." ! !

(and so the line used to stand in Lamb's *Spec. of Dram. Poets*, till I made the necessary alteration in Mr. Moxon's recent ed. of that selection.)

§ *subdu'd*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "subdue."

* *Nature doth strive with Fortune*, &c.] Qy did Shakespeare recollect this passage when he wrote,—

"Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great"?
King John, act iii. sc. 1.

† *port*] i. e. gate. ‡ *is*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "in."

§ *In fair*, &c.] Here "*fair*" is to be considered as a dissyllable: compare, in the Fourth Act of our author's *Jew of Malta*,

"I'll feast you, lodge you, give you *fair* words,
And, after that," &c.

To seek revenge on me and Tamburlaine;
To whom, sweet Menaphon, direct me straight.
Men. I will, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter MYCETES, MEANDER, *with other* Lords; *and* Soldiers.

Myc. Come, my Meander, let us to this gear.
I tell you true, my heart is swoln with wrath
On this same thievish villain Tamburlaine,
And of * that false Cosroe, my traitorous brother.
Would it not grieve a king to be so abus'd,
And have a thousand horsemen ta'en away?
And, which is worse,† to have his diadem
Sought for by such scald knaves as love him not?
I think it would: well, then, by heavens I swear,
Aurora shall not peep out of her doors,
But I will have Cosroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of sword.
Tell you the rest, Meander: I have said.
Mean. Then, having pass'd Armenian deserts now,
And pitch'd our tents under the Georgian hills,
Whose tops are cover'd with Tartarian thieves,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a prey,
What should we do but bid them battle straight,
And rid the world of those detested troops?
Lest, if we let them linger here a while,
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This country swarms with vile outragious men
That live by rapine and by lawless spoil,
Fit soldiers for the‡ wicked Tamburlaine;
And he that could with gifts and promises
Inveigle him that led a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith unto his§ king,
Will quickly win such as be‖ like himself.
Therefore cheer up your minds; prepare to fight:
He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine,
Shall rule the province of Albania;
Who brings that traitor's head, Theridamas,
Shall have a government in Media,
Beside¶ the spoil of him and all his train:
But, if Cosroe (as our spials say,
And as we know) remains with Tamburlaine,
His highness' pleasure is that he should live,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenity.

Enter a Spy.

Spy. An hundred horsemen of my company,
Scouting abroad upon these champion* plains,
Have view'd the army of the Scythians;
Which make report it far exceeds the king's.
Mean. Suppose they be in number infinite,
Yet being void of martial discipline,
All running headlong, greedy after† spoils,
And more regarding gain than victory,
Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,
Sprung‡ of the teeth of§ dragons venomous,
Their careless swords shall lance‖ their fellows' throats,
And make us triumph in their overthrow.
Myc. Was there such brethren, sweet Meander, say,
That sprung of teeth of dragons venomous?
Mean. So poets say, my lord.
Myc. And 'tis a pretty toy to be a poet.
Well, well, Meander, thou art deeply read;
And having thee, I have a jewel sure.
Go on, my lord, and give your charge, I say;
Thy wit will make us conquerors to-day.
Mean. Then, noble soldiers, to entrap these thieves
That live confounded in disorder'd troops,
If wealth or riches may prevail with them,
We have our camels laden all with gold,
Which you that be but common soldiers
Shall fling in every corner of the field;
And, while the base-born Tartars take it up,
You, fighting more for honour than for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy-minded slaves;
And, when their scatter'd army is subdu'd,
And you march on their slaughter'd carcasses,
Share equally the gold that bought their lives,
And live like gentlemen in Persia.
Strike up the¶ drum, and march courageously:
Fortune herself doth sit upon our crests.
Myc. He tells you true, my masters; so he does.—
Drums, why sound ye not when Meander speaks?
[*Exeunt, drums sounding.*

---

* *of*] i. e. on.
† *worse*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "worst."
‡ *the*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "that."
§ *his*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."
‖ *be*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "are."
¶ *Beside*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Besides."

* *champion*] i. e. champaign.
† *greedy after*] Old eds. "after greedie."
‡ *Sprung*] Here, and in the next speech, both the old eds. "Sprong": but in p. 18, l. 3, first col., the 4to has "*sprung*", and in the *Sec. Part* of the play, act iv. sc. 4, they both give "*sprung* from a tyrants loynes."
§ *teeth of*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.
‖ *lance*] Here both the old eds. "lanch": but see note ‖, p. 11.
¶ *the*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

SCENE III.

Enter COSROE, TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, *and* ORTYGIUS, *with others.*

Cos. Now, worthy Tamburlaine, have I repos'd
In thy approvèd fortunes all my hope.
What think'st thou, man, shall come of our attempts?
For, even as from assurèd oracle,
I take thy doom for satisfaction.

Tamb. And so mistake you not a whit, my lord;
For fates and oracles [of] heaven have sworn
To royalize the deeds of Tamburlaine,
And make them blest that share in his attempts:
And doubt you not but, if you favour me,
And let my fortunes and my valour sway
To some * direction in your martial deeds,
The world will † strive with hosts of men-at-arms
To swarm unto the ensign I support.
The host of Xerxes, which by fame is said
To drink the mighty Parthian Araris,
Was but a handful to that we will have:
Our quivering lances, shaking in the air,
And bullets, like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,
Enroll'd in flames and fiery smouldering mists,
Shall threat the gods more than Cyclopian wars;
And with our sun-bright armour, as we march,
We'll chase the stars from heaven, and dim their eyes
That stand and muse at our admirèd arms.

Ther. You see, my lord, what working words he hath;
But, when you see his actions top ‡ his speech,
Your speech will stay, or so extol his worth
As I shall be commended and excus'd
For turning my poor charge to his direction:
And these his two renowmèd § friends, my lord,
Would make one thirst || and strive to be retain'd
In such a great degree of amity.

Tech. With duty and ¶ with amity we yield
Our utmost service to the fair ** Cosroe.

Cos. Which I esteem as portion of my crown.
Usumcasane and Techelles both,
When she †† that rules in Rhamnus' ‡‡ golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous arms,
Shall make me solely emperor of Asia,
Then shall your meeds * and valours be advanc'd
To rooms of honour and nobility.

Tamb. Then haste, Cosroe, to be king alone,
That I with these my friends and all my men
May triumph in our long-expected fate.
The king, your brother, is now hard at hand:
Meet with the fool, and rid your royal shoulders
Of such a burden as outweighs the sands
And all the craggy rocks of Caspia.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord,
We have discoverèd the enemy
Ready to charge you with a mighty army.

Cos. Come, Tamburlaine; now whet thy wingèd sword,
And lift thy lofty arm into † the clouds,
That it may reach the king of Persia's crown,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

Tamb. See where it is, the keenest curtle-axe
That e'er made passage thorough Persian arms!
These are the wings shall make it fly as swift
As doth the lightning or the breath of heaven,
And kill as sure ‡ as it swiftly flies.

Cos. Thy words assure me of kind success:
Go, valiant soldier, go before, and charge
The fainting army of that foolish king.

Tamb. Usumcasane and Techelles, come:
We are enow to scare the enemy,
And more than needs to make an emperor.

[*Exeunt to the battle.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MYCETES *with his crown in his hand.* §

Myc. Accurs'd be he that first invented war!
They knew not, ah, they knew not, simple men,
How those were || hit by pelting cannon-shot
Stand staggering ¶ like a quivering aspen-leaf
Fearing the force of Boreas' boisterous blasts!

* *some*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "scorne."
† *will*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "shall."
‡ *top*] i. e. rise above, surpass.—Old eds. "stop."
§ *renowmèd*] See note ||, p. 11. So the 8vo.—The 4to "renowned."
|| *thirst*] The 8vo "thrust": the 4to "thrist."
¶ *and*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "not."
** *the fair*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "thee *faire.*"
†† *she*] i. e. Nemesis.
‡‡ *Rhamnus'*] Old eds. "Rhamnis."

* *meeds*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "deeds."
† *into*] Used here (as the word was formerly often used) for *unto.*
‡ *sure*] A dissyllable here. In the next line "assure" is a trisyllable.
§ *with his crown in his hand*] The old eds. add "*offering to hide it;*" but *that* he does presently after.
|| *those were*] i. e. those who were, who have been.
¶ *Stand staggering*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*Stand* those *staggering.*"

In what a lamentable case were I,
If nature had not given me wisdom's lore!
For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,
Our crown the pin* that thousands seek to cleave:
Therefore in policy I think it good
To hide it close; a goodly stratagem,
And far from any man that is a fool:
So shall not I be known; or if I be,
They cannot take away my crown from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter TAMBURLAINE.

Tamb. What, fearful coward, straggling from the camp,
When kings themselves are present in the field?

Myc. Thou liest.

Tamb. Base villain, darest thou give me † the lie?

Myc. Away! I am the king; go; touch me not.
Thou break'st the law of arms, unless thou kneel,
And cry me "mercy, noble king!"

Tamb. Are you the witty king of Persia?

Myc. Ay, marry,‡ am I: have you any suit to me?

Tamb. I would entreat you to speak but three wise words.

Myc. So I can when I see my time.

Tamb. Is this your crown?

Myc. Ay: didst thou ever see a fairer?

Tamb. You will not sell it, will you?

Myc. Such another word, and I will have thee executed. Come, give it me.

Tamb. No; I took it prisoner.

Myc. You lie; I gave it you.

Tamb. Then 'tis mine.

Myc. No; I mean I let you keep it.

Tamb. Well, I mean you shall have it again.
Here, take it for a while: I lend it thee,
Till I may see thee hemm'd with armèd men;
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head:
Thou art no match for mighty Tamburlaine.

[*Exit.*

Myc. O gods, is this Tamburlaine the thief?
I marvel much he stole it not away.

[*Trumpets within sound to the battle: he runs out.*

* *For kings are clouts that every man shoots at, Our crown the pin*, &c.] *Clout* means the white mark in the butts; *pin*, the peg in the centre, which fastened it.

† *me*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

‡ Myc. *Ay, marry*, &c.] From this to "*Tamb.* Well, I mean you shall have it again" inclusive, the dialogue is prose: compare act iv. sc. 4, p. 29.

SCENE V.

Enter COSROE, TAMBURLAINE, MENAPHON, MEANDER, ORTYGIUS, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, *with others.*

Tamb. Hold thee, Cosroe; wear two imperial crowns;
Think thee invested now as royally,
Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,
As if as many kings as could encompass thee
With greatest pomp had crown'd thee emperor.

Cos. So do I, thrice-renowmèd man-at-arms;*
And none shall keep the crown but Tamburlaine:
Thee do I make my regent of Persia,
And general-lieutenant of my armies.—
Meander, you, that were our brother's guide,
And chiefest † counsellor in all his acts,
Since he is yielded to the stroke of war,
On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And give you equal place in our affairs.

Mean. Most happy ‡ emperor, in humblest terms
I vow my service to your majesty,
With utmost virtue of my faith and duty.

Cos. Thanks, good Meander.—Then, Cosroe, reign,
And govern Persia in her former pomp.
Now send embassage to thy neighbour kings,
And let them know the Persian king is chang'd,
From one that knew not what a king should do,
To one that can command what 'longs thereto.
And now we will to fair Persepolis
With twenty thousand expert soldiers.
The lords and captains of my brother's camp
With little slaughter take Meander's course,
And gladly yield them to my gracious rule.—
Ortygius and Menaphon, my trusty friends,
Now will I gratify your former good,
And grace your calling with a greater sway.

Orty. And as we ever aim'd § at your behoof,
And sought your state all honour it ‖ deserv'd,
So will we with our powers and our ¶ lives
Endeavour to preserve and prosper it.

Cos. I will not thank thee, sweet Ortygius;
Better replies shall prove my purposes.—
And now, Lord Tamburlaine, my brother's camp
I leave to thee and to Theridamas,
To follow me to fair Persepolis;

* *renowmèd man-at-arms*] See note ‖, p. 11. So the 8vo.—The 4to "renowned men *at armes.*"

† *chiefest*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "chiefe."

‡ *happy*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "happiest."

§ *aim'd*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "and."

‖ *it*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "is."

¶ *our*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

Then will we * march to all those Indian mines
My witless brother to the Christians lost,
And ransom them with fame and usury:
And, till thou overtake me, Tamburlaine,
(Staying to order all the scatter'd troops,)
Farewell, lord regent and his happy friends.
I long to sit upon my brother's throne.

Mean. Your majesty shall shortly have your wish,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis.

[*Exeunt all except* TAMB., THER., TECH., *and* USUM.

Tamb. And ride in triumph through Persepolis!—
Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles?—
Usumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing brave to be a king,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

Tech. O, my lord, it is sweet and full of pomp!

Usum. To be a king is half to be a god.

Ther. A god is not so glorious as a king:
I think the pleasure they enjoy in heaven,
Cannot compare with kingly joys in † earth;—
To wear a crown enchas'd with pearl and gold,
Whose virtues carry with it life and death;
To ask and have, command and be obey'd;
When looks breed love, with looks to gain the prize,—
Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes.

Tamb. Why, say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a king?

Ther. Nay, though I praise it, I can live without it.

Tamb. What say my other friends? will you be kings?

Tech. I, if I could, with all my heart, my lord.

Tamb. Why, that's well said, Techelles: so would I;—
And so would you, my masters, would you not?

Usum. What, then, my lord?

Tamb. Why, then, Casane,‡ shall we wish for aught
The world affords in greatest novelty,
And rest attemptless, faint, and destitute?
Methinks we should not. I am strongly mov'd,
That if I should desire the Persian crown,
I could attain it with a wondrous ease:
And would not all our soldiers soon consent,
If we should aim at such a dignity?

Ther. I know they would with our persuasions.

Tamb. Why, then, Theridamas, I'll first assay
To get the Persian kingdom to myself;
Then thou for Parthia; they for Scythia and Media;
And, if I prosper, all shall be as sure
As if the Turk, the Pope, Afric, and Greece,
Came creeping to us with their crowns a-piece.*

Tech. Then shall we send to this triùmphing king,
And bid him battle for his novel crown?

Usum. Nay, quickly, then, before his room be hot.

Tamb. 'Twill prove a pretty jest, in faith, my friends.

Ther. A jest to charge on twenty thousand men!
I judge the purchase † more important far.

Tamb. Judge by thyself, Theridamas, not me;
For presently Techelles here shall haste
To bid him battle ere he pass too far,
And lose more labour than the gain will quite:‡
Then shalt thou see this § Scythian Tamburlaine
Make but a jest to win the Persian crown.—
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turn him‖ back to war with us,
That only made him king to make us sport:
We will not steal upon him cowardly,
But give him warning and ¶ more warriors:
Haste thee, Techelles; we will follow thee.

[*Exit* TECHELLES.

What saith Theridamas?

Ther. Go on, for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter COSROE, MEANDER, ORTYGIUS, *and* MENAPHON, *with* Soldiers.

Cos. What means this devilish shepherd, to aspire
With such a giautly presumption,
To cast up hills against the face of heaven,
And dare the force of angry Jupiter?
But, as he thrust them underneath the hills,
And press'd out fire from their burning jaws,
So will I send this monstrous slave to hell,
Where flames shall ever feed upon his soul.

* *we*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "I."
† *in earth*] i. e. on earth. So in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done *in earth*."
‡ *Casane*] Both the old eds. here "Casanes."

* *a-piece*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "apace."
† *purchase*] i. e. booty, gain.
‡ *quite*] i. e. requite.
§ *this*] So (δυσκιλῶς) the 8vo.—The 4to "the."
‖ *him*] Old eds. "his."
¶ *and*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "with."

Mean. Some powers divine, or else infernal,
mix'd
Their angry seeds at his conception;
For he was never sprung* of human race,
Since with the spirit of his fearful pride,
He dares† so doubtlessly resolve of rule,
And by profession be ambitious.

Orty. What god, or fiend, or spirit of the earth,
Or monster turnèd to a manly shape,
Or of what mould or mettle he be made,
What star or fate‡ soever govern him,
Let us put on our meet encountering minds;
And, in detesting such a devilish thief,
In love of honour and defence of right,
Be arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heaven he grow.

Cos. Nobly resolv'd, my good Ortygius;
And, since we all have suck'd one wholesome air,
And with the same proportion of elements
Resolve,§ I hope we are resembled,
Vowing our loves to equal death and life.
Let's cheer our soldiers to encounter him,
That grievous image of ingratitude,
That fiery thirster after sovereignty,
And burn him in the fury of that flame
That none can quench but blood and empery.
Resolve, my lords and loving soldiers, now
To save your king and country from decay.
Then strike up, drum; and all the stars that
The loathsome circle of my dated life, [make
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
That thus opposeth him against the gods,
And scorns the powers that govern Persia!

[*Exeunt, drums sounding.*

SCENE VII.

Alarms of battle within. Then enter COSROE *wounded*, TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, *with others.*

Cos. Barbarous‖ and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life!—
Treacherous and false Theridamas,
Even at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royal throne,
To work my downfall and untimely end!
An uncouth pain torments my grievèd soul;
And death arrests the organ of my voice,
Who, entering at the breach thy sword hath
made,
Sacks every vein and artier* of my heart.—
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine!

Tamb. The thirst of reign and sweetness of a
crown,
That caus'd the eldest son of heavenly Ops
To thrust his doting father from his chair,
And place himself in the empyreal heaven,
Mov'd me to manage arms against thy state.
What better precedent than mighty Jove?
Nature, that fram'd us of four elements
Warring within our breasts for regiment,†
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit‡ of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

Ther. And that made me to join with Tamburlaine;
For he is gross and like the massy earth
That moves not upwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth mean to soar above the highest sort.

Tech. And that made us, the friends of Tamburlaine,
To lift our swords against the Persian king.

Usum. For as, when Jove did thrust old Saturn
down,
Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a crown,

---

* *sprung*] See note ‡, p. 14.

† *dares*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "dare."

‡ *fate*] Old eds. "state."

§ *Resolve*] Seems to mean—dissolve (compare "our bodies turn to elements," p. 12, sec. col.): but I suspect some corruption here.

‖ *Barbarous*] Qy. "O *barbarous*"? in the next line but one, "O *treacherous*"? and in the last line of the speech, "O *bloody*"? But we occasionally find in our early dramatists lines which are defective in the first syllable; and in some of these instances at least it would almost seem that nothing has been omitted by the transcriber or printer.

* *artier*] i. e. artery. This form occurs again in the *Sec. Part* of the present play: so too in a copy of verses by Day;

"Hid in the vaines and *artiers* of the carthe."
Shakespeare Soc. Papers, vol. i. 19.

The word indeed was variously written of old:

"The *arter* strynge is the conduyt of the lyfe spiryte."
Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. G iii. ed. 1530.

"Riche treasures serue for th'*arters* of the war."
Lord Stirling's *Darius*, act ii. sig. C 2. ed. 1604.

"Onelye the extrauagant *artire* of my arme is brused."
Everie Woman in her Humor, 1609, sig. D 4.

"And from the veines some bloud each *artire* draines."
Davies's *Microcosmos*, 1611, p. 56.

† *regiment*] i. e. rule.

‡ *fruit*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "fruites."

So do we hope to reign in Asia,
If Tamburlaine be plac'd in Persia.
Cos. The strangest men that ever nature made!
I know not how to take their tyrannies.
My bloodless body waxeth chill and cold,
And with my blood my life slides through my wound;
My soul begins to take her flight to hell,
And summons all my senses to depart:
The heat and moisture, which did feed each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them both,
Are * dry and cold; and now doth ghastly Death
With greedy talents† gripe my bleeding heart,
And like a harpy ‡ tires on my life.—
Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die:
And fearful vengeance light upon you both!

[*Dies.*—TAMBURLAINE *takes* COSROE'S *crown, and puts it on his own head.*

Tamb. Not all the curses which the* Furies breathe
Shall make me leave so rich a prize as this.
Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest,
Who think you now is king of Persia?
All. Tamburlaine! Tamburlaine!
Tamb. Though Mars himself, the angry god of arms,
And all the earthly potentates conspire
To dispossess me of this diadem,
Yet will I wear it in despite of them,
As great commander of this eastern world,
If you but say that Tamburlaine shall reign.
All. Long live Tamburlaine, and reign in Asia!
Tamb. So; now it is more surer on my head
Than if the gods had held a parliament,
And all pronounc'd me king of Persia. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter BAJAZETH, *the* KINGS OF FEZ, MOROCCO, *and* ARGIER, *with others, in great pomp.*

Baj. Great kings of Barbary, and my portly bassoes,§
We hear the Tartars and the eastern thieves,
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your emperor,
And think to rouse us from our dreadful siege
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople.
You know our army is invincible;
As many circumcisèd Turks we have,
And warlike bands of Christians renied,‖
As hath the ocean or the Terrene† sea
Small drops of water when the moon begins
To join in one her semicircled horns:
Yet would we not be brav'd with foreign power,
Nor raise our siege before the Grecians yield,
Or breathless lie before the city-walls.
K. of Fez. Renowmèd ‡ emperor and mighty general,
What, if you sent the bassoes of your guard
To charge him to remain in Asia,
Or else to threaten death and deadly arms
As from the mouth of mighty Bajazeth?
Baj. Hie thee, my basso, § fast to Persia;
Tell him thy lord, the Turkish emperor,
Dread lord of Afric, Europe, and Asia,
Great king and conqueror of Græcia,
The ocean, Terrene, and the Coal-black sea,
The high and highest monarch of the world,
Wills and commands, (for say not I entreat,)

---

* *Are*] Old eds. "Is."

† *talents*] Was often used by our early writers for *talons*, as many passages might be adduced to shew. Hence the quibble in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 2., "If a *talent* be a claw," &c.

‡ *harpy*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Harper;" and with that reading the line is cited, in a note on *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1, by Steevens, who also gives "*tires* upon *my life*;" but "*tires*" (a well-known term in falconry, and equivalent here to—preys) is to be pronounced as a dissyllable. (In the 4to it is spelt "*tyers.*")

§ *bassoes*] i. e. bashaws.

‖ *Christians renied*] i. e. Christians who have denied, or renounced their faith.—In *The Gent. Magazine* for Jan. 1841, J. M. would read "*Christians* renegadens" or "Christian renegades:" but the old text is right; among many passages that might be cited, compare the following;

"And that Ydole is the God of false Cristene, that han *reneyed* hire *feythe*." *The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundevile*, p. 209. ed. 1725.

"For that thou should'st *reny thy faith*, and her thereby possesse.
The Soldan did capitulat in vaine: tho more thy blesse."
Warner's *Albions England*, B. XI. Ch. 68. p. 287. ed. 1596.

* *the*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "thy."

† *Terrene*] i. e. Mediterranean.

‡ *Renowmèd*] See note ‖, p. 11. So the 8vo.—The 4to "renowned."

§ *basso*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Brother."

Not * once to set his foot in † Africa,
Or spread ‡ his colours in Græcia,
Lest he incur the fury of my wrath:
Tell him I am content to take a truce,
Because I hear he bears a valiant mind:
But if, presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to manage arms with me,
Then stay thou with him,—say, I bid thee so;
And if, before the sun have measur'd heaven §
With triple circuit, thou regreet us not,
We mean to take his morning's next arise
For messenger he will not be reclaim'd,
And mean to fetch thee in despite of him.

Bas. Most great and puissant monarch of the earth,
Your basso will accomplish your behest,
And shew your pleasure to the Persian,
As fits the legate of the stately Turk. [*Exit.*

K. of Arg. They say he is the king of Persia;
But, if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
'Twere requisite he should be ten times more,
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.

Baj. True, Argier; and tremble[s] at my looks.

K. of Mor. The spring is hinder'd by your smothering host;
For neither rain can fall upon the earth,
Nor sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon,
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.

Baj. All this is true as holy Mahomet;
And all the trees are blasted with our breaths.

K. of Fez. What thinks your greatness best to be achiev'd
In pursuit of the city's overthrow?

Baj. I will the captive pioners ‖ of Argier
Cut off the water that by leaden pipes
Runs to the city from the mountain Carnon;
Two thousand horse shall forage up and down,
That no relief or succour come by land;
And all the sea my galleys countermand:
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their cannons, mouth'd like Orcus' gulf,
Batter the walls, and we will enter in;
And thus the Grecians shall be conquerèd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ZENOCRATE, AGYDAS, ANIPPE, *with others.*

Agyd. Madam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these unquiet fits
That work such trouble to your wonted rest?
'Tis more than pity such a heavenly face
Should by heart's sorrow wax so wan and pale,
When your offensive rape by Tamburlaine
(Which of your whole displeasures should be most)
Hath seem'd to be digested long ago.

Zeno. Although it be digested long ago,
As his exceeding favours have deserv'd,
And might content the Queen of Heaven, as well
As it hath chang'd my first-conceiv'd disdain;
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts
With ceaseless * and disconsolate conceits †,
Which dye my looks so lifeless as they are,
And might, if my extremes had full events,
Make me the ghastly counterfeit ‡ of death.

Agyd. Eternal heaven sooner be dissolv'd,
And all that pierceth Phœbus' silver eye,
Before such hap fall to Zenocrate!

Zeno. Ah, life and soul, still hover in his § breast,
And leave my body senseless as the earth,
Or else unite you ‖ to his life and soul,
That I may live and die with Tamburlaine!

Enter, behind, TAMBURLAINE, *with* TECHELLES, *and others.*

Agyd. With Tamburlaine! Ah, fair Zenocrate,
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in despite,
And keeps you from the honours of a queen,
(Being suppos'd his worthless concubine,)
Be honour'd with your love but for necessity!
So, now the mighty Soldan hears of you,
Your highness needs not doubt but in short time
He will, with Tamburlaine's destruction,
Redeem you from this deadly servitude.

Zeno. Leave ¶ to wound me with these words,
And speak of Tamburlaine as he deserves:
The entertainment we have had of him
Is far from villany or servitude,
And might in noble minds be counted princely.

Agyd. How can you fancy one that looks so fierce,
Only dispos'd to martial stratagems?
Who, when he shall embrace you in his arms,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew;
And, when you look for amorous discourse,

---

* *Not*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Nor."

† *in*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "on."

‡ *Or spread*, &c.] A word has dropt out from this line.

§ *measur'd heaven*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*measured* the *heauen*."

‖ *pioners*] The usual spelling of the word in our early writers (in Shakespeare, for instance).

* *ceaseless*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "carelesse."

† *conceits*] i. e, fancies, imaginations.

‡ *counterfeit*] i. e. picture, resemblance.

§ *his*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."

‖ *you*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "me."

¶ *Leave*] The author probably wrote, "Agydas, *leave*," &c.

Will rattle forth his facts * of war and blood,
Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.
Zeno. As looks the sun through Nilus' flowing stream,
Or when the Morning holds him in her arms,
So looks my lordly love, fair Tamburlaine;
His talk much † sweeter than the Muses' song
They sung for honour 'gainst Pierides ‡,
Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive:
And higher would I rear my estimate
Than Juno, sister to the highest god,
If I were match'd with mighty Tamburlaine.
Agyd. Yet be not so inconstant in your love,
But let the young Arabian § live in hope,
After your rescue to enjoy his choice.
You see, though first the king of Persia,
Being a shepherd, seem'd to love you much,
Now, in his majesty, he leaves those looks,
Those words of favour, and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies.
Zeno. Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks,
Fearing his love ‖ through my unworthiness.

[TAMBURLAINE *goes to her, and takes her away lovingly by the hand, looking wrathfully on* AGYDAS, *and says nothing. Exeunt all except* AGYDAS.

Agyd. Betray'd by fortune and suspicious love,
Threaten'd with frowning wrath and jealousy,
Surpris'd with fear of ¶ hideous revenge,
I stand aghast; but most astonièd
To see his choler shut in secret thoughts,
And wrapt in silence of his angry soul:
Upon his brows was pourtray'd ugly death;
And in his eyes the fury ** of his heart,
That shone †† as comets, menacing revenge,
And cast a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the seaman sees the Hyades
Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds,
(Auster and Aquilon with wingèd steeds,
All sweating, tilt about the watery heavens,
With shivering spears enforcing thunder-claps,
And from their shields strike flames of lightning,)
All-fearful folds his sails, and sounds the main,
Lifting his prayers to the heavens for aid
Against the terror of the winds and waves;
So fares Agydas for the late-felt frowns,
That send * a tempest to my daunted thoughts,
And make my soul divine her overthrow.

Re-enter TECHELLES *with a naked dagger, and* USUMCASANE.

Tech. See you, Agydas, how the king salutes you!
He bids you prophesy what it imports.
Agyd. I prophesied before, and now I prove
The killing frowns of jealousy and love.
He needed not with words confirm my fear,
For words are vain where working tools present
The naked action of my threaten'd end:
It says, Agydas, thou shalt surely die,
And of extremities elect the least;
More honour and less pain it may procure,
To die by this resolvèd hand of thine
Than stay the torments he and heaven have sworn.
Then haste, Agydas, and prevent the plagues
Which thy prolongèd fates may draw on thee:
Go wander free from fear of tyrant's rage,
Removèd from the torments and the hell
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soul;
And let Agydas by Agydas die,
And with this stab slumber eternally.

[*Stabs himself.*

Tech. Usumcasane, see, how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my lord the king!
Usum. Faith, and, Techelles, it was manly done;
And, since he was so wise and honourable,
Let us afford him now the bearing hence,
And crave his triple-worthy burial.
Tech. Agreed, Casane; we will honour him.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the body.*

SCENE III.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, THERIDAMAS, *a* BASSO, ZENOCRATE, ANIPPE, *with others.*

Tamb. Basso, by this thy lord and master knows
I mean to meet him in Bithynia:
See, how he comes! tush, Turks are full of brags,
And menace † more than they can well perform.
He meet me in the field, and fetch ‡ thee hence!
Alas, poor Turk! his fortune is too weak
T' encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine:
View well my camp, and speak indifferently;
Do not my captains and my soldiers look
As if they meant to conquer Africa?

* *facts*] i. e. deeds.
† *much*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "more."
‡ *Pierides*] i. e. The daughters of Pierus, who, having challenged the Muses to a trial of song, were overcome, and changed into magpies.
§ *the young Arabian*] Scil. Alcidamus; see p. 10, l. 9, sec. col.
‖ *Fearing his love*] i. e. Fearing with respect to his love.
¶ *of*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "and."
** *fury*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "furies."
†† *shone*] Old eds. "shine."

* *send*] Old eds. "sent."
† *menace*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "meane."
‡ *fetch*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "fetcht."

Bas. Your men are valiant, but their number few,
And cannot terrify his mighty host:
My lord, the great commander of the world,
Besides fifteen contributory kings,
Hath now in arms ten thousand janizaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian steeds,
Brought to the war by men of Tripoly;
Two hundred thousand footmen that have serv'd
In two set battles fought in Græcia;
And for the expedition of this war,
If he think good, can from his garrisons
Withdraw as many more to follow him.

Tech. The more he brings, the greater is the spoil;
For, when they perish by our warlike hands,
We mean to set * our footmen on their steeds,
And rifle all those stately janizars.

Tamb. But will those kings accompany your lord?

Bas. Such as his highness please; but some must stay
To rule the provinces he late subdu'd.

Tamb. [*To his* Officers] Then fight courageously: their crowns are yours;
This hand shall set them on your conquering heads,
That made me emperor of Asia.

Usum. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Western Africa and Greece,
Yet we assure us of the victory.

Ther. Even he, that in a trice vanquish'd two kings
More mighty than the Turkish emperor,
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scatter'd army till they yield or die.

Tamb. Well said, Theridamas! speak in that mood;
For *will* and *shall* best fitteth Tamburlaine,
Whose smiling stars give him assurèd hope
Of martial triumph ere he meet his foes.
I that am term'd the scourge and wrath of God,
The only fear and terror of the world,
Will first subdue the Turk, and then enlarge
Those Christian captives which you keep as slaves,
Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains,
And feeding them with thin and slender fare;
That naked row about the Terrene † sea,
And, when they chance to rest or breathe ‡ a space,
Are punish'd with bastones * so grievously
That they † lie panting on the galleys' side,
And strive for life at every stroke they give.
These are the cruel pirates of Argier,
That damnèd train, the scum of Africa,
Inhabited with straggling runagates,
That make quick havoc of the Christian blood:
But, as I live, that town shall curse the time
That Tamburlaine set foot in Africa.

Enter BAJAZETH, BASSOES, *the* KINGS OF FEZ, MOROCCO, *and* ARGIER; ZABINA *and* EBEA.

Baj. Bassoes and janizaries of my guard,
Attend upon the person of your lord,
The greatest potentate of Africa.

Tamb. Techelles and the rest, prepare your swords;
I mean t'encounter with that Bajazeth.

Baj. Kings of Fez, Morocco,‡ and Argier,
He calls me Bajazeth, whom you call lord!
Note the presumption of this Scythian slave!—
I tell thee, villain, those that lead my horse
Have to their names titles § of dignity;
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Bajazeth?

Tamb. And know, thou Turk, that those which lead my horse
Shall lead thee captive thorough Africa;
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?

Baj. By Mahomet my kinsman's sepulchre,
And by the holy Alcoran I swear,
He shall be made a chaste and lustless eunuch,
And in my sarell || tend my concubines;
And all his captains, that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my emperess,
Whom I have brought to see their overthrow!

Tamb. By this my sword that conquer'd Persia,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world!
I will not tell thee how I'll ¶ handle thee,
But every common soldier of my camp
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.

K. of Fez. What means the ** mighty Turkish emperor,
To talk with one so base as Tamburlaine?

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* *set*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "seate."

† *Terrene*] i. e. Mediterranean.

‡ *to rest or breathe*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*to* breath and rest."

* *bastones*] i. e. bastinadoes.

† *they*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

‡ *Morocco*] Here the old eds. "Moroccus,"—a barbarism which I have not retained, because previously, in the stage-direction at the commencement of this act, p. 19, they agree in reading "Morocco."

§ *titles*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "title."

|| *sarell*] i. e. seraglio.

¶ *I'll*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "I will."

** *the*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "this."

K. of Mor. Ye Moors and valiant men of Barbary.
How can ye suffer these indignities?
K. of Arg. Leave words, and let them feel your lances' points,
Which glided through the bowels of the Greeks.
Baj. Well said, my stout contributory kings!
Your threefold army and my hugy * host
Shall swallow up these base-born Persians.
Tech. Puissant, renown'd,† and mighty Tamburlaine,
Why stay we thus prolonging of‡ their lives?
Ther. I long to see those crowns won by our swords,
That we may rule § as kings of Africa.
Usum. What coward would not fight for such a prize?
Tamb. Fight all courageously, and be you kings:
I speak it, and my words are oracles.
Baj. Zabina, mother of three braver ‖ boys
Than Hercules, that in his infancy
Did pash ¶ the jaws of serpents venomous;
Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike lance,
Their shoulders broad for complete armour fit,
Their limbs more large and of a bigger size
Than all the brats y-sprung ** from Typhon's loins;
Who, when they come unto their father's age,
Will batter turrets with their manly fists;—
Sit here upon this royal chair of state,
And on thy head wear my imperial crown,
Until I bring this sturdy Tamburlaine
And all his captains bound in captive chains.
Zab. Such good success happen to Bajazeth!
Tamb. Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,
The only paragon of Tamburlaine;
Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of heaven,
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony;
That with thy looks canst clear the darken'd sky,
And calm the rage of thundering Jupiter;
Sit down by her, adornèd with my crown,
As if thou wert the empress of the world.
Stir not, Zenocrate, until thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing over him and these his kings,
Which I will bring as vassals to thy feet;
Till then, take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth,
And manage words with her, as we will arms.
Zeno. And may my love, the king of Persia,
Return with victory and free from wound!
Baj. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,
Which lately made all Europe quake for fear.
I have of Turks, Arabians, Moors, and Jews,
Enough to cover all Bithynia:
Let thousands die; their slaughter'd carcasses
Shall serve for walls and bulwarks to the rest;
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power,
Subdu'd, shall stand as mighty as before:
If they should yield their necks unto the sword,
Thy soldiers' arms could not endure to strike
So many blows as I have heads for them.*
Thou know'st not, foolish-hardy Tamburlaine,
What 'tis to meet me in the open field,
That leave no ground for thee to march upon.
Tamb. Our conquering swords shall marshal us the way
We use to march upon the slaughter'd foe,
Trampling their bowels with our horses' hoofs,
Brave horses bred on the † white Tartarian hills.
My camp is like to Julius Cæsar's host,
That never fought but had the victory;
Nor in Pharsalia was there such hot war
As these, my followers, willingly would have.
Legions of spirits, fleeting in the air,
Direct our bullets and our weapons' points,
And make your strokes to wound the senseless light;‡
And when she sees our bloody colours spread,
Then Victory begins to take her flight,
Resting herself upon my milk-white tent.—
But come, my lords, to weapons let us fall;
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife, and all.
[*Exit with his followers.*
Baj. Come, kings and bassoes, let us glut our swords,
That thirst to drink the feeble Persians' blood.
[*Exit with his followers.*
Zab. Base concubine, must thou be plac'd by me
That am the empress of the mighty Turk?

* *hugy*] i. e. huge.
† *renown'd*] See note ‖, p. 11. So the 8vo.—The 4to "renowned."
‡ *of*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "all."
§ *rule*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "raigne."
‖ *braver*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "braue."
¶ *pash*] i.e. crush to pieces by a stroke.
** *y-sprung*] Here the old eds. "ysprong."—See note †, p. 14.

* *them*] Old eds. "thee."
† *the*] Has perhaps crept in by a mistake of the transcriber or printer.
‡ *And make your strokes to wound the senseless light*] The old eds. have,
"*And make* our *strokes to wound the sencelesse* lure."
(the last word being, perhaps, in the 8vo "lute.") Here "*light*" is a very questionable reading: qy. "air"? (though the third line above ends with that word).

Zeno. Disdainful Turkess, and unreverend boss,*
Call'st thou me concubine, that am betroth'd
Unto the great and mighty Tamburlaine?
Zab. To Tamburlaine, the great Tartarian thief!
Zeno. Thou wilt repent these lavish words of thine
When thy great basso-master and thyself
Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your advocate.†
Zab. And sue to thee! I tell thee, shameless girl,
Thou shalt be laundress to my waiting-maid.—
How lik'st thou her, Ebea? will she serve?
Ebea. Madam, she thinks perhaps she is too fine;
But I shall turn her into other weeds,
And make her dainty fingers fall to work.
Zeno. Hear'st thou, Anippe, how thy drudge doth talk?
And how my slave, her mistress, menaceth?
Both for their saucinèss shall be employ'd
To dress the common soldiers' meat and drink;
For we will scorn they should come near ourselves.
Anip. Yet sometimes let your highness send for them
To do the work my chambermaid disdains.
[*They sound to the battle within.*
Zeno. Ye gods and powers that govern Persia,
And made my lordly love her worthy king,
Now strengthen him against the Turkish Bajazeth,
And let his foes, like flocks of fearful roes
Pursu'd by hunters, fly his angry looks,
That I may see him issue conqueror!
Zab. Now, Mahomet, solicit God himself,
And make him rain down murdering shot from heaven,
To dash the Scythians' brains, and strike them dead,
That dare‡ to manage arms with him
That offer'd jewels to thy sacred shrine
When first he warr'd against the Christians!
[*They sound again to the battle within.*
Zeno. By this the Turks lie weltering in their blood,
And Tamburlaine is lord of Africa.
Zab. Thou art deceiv'd. I heard the trumpets sound
As when my emperor overthrew the Greeks,
And led them captive into Africa.
Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves;
Prepare thyself to live and die my slave.
Zeno. If Mahomet should come from heaven and swear
My royal lord is slain or conquerèd,
Yet should he not persuade me otherwise
But that he lives and will be conqueror.

Re-enter BAJAZETH, *pursued by* TAMBURLAINE.*

Tamb. Now, king of bassoes, who is conqueror?
Baj. Thou, by the fortune of this damnèd foil.†
Tamb. Where are your stout contributory kings?

Re-enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, *and* USUMCASANE.

Tech. We have their crowns; their bodies strow the field.
Tamb. Each man a crown! why, kingly fought, i'faith.
Deliver them into my treasury.
Zeno. Now let me offer to my gracious lord
His royal crown again so highly won.
Tamb. Nay, take the Turkish crown from her, Zenocrate,
And crown me emperor of Africa.
Zab. No, Tamburlaine; though now thou gat‡ the best,
Thou shalt not yet be lord of Africa.
Ther. Give her the crown, Turkess, you were best. [*Takes it from her.*
Zab. Injurious villains, thievès, runagates,
How dare you thus abuse my majesty?
Ther. Here, madam, you are empress; she is none. [*Gives it to* ZENOCRATE.
Tamb. Not now, Theridamas; her time is past:
The pillars, that have bolster'd up those terms,
Are fall'n in clusters at my conquering feet.
Zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransom'd.
Tamb. Not all the world shall ransom Bajazeth.
Baj. Ah, fair Zabina! we have lost the field;
And never had the Turkish emperor
So great a foil by any foreign foe.
Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,
Ringing with joy their superstitious bells,

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* *boss*] In the *Gent. Mag.* for Jan. 1841, J. M. proposed to alter "*boss*" to "Bassa." But Cotgrave, in his *Dict.*, has; "A fat *bosse*. Femme bien grasse et grosse; une coche."

† *advocate*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "aduocates."

‡ *That dare, &c.*] Something dropt out from this line.

* *Re-enter Bajazeth, pursued by Tamburlaine*] The old eds. have, "*Bajazeth flies, and he pursues him. The battell short* [Qto. *is short*], *and they enter, Bajazeth is ouercome.*" This not very intelligible stage-direction means perhaps that, after Bajazeth and Tamburlaine had entered, a short combat was to take place between them.

† *foil*] The old eds. "soil."

‡ *gat*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "got."

And making bonfires for my overthrow:
But, ere I die, those foul idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones;
For, though the glory of this day be lost,
Afric and Greece have garrisons enough
To make me sovereign of the earth again.
Tamb. Those wallèd garrisons will I subdue,
And write myself great lord of Africa:
So from the East unto the furthest West
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arm.
The galleys and those pilling* brigandines,
That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,
And hover in the Straits for Christians' wreck,
Shall lie at anchor in the Isle Asant,
Until the Persian fleet and men-of-war,
Sailing along the oriental sea,
Have fetch'd about the Indian continent,
Even from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence unto the Straits of Jubaltèr;
Where they shall meet and join their force in one,
Keeping in awe the Bay of Portingale,
And all the ocean by the British* shore;
And by this means I'll win the world at last.
Baj. Yet set a ransom on me, Tamburlaine.
Tamb. What, think'st thou Tamburlaine esteems thy gold?
I'll make the kings of India, ere I die,
Offer their mines, to sue for peace, to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath.—
Come, bind them both, and one lead in the Turk;
The Turkess let my love's maid lead away,
[*They bind them.*
Baj. Ah, villains, dare you touch my sacred arms?—
O Mahomet! O sleepy Mahomet!
Zab. O cursèd Mahomet, that mak'st us thus
The slaves to Scythians rude and barbarous!
Tamb. Come, bring them in; and for this happy conquest
Triumph, and solemnize a martial† feast. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter the SOLDAN OF EGYPT, CAPOLIN, Lords, *and a* Messenger.

Sold. Awake, ye men of Memphis!† hear the clang
Of Scythian trumpets; hear the basilisks,‡
That, roaring, shake Damascus' turrets down!
The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,
The Soldan's daughter, for his concubine,
And, with a troop of thieves and vagabonds,
Hath spread his colours to our high disgrace,
While you, faint-hearted base Egyptians,
Lie slumbering on the flowery banks of Nile,
As crocodiles that unaffrighted rest
While thundering cannons rattle on their skins.
Mess. Nay, mighty Soldan, did your greatness see
The frowning looks of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terror and imperious eyes
Commands the hearts of his associates,
It might amaze your royal majesty.
Sold. Villain, I tell thee, were that Tamburlaine
As monstrous‡ as Gorgon prince of hell,
The Soldan would not start a foot from him.
But speak, what power hath he?
Mess. Mighty lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Upon their prancing steeds, disdainfully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground;
Five hundred thousand footmen threatening shot,
Shaking their swords, their spears, and iron bills,
Environing their standard round, that stood
As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood;
Their warlike engines and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.
Sold. Nay, could their numbers countervail the stars,
Or ever-drizzling§ drops of April showers,
Or wither'd leaves that autumn shaketh down,
Yet would the Soldan by his conquering power

* *pilling*] i. e. plundering.

† *Awake, ye men of Memphis!*] These words are put into the mouth of Judas, in Fletcher's *Bonduca*, at the commencement of act ii.; and in Fletcher's *Wit without Money*, act v. sc. 2. we find "thou man of Memphis."

‡ *basilisks*] Pieces of ordnance so called. They were of immense size; see Douce's *Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 425.

* *British*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "brightest."

† *martial*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "materiall."

‡ *monstrous*] To be read as a trisyllable.

§ *Or ever-drizzling*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*Or drisling.*"

So scatter and consume them in his rage,
That not a man should* live to rue their fall.

Capo. So might your highness, had you time to sort
Your fighting men, and raise your royal host;
But Tamburlaine by expedition
Advantage takes of your unreadiness.

Sold. Let him take all th' advantages he can:
Were all the world conspir'd to fight for him,
Nay, were he devil,† as he is no man,
Yet in revenge of fair Zenocrate,
Whom he detaineth in despite of us,
This arm should send him down to Erebus,
To shroud his shame in darkness of the night.

Mess. Pleaseth your mightiness to understand,
His resolution far exceedeth all.
The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,
White is their hue, and on his silver crest
A snowy feather spangled-white he bears,[1]
To signify the mildness of his mind,
That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood:
But, when Aurora mounts the second time,
As red as scarlet is his furniture;
Then must his kindled wrath be quench'd with blood,
Not sparing any that can manage arms:
But, if these threats move not submission,
Black are his colours, black pavilion;
His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And jetty feathers, menace death and hell;
Without respect of sex, degree, or age,
He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.

Sold. Merciless villain, peasant, ignorant
Of lawful arms or martial discipline!
Pillage and murder are his usual trades:
The slave usurps the glorious name of war.
See, Capolin, the fair Arabian king,‡
That hath been disappointed by this slave
Of my fair daughter and his princely love,
May have fresh warning to go war with us,
And be reveng'd for her disparagement.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, ZENOCRATE, ANIPPE, *two* MOORS *drawing* BAJAZETH *in a cage, and* ZABINA *following him.*

Tamb. Bring out my footstool.

[*They take* BAJAZETH *out of the cage.*

Baj. Ye holy priests of heavenly Mahomet,
That, sacrificing, slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his altars with your purple blood,
Make heaven to frown, and every fixèd star
To suck up poison from the moorish fens,
And pour it* in this glorious tyrant's throat!

Tamb. The chiefest god, first mover of that sphere
Enchas'd with thousands ever-shining lamps,
Will sooner burn the glorious frame of heaven
Than it should† so conspire my overthrow.
But, villain, thou that wishest this‡ to me,
Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth,
And be the footstool of great Tamburlaine,
That I may rise into§ my royal throne.

Baj. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,
And sacrifice my heart‖ to death and hell,
Before I yield to such a slavery.

Tamb. Base villain, vassal, slave to Tamburlaine,
Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground
That bears the honour of my royal weight;
Stoop, villain, stoop! stoop;¶ for so he bids
That may command thee piecemeal to be torn,
Or scatter'd like the lofty cedar-trees
Struck with the voice of thundering Jupiter.

Baj. Then, as I look down to the damnèd fiends,
Fiends, look on me! and thou, dread god of hell,
With ebon sceptre strike this hateful earth,
And make it swallow both of us at once!

[TAMBURLAINE *gets up on him into his chair.*

Tamb. Now clear the triple region of the air,
And let the Majesty of Heaven behold
Their scourge and terror tread on emperors.
Smile, stars that reign'd at my nativity,
And dim the brightness of your** neighbour lamps;
Disdain to borrow light of Cynthia!
For I, the chiefest lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the east with mild aspèct,
But fixèd now in the meridian line,
Will send up fire to your turning spheres,
And cause the sun to borrow light of you.

---

* *should*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "shal."
† *he devil*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*he* the *deuill*."
‡ *Arabian king*] Scil. Alcidamus: see p. 10, l. 9, sec. col.

* *it*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.
† *it should*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "should it."
‡ *this*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "it."
§ *into*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "vnto."
‖ *heart*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "soul."
¶ *stoop*] Qy. "*stoop*, stoop"?
** *your*] Old eds. "their."—Compare the tenth line of the speech.

My sword struck fire from his coat of steel,
Even in Bithynia, when I took this Turk;
As when a fiery exhalation,
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud,
Fighting for passage, make[s] the welkin crack,
And casts a flash of lightning to* the earth:
But, ere I march to wealthy Persia,
Or leave Damascus and th' Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of Clymene's brain-sick son
That almost brent† the axle-tree of heaven,
So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot
Fill all the air with fiery meteors;
Then, when the sky shall wax as red as blood,
It shall be said I made it red myself,
To make me think of naught but blood and war.

Zab. Unworthy king, that by thy cruelty
Unlawfully usurp'st the Persian seat,
Dar'st thou, that never saw an emperor
Before thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy captive, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly body in a cage,
That roofs of gold and sun-bright palaces
Should have prepar'd to entertain his grace?
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings‡ of Africa have kiss'd?

Tech. You must devise some torment worse, my lord,
To make these captives rein their lavish tongues.

Tamb. Zenocrate, look better to your slave.

Zeno. She is my handmaid's slave, and she shall look
That these abuses flow not from§ her tongue.—
Chide her, Anippe.

Anip. Let these be warnings, then, for you,‖ my slave,
How you abuse the person of the king;
Or else I swear to have you whipt stark nak'd.¶

Baj. Great Tamburlaine, great in my overthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
For treading on the back of Bajazeth,
That should be horséd on four mighty kings.

Tamb. Thy names, and titles, and thy dignities** Are fled from Bajazeth, and remain with me,
That will maintain it 'gainst a world of kings.—
Put him in again. [*They put him into the cage.*

Baj. Is this a place for mighty Bajazeth?
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus!

Tamb. There, whiles* he lives, shall Bajazeth be kept;
And, where I go, be thus in triumph drawn;
And thou, his wife, shalt† feed him with the scraps
My servitors shall bring thee from my board;
For he that gives him other food than this,
Shall sit by him, and starve to death himself:
This is my mind, and I will have it so.
Not all the kings and emperors of the earth,
If they would lay their crowns before my feet,
Shall ransom him, or take him from his cage:
The ages that shall talk of Tamburlaine,
Even from this day to Plato's wondrous year,
Shall talk how I have handled Bajazeth:
These Moors, that drew him from Bithynia
To fair Damascus, where we now remain,
Shall lead him with us wheresoe'er we go.—
Techelles, and my loving followers,
Now may we see Damascus' lofty towers,
Like to the shadows of Pyramides
That with their beauties grace‡ the Memphian fields.
The golden stature§ of their feather'd bird,‖
That spreads her wings upon the city-walls,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot:
The townsmen mask in silk and cloth of gold,
And every house is as a treasury;
The men, the treasure, and the town are¶ ours.

Ther. Your tents of white now pitch'd before the gates,
And gentle flags of amity display'd,
I doubt not but the governor will yield,
Offering Damascus to your majesty.

---

* *to*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "on."

† *brent*] i. e. burnt. So the 8vo.—The 4to "burnt."

‡ *kings*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "king."

§ *from*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "in."

‖ *then, for you*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "for you then."

¶ *stark nak'd*] Compare (among many passages which might be cited from our early poets),—

"rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me *stark nak'd*, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring!"

Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act v. sc. 2. (where the modern editors print "naked.")

** *dignities*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "diguitie."

* *whiles*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "while."

† *shalt*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "shal."

‡ *grace*] Olds eds. "grac'd."

§ *stature*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "statue:" but again, in the *Second Part* of this play, act ii. sc. 4. we have, according to the 8vo—

"And here will I set up her *stature*."

and, among many passages that might be cited from our early authors, compare the following;

"The *Statures* huge, of Porphyrie and costlier matters made."

Warner's *Albions England*, p. 303. ed. 1596.

"By them shal Isis *stature* gently stand."

Chapman's *Blind Begger of Alexandria*, 1598, sig. A 3.

"Was not Anubis with his long nose of gold preferred before Neptune, whose *stature* was but brasse?" Lyly's *Midas*, sig. A 2. ed. 1592.

‖ *bird*] i. e. the ibis.

¶ *are*] Old eds. "is,"

Tamb. So shall he have his life, and all the rest:
But, if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once advanc'd on my vermilion tent,
He dies, and those that kept us out so long;
And, when they see me march in black array,
With mournful streamers hanging down their heads,
Were in that city all the world contain'd,
Not one should scape, but perish by our swords.

Zeno. Yet would you have some pity for my sake,
Because it is my country * and my father's.

Tamb. Not for the world, Zenocrate, if I have sworn.—
Come; bring in the Turk. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Entr SOLDAN, KING OF ARABIA†, CAPOLIN, *and* Soldiers, *with streaming colours.*

Sold. Methinks we march as Meleager did,
Environèd with brave Argolian knights,
To chase the savage Calydonian ‡ boar,
Or Cephalus, with lusty § Theban youths,
Against the wolf that angry Themis sent
To waste and spoil the sweet Aonian fields.
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,
Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil,
The scum of men, the hate and scourge of God,
Raves in Ægyptia, and annoyeth us:
My lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
A sturdy felon, and ‖ a base-bred thief,
By murder raisèd to the Persian crown,
That dare control us in our territories.
To tame the pride of this presumptuous beast,
Join your Arabians with the Soldan's power;
Let us unite our royal bands in one,
And hasten to remove Damascus' siege.
It is a blemish to the majesty
And high estate of mighty emperors,
That such a base usurping vagabond
Should brave a king, or wear a princely crown.

K. of Ar. Renowmèd ¶ Soldan, have you lately heard
The overthrow of mighty Bajazeth
About the confines of Bithynia?
The slavery wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turk and his great emperess?

Sold. I have, and sorrow for his bad success;
But, noble lord of great Arabia,
Be so persuaded that the Soldan is
No more dismay'd with tidings of his fall,
Than in the haven when the pilot stands,
And views a stranger's ship rent in the winds,
And shiverèd against a craggy rock:
Yet in compassion to his wretched state,
A sacred vow to heaven and him I make,
Confirming it with Ibis' holy name,*
That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the† hour,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong
Unto the hallow'd person of a prince,
Or kept the fair Zenocrate so long,
As concubine, I fear, to feed his lust.

K. of Ar. Let grief and fury hasten on revenge;
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feel
Such plagues as heaven and we can pour on him:
I long to break my spear upon his crest,
And prove the weight of his victorious arm;
For fame, I fear, hath been too prodigal
In sounding through the world his partial praise.

Sold. Capolin, hast thou survey'd our powers?

Capol. Great emperors of Egypt and Arabia,
The number of your hosts united is,
A hundred and fifty thousand horse,
Two hundred thousand foot, brave men-at-arms,
Courageous and ‡ full of hardiness,
As frolic as the hunters in the chase
Of savage beasts amid the desert woods.

K. of Ar. My mind presageth fortunate success;
And, Tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee
The utter ruin of thy men and thee.

Sold. Then rear your standards; let your sounding drums
Direct our soldiers to Damascus' walls.—
Now, Tamburlaine, the mighty Soldan comes,
And leads with him the great Arabian king,
To dim thy baseness and § obscurity,
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoil;

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* *country*] Old eds. "countries."

† *King of Arabia*] i.e. Alcidamus; see p. 10, l. 9, sec. col.

‡ *Calydonian*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Calcedonian."

§ *lusty*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

‖ *and*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

¶ *Renowmèd*] See note ‖, p. 11. So the 8vo.—The 4to "Renowned."

* *Ibis' holy name*] The ibis has been already alluded to in the lines (p. 27, sec. col.),—

"The golden stature of their feather'd bird,
That spreads her wings upon the city-walls";

and it is well known to have been a sacred bird among the Egyptians (see Cicero *De Nat. Deorum*, I. 36). Compare the old play of *The Taming of a Shrew:*

"Father, *I sweare by Ibis' golden beake,*
More faire and radiente is my bonie Kate
Then siluer Zanthus," &c. p. 22. ed. Shakespeare Soc.

In the passage of our text the modern editors substitute "Isis'" for "*Ibis'*."

† *the*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "and."

‡ *and*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

§ *thy baseness and*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the *basenesse* of."

To raze and scatter thy inglorious crew
Of Scythians and slavish Persians. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A banquet set out; and to it come TAMBURLAINE *all in scarlet,* ZENOCRATE, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, BAJAZETH *drawn in his cage,* ZABINA, *and others.*

Tamb. Now hang our bloody colours by Damascus,
Reflexing hues of blood upon their heads,
While they walk quivering on their city-walls,
Half-dead for fear before they feel my wrath.
Then let us freely banquet, and carouse
Full bowls of wine unto the god of war,
That means to fill your helmets full of gold,
And make Damascus' spoils as rich to you
As was to Jason Colchos' golden fleece.—
And now, Bajazeth, hast thou any stomach?

Baj. Ay, such a stomach, cruel Tamburlaine, as I could willingly feed upon thy blood-raw heart.

Tamb. Nay, thine own is easier to come by: pluck out that; and 'twill serve thee and thy wife.—Well, Zenocrate, Techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.

Baj. Fall to, and never may your meat digest!—
Ye Furies, that can mask * invisible,
Dive to the bottom of Avernus' pool,
And in your hands bring hellish poison up,
And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlaine!
Or, wingèd snakes of Lerna, cast your stings,
And leave your venoms in this tyrant's dish?

Zab. And may this banquet prove as ominous
As Progne's to th' adulterous Thracian king
That fed upon the substance of his child!

Zeno. My lord,† how can you suffer these
Outrageous curses by these slaves of yours?

Tamb. To let them see, divine Zenocrate,
I glory in the curses of my foes,
Having the power from the empyreal heaven
To turn them all upon their proper heads.

Tech. I pray you, give them leave, madam; this speech is a goodly refreshing for them.‡

Ther. But, if his highness would let them be fed, it would do them more good.

Tamb. Sirrah, why fall you not to? are you so daintily brought up, you cannot eat your own flesh?

Baj. First, legions of devils shall tear thee in pieces.

Usum. Villain, knowest thou to whom thou speakest?

Tamb. O, let him alone.—Here;* eat, sir; take it from† my sword's point, or I'll thrust it to thy heart.

[BAJAZETH *takes the food, and stamps upon it.*

Ther. He stamps it under his feet, my lord.

Tamb. Take it up, villain, and eat it; or I will make thee slice‡ the brawns of thy arms into carbonadoes and eat them.

Usum. Nay, 'twere better he killed his wife, and then she shall be sure not to be starved, and he be provided for a month's victual beforehand.

Tamb. Here is my dagger: despatch her while she is fat; for, if she live but a while longer, she will fall § into a consumption with fretting, and then she will not be worth the eating.

Ther. Dost thou think that Mahomet will suffer this?

Tech. 'Tis like he will, when he cannot let‖ it.

Tamb. Go to; fall to your meat. What, not a bit!—Belike he hath not been watered to-day: give him some drink.

[*They give* BAJAZETH *water to drink, and he flings it on the ground.*

Fast, and welcome, sir, while ¶ hunger make you eat.—How now, Zenocrate! doth not the Turk and his wife make a goodly show at a banquet?

Zeno. Yes, my lord.

Ther. Methinks 'tis a great deal better than a consort** of music.

Tamb. Yet music would do well to cheer up Zenocrate. Pray thee, tell why art thou so sad? if thou wilt have a song, the Turk shall strain his voice: but why is it?

Zeno. My lord, to see my father's town besieg'd,
The country wasted where myself was born,
How can it but afflict my very soul?
If any love remain in you, my lord,
Or if my love unto your majesty
May merit favour at your highness' hands,

---

* *mask*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "walke."

† *My lord,* &c.] Something has dropt out: qy. "tamely *suffer*"?

‡ *a goodly refreshing for them*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*a* good *refreshing* to *them*."

* *Here*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "there."

† *it from*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*it* vp *from*."

‡ *slice*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "fleece."

§ *will fall*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*will* not *fall*."

‖ *let*] i. e. hinder.

¶ *while*] i. e. until.

** *consort*] i. e. band.

Then raise your siege from fair Damascus' walls,
And with my father take a friendly truce.

Tamb. Zenocrate, were Egypt Jove's own land,
Yet would I with my sword make Jove to stoop.
I will confute those blind geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding regions which I mean to trace,
And with this pen * reduce them to a map,
Calling the provinces, cities, and towns,
After my name and thine, Zenocrate:
Here at Damascus will I make the point
That shall begin the perpendicular:
And wouldst thou have me buy thy father's love
With such a loss? tell me, Zenocrate.

Zeno. Honour still wait on happy Tamburlaine!
Yet give me leave to plead for him, my lord.

Tamb. Content thyself: his person shall be safe,
And all the friends of fair Zenocrate,
If with their lives they will be pleas'd to yield,
Or may be forc'd to make me emperor;
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.—
Feed, you slave; thou mayst think thyself happy to be fed from my trencher.

Baj. My empty stomach, full of idle heat,
Draws bloody humours from my feeble parts,
Preserving life by hastening † cruel death.
My veins are pale; my sinews hard and dry;
My joints benumb'd; unless I eat, I die.

Zab. Eat, Bajazeth; let us live in spite of them, looking some happy power will pity and enlarge us.

Tamb. Here, Turk; wilt thou have a clean trencher?

Baj. Ay, tyrant, and more meat.

Tamb. Soft, sir! you must be dieted; too much eating will make you surfeit.

Ther. So it would, my lord, 'specially ‡ having so small a walk and so little exercise.

[*A second course is brought in of crowns.*

* *pen*] i. e. his sword.
† *hastening*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "hasting."
‡ *'specially*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "especially."

Tamb. Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane, here are the cates you desire to finger, are they not?

Ther. Ay, my lord: but none save kings must feed with these.

Tech. 'Tis enough for us to see them, and for Tamburlaine only to enjoy them.

Tamb. Well; here is now to the Soldan of Egypt, the King of Arabia, and the Governor of Damascus. Now, take these three crowns, and pledge me, my contributory kings. I crown you here, Theridamas, king of Argier; Techelles, king of Fez; and Usumcasane, king of Morocco *.—How say you to this, Turk? these are not your contributory kings.

Baj. Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.

Tamb. Kings of Argier, Morocco, and of Fez,
You that have march'd with happy Tamburlaine
As far as from the frozen plage † of heaven
Unto the watery Morning's ruddy bower,
And thence by land unto the torrid zone,
Deserve these titles I endow you with
By valour ‡ and by magnanimity.
Your births shall be no blemish to your fame;
For virtue is the fount whence honour springs,
And they are worthy she investeth kings.

Ther. And, since your highness hath so well vouchsaf'd,
If we deserve them not with higher meeds
Than erst our states and actions have retain'd,
Take them away again,§ and make us slaves.

Tamb. Well said, Theridamas: when holy Fates
Shall stablish me in strong Ægyptia,
We mean to travel to th' antarctic pole,
Conquering the people underneath our feet,
And be renowm'd ‖ as never emperors were.—
Zenocrate, I will not crown thee yet,
Until with greater honours I be grac'd. [*Exeunt.*

* *Morocco*] Here and in the next speech the old eds. have "Morocus" and "Moroccus:" but see note ‡, p. 22.
† *plage*] i. e. region.—Old eds. "place."
‡ *valour*] Old eds. "value."
§ *again*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.
‖ *renowm'd*] See note ‖, p. 11. So the 8vo.—The 4to "renown'd."

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter the GOVERNOR OF DAMASCUS* *with three or four* Citizens, *and four* Virgins *with branches of laurel in their hands.*

Gov. Still doth this man, or rather god of war,
Batter our walls and beat our turrets down;
And to resist with longer stubbornness,
Or hope of rescue from the Soldan's power,
Were but to bring our wilful overthrow,
And make us desperate of our threaten'd lives.
We see his tents have now been alterèd
With terrors to the last and cruel'st hue;
His coal-black colours, every where advanc'd,
Threaten our city with a general spoil;
And, if we should with common rites of arms
Offer our safeties to his clemency,
I fear the custom proper to his sword,
Which he observes as parcel of his fame,
Intending so to terrify the world,
By any innovation or remorse†
Will never be dispens'd with till our deaths.
Therefore, for these our harmless virgins' sakes,‡
Whose honours and whose lives rely on him,
Let us have hope that their unspotted prayers,
Their blubber'd § cheeks, and hearty humble moans,
Will melt his fury into some remorse,
And use us like a loving conqueror.‖

First Virg. If humble suits or imprecations
(Utter'd with tears of wretchedness and blood
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our sex,
Some made your wives, and some your children,)
Might have entreated your obdurate breasts
To entertain some care¶ of our securities
Whiles only danger beat upon our walls,
These more than dangerous warrants of our death
Had never been erected as they be,
Nor you depend on such weak helps** as we.

* *Damascus*] Both the old eds. here "Damasco:" but in many other places they agree in reading "*Damascus.*"
† *remorse*] i. e. pity.
‡ *sakes*] So the 8vo.—The 4to. "sake."
§ *blubber'd*] That this word formerly conveyed no ludicrous idea, appears from many passages of our early writers.
‖ *And use us like a loving conqueror*] "i. e. And that he will use us like, &c." *Ed.* 1826.
¶ *care*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "cares."
** *helps*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "help."

Gov. Well, lovely virgins, think our country's care,
Our love of honour, loath to be enthrall'd
To foreign powers and rough imperious yokes,
Would not with too much cowardice or* fear,
Before all hope of rescue were denied,
Submit yourselves and us to servitude.
Therefore, in that your safeties and our own,
Your honours, liberties, and lives were weigh'd
In equal care and balance with our own,
Endure as we the malice of our stars,
The wrath of Tamburlaine and power† of wars;
Or be the means the overweighing heavens
Have kept to qualify these hot extremes,
And bring us pardon in your cheerful looks.

Sec. Virg. Then here, before the Majesty of Heaven
And holy patrons of Ægyptia,
With knees and hearts submissive we entreat
Grace to our words and pity to our looks,
That this device may prove propitious,
And through the eyes and ears of Tamburlaine
Convey events of mercy to his heart;
Grant that these signs of victory we yield
May bind the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded furrows of his brows,
And shadow his displeasèd countenance
With happy looks of ruth and lenity.
Leave us, my lord, and loving countrymen:
What simple virgins may persuade, we will.

Gov. Farewell, sweet virgins, on whose safe return
Depends our city, liberty, and lives.

[*Exeunt all except the* Virgins.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, *all in black and very melancholy,* TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, *with others.*

Tamb. What, are the turtles fray'd out of their nests?
Alas, poor fools, must you be first shall feel
The sworn destruction of Damascus?
They knew‡ my custom; could they not as well
Have sent ye out when first my milk-white flags,
Through which sweet Mercy threw her gentle beams,

* *or*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "for."
† *power*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "powers."
‡ *knew*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "know."

Reflexèd * them on their † disdainful eyes,
As ‡ now when fury and incensèd hate
Flings slaughtering terror from my coal-black tents,§
And tells for truth submission ‖ comes too late?
First Vir. Most happy king and emperor of the earth,
Image of honour and nobility,
For whom the powers divine have made the world,
And on whose throne the holy Graces sit;
In whose sweet person is compris'd the sum
Of Nature's skill and heavenly majesty;
Pity our plights! O, pity poor Damascus!
Pity old age, within whose silver hairs
Honour and reverence evermore have reign'd!
Pity the marriage-bed, where many a lord,
In prime and glory of his loving joy,
Embraceth now with tears of ruth and ¶ blood
The jealous body of his fearful wife,
Whose cheeks and hearts, so punish'd with conceit,**
To think thy puissant never-stayèd arm
Will part their bodies, and prevent their souls
From heavens of comfort yet their age might bear,
Now wax all pale and wither'd to the death,
As well for grief our ruthless governor
Hath †† thus refus'd the mercy of thy hand,
(Whose sceptre angels kiss and Furies dread,)
As for their liberties, their loves, or lives!
O, then, for these, and such as we ourselves,
For us, for infants, and for all our bloods,
That never nourish'd ‡‡ thought against thy rule,
Pity, O, pity, sacred emperor,
The prostrate service of this wretched town;
And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath,
Whereto each man of rule hath given his hand,
And wish'd,§§ as worthy subjects, happy means
To be investers of thy royal brows
Even with the true Egyptian diadem!
Tamb. Virgins, in vain you labour to prevent
That which mine honour swears shall be perform'd.
Behold my sword; what see you at the point?

* *Reflexèd*] Old eds. "Reflexing."
† *their*] Old eds. "your."
‡ *As*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "And."
§ *tents*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "tent."
‖ *submission*] Old eds. "submissions."
¶ *of ruth and*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "and *ruth* of."
** *conceit*] i. e. fancy, imagination.
†† *Hath*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Haue."
‡‡ *nourish'd*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "nourish."
§§ *wish'd*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "wish."

First Virg. Nothing but fear and fatal steel, my lord.
Tamb. Your fearful minds are thick and misty, then,
For there sits Death; there sits imperious* Death,
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.
But I am pleas'd you shall not see him there;
He now is seated on my horsemen's spears,
And on their points his fleshless body feeds.—
Techelles, straight go charge a few of them
To charge these dames, and shew my servant Death,
Sitting in scarlet on their armèd spears.
Virgins. O, pity us!
Tamb. Away with them, I say, and shew them Death!
[*The* Virgins *are taken out by* TECHELLES *and others.*
I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
Nor change my martial observations
For all the wealth of Gihon's golden waves,
Or for the love of Venus, would she leave
The angry god of arms and lie with me.
They have refus'd the offer of their lives,
And know my customs are as peremptory
As wrathful planets, death, or destiny.

Re-enter TECHELLES.

What, have your horsemen shown the virgins Death?
Tech. They have, my lord, and on Damascus' walls
Have hoisted up their slaughter'd carcasses.
Tamb. A sight as baneful to their souls, I think,
As are Thessalian drugs or mithridate:
But go, my lords, put the rest to the sword.
[*Exeunt all except* TAMBURLAINE.
Ah, fair Zenocrate!—divine Zenocrate!
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,—
That in thy passion † for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
With hair dishevell'd wip'st thy watery cheeks;
And, like to Flora in her morning's pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolvèd ‡ pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits,
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
Eyes, when that Ebena steps to heaven,§

* *imperious*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "imprecious."
† *passion*] i. e. sorrow.
‡ *resolvèd*] i. e. dissolved.
§ *Eyes, when that Ebena steps to heaven, &c.*] Either the transcriber or the printer has made sad work with this passage; nor am I able to suggest any probable emendation.

In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light;
There angels in their crystal armours fight *
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life,
His life that so consumes Zenocrate;
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul
Than all my army to Damascus' walls;
And neither Persia's † sovereign nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admirèd themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still ‡
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.
But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint!
Save only that in beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touch'd;
And every warrior that is rapt with love
Of fame, of valour, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits:
I thus conceiving,§ and subduing both,
That which hath stoop'd the chiefest of the gods,
Even from the fiery-spangled veil of heaven,
To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds' flames,
And mask in cottages of strowèd reeds,
Shall give the world to note, for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility.—
Who 's within there?

Enter Attendants.

Hath Bajazeth been fed to-day?

*Attend.** Ay, my lord.

Tamb. Bring him forth; and let us know if the town be ransacked. [*Exeunt* Attendants.

Enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, *and others.*

Tech. The town is ours, my lord, and fresh supply
Of conquest and of spoil is offer'd us.

Tamb. That 's well, Techelles. What 's the news?

Tech. The Soldan and the Arabian king together
March on us with † such eager violence
As if there were no way but one with us.‡

Tamb. No more there is not, I warrant thee, Techelles.

Attendants *bring in* BAJAZETH *in his cage, followed by* ZABINA. *Exeunt* Attendants.

Ther. We know the victory is ours, my lord;

---

* *fight*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "fights."

† *Persia's*] Old eds. "Perseans," and "Persians."

‡ *still*] i. e. distil.

§ *I thus conceiving, and subduing both,*
That which hath stoop'd the chiefest of the gods,
Even from the fiery-spangled veil of heaven,
To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds' flames,
And mask in cottages of strowèd reeds, &c.] i. e.
I thus feeling, and also subduing, the power of Beauty, which has drawn down the chiefest of the gods even from, &c.

The 8vo has,

"*I thus conceiuing and subduing both.*
That which hath stopt *the* tempest *of the Gods,*
Euen from the fiery spangled vaile of heauen,
To feele the louely warmth of shepheards flames,
And march *in cottages of strowed* weeds," &c.

The 4to has,

"*I thus concieuing and subduing both,*
That which hath stopt *the* tempest *of the Gods,*
Euen from the spangled firie *vaile of heauen,*
To feele the louely warmth of Shepheardes flames,
And march *in* coatches *of strowed* weedes," &c.

The alterations which I have made in this corrupted passage are supported by the following lines of the play;

"See now, ye slaves, my children *stoop your pride* [i. e. make your pride to stoop],
And lead your bodies sheep-like to the sword."
Part Second,—act iv. sc. 1.

"*The chiefest god,* first mover of that sphere", &c.
Part First,—act iv. sc. 2.

"*Jove* sometime *maskèd* in a shepherd's weed", &c.
Part First,—act i. sc. 2.

Perhaps in the third line of the present passage "*fiery-spangled*" should be "fire-yspangled."

* *Attend.*] Old eds. "An." (a misprint probably), which the modern editors understand as "Anippe" (the waiting-maid of Zenocrate).

† *March on us with*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Martcht *on* with *vs with.*"

‡ *As if there were no way but one with us*] i. e. as if we were to lose our lives. This phrase, which is common in our early writers, was not obsolete in Dryden's time: "for, if he heard the malicious trumpeter proclaiming his name before his betters, he knew *there was but one way with him.*" Preface to *All for Love.*

But let us save the reverend Soldan's life
For fair Zenocrate that so laments his state.
Tamb. That will we chiefly see unto, Theridamas,
For sweet Zenocrate, whose worthiness
Deserves a conquest over every heart.—
And now, my footstool, if I lose the field,
You hope of liberty and restitution?—
Here let him stay, my masters, from the tents,
Till we have made us ready for the field.—
Pray for us, Bajazeth; we are going.
[*Exeunt all except* BAJAZETH *and* ZABINA.

Baj. Go, never to return with victory!
Millions of men encompass thee about,
And gore thy body with as many wounds!
Sharp forkèd arrows light upon thy horse!
Furies from the black Cocytus' lake,
Break up the earth, and with their fire-brands
Enforce thee run upon the baneful pikes!
Vollies of shot pierce through thy charmèd skin,
And every bullet dipt in poison'd drugs!
Or roaring cannons sever all thy joints,
Making thee mount as high as eagles soar!
Zab. Let all the swords and lances in the field
Stick in his breast as in their proper rooms!
At every pore* let blood come dropping forth,
That lingering pains may massacre his heart,
And madness send his damnèd soul to hell!
Baj. Ah, fair Zabina! we may curse his power,
The heavens may frown, the earth for anger quake;
But such a star hath influence in† his sword
As rules the skies and countermands the gods
More than Cimmerian Styx or Destiny:
And then shall we in this detested guise,
With shame, with hunger, and with horror stay,‡
Griping our bowels with retorquèd§ thoughts,
And have no hope to end our ecstasies.
Zab. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No fiend, no fortune, nor no hope of end
To our infamous, monstrous slaveries.
Gape, earth, and let the fiends infernal view
A‖ hell as hopeless and as full of fear
As are the blasted banks of Erebus,
Where shaking ghosts with ever-howling groans
Hover about the ugly ferryman,
To get a passage to Elysium!* [slaves!—
Why should we live?—O, wretches, beggars,
Why live we, Bajazeth, and build up nests
So high within the region of the air,
By living long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorn
The former triumphs of our mightiness
In this obscure infernal servitude?
Baj. O life, more loathsome to my vexèd thoughts†
Than noisome parbreak‡ of the Stygian snakes,
Which fills the nooks of hell with standing air,
Infecting all the ghosts with cureless griefs!
O dreary engines of my loathèd sight,
That see my crown, my honour, and my name
Thrust under yoke and thraldom of a thief,
Why feed ye still on day's accursèd beams,
And sink not quite into my tortur'd soul?
You see my wife, my queen, and emperess,
Brought up and proppèd by the hand of Fame,
Queen of fifteen contributory queens,
Now thrown to rooms of black abjection,§
Smearèd with blots of basest drudgery,
And villainess‖ to shame, disdain, and misery.
Accursèd Bajazeth, whose words of ruth,¶
That would with pity cheer Zabina's heart,
And make our souls resolve** in ceaseless tears,
Sharp hunger bites upon and gripes the root
From whence the issues of my thoughts do break!
O poor Zabina! O my queen, my queen!
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To cool and comfort me with longer date,
That, in the shorten'd sequel of my life,
I may pour forth my soul into thine arms
With words of love, whose moaning intercourse
Hath hitherto been stay'd with wrath and hate
Of our expressless bann'd†† inflictions.
Zab. Sweet Bajazeth, I will prolong thy life
As long as any blood or spark of breath
Can quench or cool the torments of my grief.
[*Exit.*
Baj. Now, Bajazeth, abridge thy baneful days,
And beat the‡‡ brains out of thy conquer'd head,
Since other means are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.

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* *pore*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "dore."
† *in*] i. e. on.
‡ *stay*] Old eds. "aie" and "aye."
§ *retorquèd*] i. e. bent back in reflections on our former happiness. So the 8vo.—The 4to "retortued."
‖ *A*] Old eds. "As."

* *Elysium*] Old eds. "Elisian."
† *thoughts*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "thought."
‡ *parbreak*] i. e. vomit.
§ *abjection*] Old eds. "obiection."
‖ *villainess*] i. e. servant, slave,
¶ *ruth*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "truth."
** *resolve*] i. e. dissolve.
†† *bann'd*] i. e. cursed.
‡‡ *the*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "thy."

O highest lamp of ever-living* Jove,
Accursèd day, infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stainèd face in endless night,
And shut the windows of the lightsome heavens!
Let ugly Darkness with her rusty coach,
Engirt with tempests, wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with never-fading mists,
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadful thunder-claps,
That in this terror Tamburlaine may live,
And my pin'd soul, resolv'd in liquid air,
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts!
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold
Pierce through the centre of my wither'd heart,
And make a passage for my loathèd life!

[*He brains himself against the cage.*

Re-enter ZABINA.

Zab. What do mine eyes behold? my husband dead!
His skull all riven in twain! his brains dash'd out,
The brains of Bajazeth, my lord and sovereign!
O Bajazeth, my husband and my lord!
O Bajazeth! O Turk! O emperor!
Give him his liquor? not I. Bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him again.—Tear me in pieces—give† me the sword with a ball of wild-fire upon it.—Down with him! down with him!—Go to my child; away, away, away! ah, save that infant! save him, save him!—I, even I, speak to her.‡—The sun was down—streamers white, red, black—Here, here, here!—Fling the meat in his face—Tamburlaine, Tamburlaine! —Let the soldiers be buried.—Hell, death, Tamburlaine,§ hell!—Make ready my coach,‖ my chair, my jewels.—I come, I come, I come!¶

[*She runs against the cage, and brains herself.*

Enter ZENOCRATE *with* ANIPPE.

Zeno. Wretched Zenocrate! that liv'st to see
Damascus' walls dy'd with Egyptians'** blood,
Thy father's subjects and thy countrymen;
The* streets strow'd with dissever'd joints of men,
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life;
But most accurs'd, to see the sun-bright troop
Of heavenly virgins and unspotted maids.
(Whose looks might make the angry god of arms
To break his sword and mildly treat of love)
On horsemen's lances to be hoisted up,
And guiltlessly endure a cruel death;
For every fell and stout Tartarian steed,
That stamp'd on others with their thundering hoofs,
When all their riders charg'd their quivering spears,
Began to check the ground and rein themselves,
Gazing upon the beauty of their looks.
Ah, Tamburlaine, wert thou the cause of this,
That term'st Zenocrate thy dearest love?
Whose lives were dearer to Zenocrate
Than her own life, or aught save thine own love.
But see, another bloody spectacle!
Ah, wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,
How are ye glutted with these grievous objects,
And tell my soul more tales of bleeding ruth!—
See, see, Anippe, if they breathe or no.

Anip. No breath, nor sense, nor motion, in them both:
Ah, madam, this their slavery hath enforc'd,
And ruthless cruelty of Tamburlaine!

Zeno. Earth, cast up fountains from thy† entrails,
And wet thy cheeks for their untimely deaths;
Shake with their weight in sign of fear and grief!
Blush, heaven, that gave them honour at their birth,
And let them die a death so barbarous!
Those that are proud of fickle empery
And place their chiefest good in earthly pomp,
Behold the Turk and his great emperess!
Ah, Tamburlaine my love, sweet Tamburlaine,
That fight'st for sceptres and for slippery crowns,
Behold the Turk and his great emperess!
Thou that, in conduct of thy happy stars,
Sleep'st every night with conquest on thy brows,
And yet wouldst shun the wavering turns of war,‡
In fear and feeling of the like distress
Behold the Turk and his great emperess!
Ah, mighty Jove and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my love! O, pardon his contempt
Of earthly fortune and respect of pity;
And let not conquest, ruthlessly pursu'd,

* *ever-living*] So the 8vo.—The 4to. "euerlasting."

† *give*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "and *give*."

‡ *her*] Must mean Zenocrate, whom Zabina fancies herself to be addressing.

§ *Let the soldiers be buried.—Hell, death, Tamburlaine*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to. (Where the modern editors got their reading, "*Let the soldiers be* cursed," I know not.)

‖ *Make ready my coach*] Shakespeare seems to have remembered this passage when he made Ophelia say, "Come, my coach," &c. *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5.

¶ *I come, I come, I come*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*I come, I come.*"

** *Egyptians'*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Egiptian.'

* *The*] Old eds. "Thy."

† *thy*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "thine."

‡ *war*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "warres."

Be equally against his life incens'd
In this great Turk and hapless emperess!
And pardon me that was not mov'd with ruth
To see them live so long in misery!—
Ah, what may chance to thee, Zenocrate?

Anip. Madam, content yourself, and be resolv'd
Your love hath Fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay, and turn her wheel no more,
As long as life maintains his mighty arm
That fights for honour to adorn your head.

Enter PHILEMUS.

Zeno. What other heavy news now brings Philemus?

Phil. Madam, your father, and the Arabian king,
The first affecter of your excellence,
Come* now, as Turnus 'gainst Æneas did,
Armèd† with lance into the Ægyptian fields,
Ready for battle 'gainst my lord the king.

Zeno. Now shame and duty, love and fear present
A thousand sorrows to my martyr'd soul.
Whom should I wish the fatal victory,
When my poor pleasures are divided thus,
And rack'd by duty from my cursèd heart?
My father and my first-betrothèd love
Must fight against my life and present love;
Wherein the change I use condemns my faith,
And makes my deeds infâmous through the world:
But, as the gods, to end the Trojans' toil,
Prevented Turnus of Lavinia,
And fatally enrich'd Æneas' love,
So, for a final‡ issue to my griefs,
To pacify my country and my love,
Must Tamburlaine by their resistless powers,
With virtue of a gentle victory,
Conclude a league of honour to my hope;
Then, as the powers divine have pre-ordain'd,
With happy safety of my father's life
Send like defence of fair Arabia.

[*They sound to the battle within; and* TAMBURLAINE *enjoys the victory: after which, the* KING OF ARABIA§ *enters wounded.*

K. of Ar. What cursèd power guides the murdering hands
Of this infâmous tyrant's soldiers,
That no escape may save their enemies,
Nor fortune keep themselves from victory?
Lie down, Arabia, wounded to the death,
And let Zenocrate's fair eyes behold,
That, as for her thou bear'st these wretched arms,
Even so for her thou diest in these arms,
Leaving thy* blood for witness of thy love.

Zeno. Too dear a witness for such love, my lord!
Behold Zenocrate, the cursèd object
Whose fortunes never masterèd her griefs;
Behold her wounded in conceit† for thee,
As much as thy fair body is for me!

K. of Ar. Then shall I die with full contented heart,
Having beheld divine Zenocrate,
Whose sight with joy would take away my life
As now it bringeth sweetness to my wound,
If I had not been wounded as I am.
Ah, that the deadly pangs I suffer now
Would lend an hour's licence to my tongue,
To make discourse of some sweet accidents
Have chanc'd thy merits in this worthless bondage,
And that I might be privy to the state
Of thy deserv'd contentment and thy love!
But, making now a virtue of thy sight,
To drive all sorrow from my fainting soul,
Since death denies me further cause of joy,
Depriv'd of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy desirèd hand shall close mine eyes.

[*Dies.*

Re-enter TAMBURLAINE, *leading the* SOLDAN; TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, *with others.*

Tamb. Come, happy father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Soldan's name.
Though my right hand have‡ thus enthrallèd thee,
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free;
She that hath calm'd the fury of my sword,
Which had ere this been bath'd in streams of blood
As vast and deep as Euphrates§ or Nile.

Zeno. O sight thrice-welcome to my joyful soul,
To see the king, my father, issue safe
From dangerous battle of my conquering love!

Sold. Well met, my only dear Zenocrate,
Though with the loss of Egypt and my crown!

---

* *Come*] Old eds. "Comes" and "Comep."
† *Armed*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Armes."
‡ *final*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "small."
§ *King of Arabia*] i. e. Alcidamus; see p. 10, l. 9, sec. col.

* *thy*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "my."
† *conceit*] i. e. fancy, imagination.
‡ *have*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "hath."
§ *Euphrates*] So our old poets invariably, I believe, accentuate this word.

Tamb. 'Twas I, my lord, that gat the victory;
And therefore grieve not at your overthrow,
Since I shall render all into your hands,
And add more strength to your dominions
Than ever yet confirm'd th' Egyptian crown.
The god of war resigns his room to me,
Meaning to make me general of the world:
Jove, viewing me in arms, looks pale and wan,
Fearing my power should * pull him from his throne:
Where'er I come the Fatal Sisters sweat,†
And grisly Death, by running to and fro,
To do their ceaseless homage to my sword:
And here in Afric, where it seldom rains,
Since I arriv'd with my triumphant host,
Have swelling clouds, drawn from wide-gaping ‡ wounds,
Been oft resolv'd § in bloody purple showers,
A meteor that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at every drop it drinks:
Millions ‖ of souls sit on the banks of Styx,
Waiting the back-return of Charon's boat;
Hell and Elysium ¶ swarm with ghosts of men
That I have sent from sundry foughten fields
To spread my fame through hell and up to heaven:
And see, my lord, a sight of strange import,—
Emperors and kings lie breathless at my feet;
The Turk and his great empress, as it seems,
Left to themselves while we were at the fight,
Have desperately despatch'd their slavish lives:
With them Arabia, too, hath left his life:
All sights of power to grace my victory;
And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine,
Wherein, as in a mirror, may be seen
His honour, that consists in shedding blood
When men presume to manage arms with him.

Sold. Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand,
Renowmèd ** Tamburlaine, to whom all kings
Of force must yield their crowns and emperies;
And I am pleas'd with this my overthrow,
If, as beseems a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honour us'd Zenocrate.

* *should*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "shall."
† *sweat*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "sweare."
‡ *wide-gaping*] Old eds. "*wide* gasping."
§ *resolv'd*] i. e. dissolved.
‖ *Millions*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Million."
¶ *Elysium*] Old eds. "Elisian."
** *Renowmèd*] See note ‖, p. 11. So the 8vo.—The 4to "Renowned."

Tamb. Her state and person want no pomp, you see;
And for all blot of foul inchastity,
I record * heaven, her heavenly self is clear:
Then let me find no further time † to grace
Her princely temples with the Persian crown;
But here these kings that on my fortunes wait,
And have been crown'd for provèd worthiness
Even by this hand that shall establish them,
Shall now, adjoining all their hands with mine,
Invest her here the ‡ Queen of Persia.
What saith the noble Soldan, and Zenocrate?

Sold. I yield with thanks and protestations
Of endless honour to thee for her love.

Tamb. Then doubt I not § but fair Zenocrate
Will soon consent to satisfy us both.

Zeno. Else ‖ should I much forget myself, my lord.

Ther. Then let us set the crown upon her head,
That long hath linger'd for so high a seat.

Tech. My hand is ready to perform the deed;
For now her marriage-time shall work us rest.

Usum. And here's the crown, my lord; help set it on.¶

Tamb. Then sit thou down, divine Zenocrate;
And here we crown thee Queen of Persia,
And all the kingdoms and dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdu'd.
As Juno, when the giants were suppress'd,
That darted mountains at her brother Jove,
So looks my love, shadowing in her brows
Triumphs and trophies for my victories;
Or as Latona's daughter, bent to arms,
Adding more courage to my conquering mind.
To gratify the[e], sweet Zenocrate,
Egyptians, Moors, and men of Asia,
From Barbary unto the Western India,
Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy sire;
And from the bounds of Afric to the bauks
Of Ganges shall his mighty arm extend.—
And now, my lords and loving followers,
That purchas'd kingdoms by your martial deeds,
Cast off your armour, put on scarlet robes,

* *record*] i. e. take to witness.
† *no further time*] i. e. no more distant time.
‡ *the*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "my."
§ *I not*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*not I*."
‖ *Else*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Then."
¶ *on*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

Mount up your royal places of estate,
Environèd with troops of noblemen,
And there make laws to rule your provinces:
Hang up your weapons on Alcides' post[s];
For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world.—
Thy first-betrothèd love, Arabia,
Shall we with honour, as beseems,* entomb
With this great Turk and his fair emperess.

* *as beseems*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*as* best *beseemes*."

Then, after all these solemn exequies,
We will our rites * of marriage solemnize.
[*Exeunt.*

* *We will our rites*, &c.] Old eds. "*We will our* celebrated *rites*," &c.—"The word '*celebrated*' occurs in both the old editions, but may well be dispensed with as regards both the sense and measure." *Ed.* 1826. "I think this word got into the text from either the author or printer, who was perhaps the editor, doubting whether to use '*solemnize*' or '*celebrate;*' and it slipt from the margin, where it was probably placed, into the verse itself." *J. M.* in *Gent. Mag.* for Jan. 1841.

THE SECOND PART OF

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

The Second Part of Tamburlaine the Great.
Concerning the old eds., see the prefatory matter to *The First Part.*

THE PROLOGUE.

The general welcomes Tamburlaine receiv'd,
When he arrivèd last upon the* stage,
Have made our poet pen his Second Part,
Where Death cuts off the progress of his pomp,
And murderous Fates throw all his triumphs† down.
But what became of fair Zenocrate,
And with how many cities' sacrifice
He celebrated her sad‡ funeral,
Himself in presence shall unfold at large.

---

* *the*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "our."
† *triumphs*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "triumph."
‡ *sad*] Old eds. "said."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TAMBURLAINE, king of Persia.
CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, CELEBINUS, } his sons.
THERIDAMAS, king of Argier.
TECHELLES, king of Fez.
USUMCASANE, king of Morocco.
ORCANES, king of Natolia.
KING OF TREBIZON.
KING OF SORIA.
KING OF JERUSALEM.
KING OF AMASIA.
GAZELLUS, viceroy of Byron.
URIBASSA.
SIGISMUND, King of Hungary.
FREDERICK, BALDWIN, } Lords of Buda and Bohemia.
CALLAPINE, son to BAJAZETH, and prisoner to TAMBURLAINE.
ALMEDA, his keeper.
GOVERNOR OF BABYLON.
CAPTAIN OF BALSERA.
HIS SON.
ANOTHER CAPTAIN.
MAXIMUS, PERDICAS, Physicians, Lords, Citizens, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

ZENOCRATE, wife to TAMBURLAINE.
OLYMPIA, wife to the CAPTAIN OF BALSERA.
Turkish Concubines.

THE SECOND PART OF

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter ORCANES *king of Natolia*, GAZELLUS *viceroy of Byron*, URIBASSA*, *and their train, with drums and trumpets.*

Orc. Egregious viceroys of these eastern parts,
Plac'd by the issue of great Bajazeth,
And sacred lord, the mighty Callapine,
Who lives in Egypt prisoner to that slave
Which kept his father in an iron cage,—
Now have we march'd from fair Natolia
Two hundred leagues, and on Danubius' banks
Our warlike host, in complete armour, rest,
Where Sigismund, the king of Hungary,
Should meet our person to conclude a truce:
What! shall we parle with the Christian?
Or cross the stream, and meet him in the field?

Gaz. King of Natolia, let us treat of peace:
We all are glutted with the Christians' blood,
And have a greater foe to fight against,—
Proud Tamburlaine, that now in Asia,
Near Guyron's head, doth set his conquering feet,
And means to fire Turkey as he goes:
'Gainst him, my lord, you must address your power.

Uri. Besides, King Sigismund hath brought from Christendom
More than his camp of stout Hungarians,—
Sclavonians, Almains, Rutters,† Muffs, and Danes,
That with the halberd, lance, and murdering axe,
Will hazard that we might with surety hold.

*Orc.** Though from the shortest northern parallel,
Vast Grantland, compass'd with the Frozen Sea,
(Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
Giants as big as hugy † Polypheme,)
Millions of soldiers cut the ‡ arctic line,
Bringing the strength of Europe to these arms,
Our Turkey blades shall glide through all their throats,
And make this champion § mead a bloody fen:
Danubius' stream, that runs to Trebizon,
Shall carry, wrapt within his scarlet waves,
As martial presents to our friends at home,
The slaughter'd bodies of these Christians:
The Terrene || main, wherein Danubius falls,
Shall by this battle be the bloody sea:
The wandering sailors of proud Italy
Shall meet those Christians, fleeting with the tide,
Beating in heaps against their argosies,
And make fair Europe, mounted on her bull,
Trapp'd with the wealth and riches of the world,
Alight, and wear a woful mourning weed.

Gaz. Yet, stout Orcanes, pro-rex of the world,
Since Tamburlaine hath muster'd all his men,
Marching from Cairo ¶ northward, with his camp,
To Alexandria and the frontier towns,
Meaning to make a conquest of our land,

---

* *Uribassa*] In this scene, but only here, the old eds. have "Upibassa."

† *Almains, Rutters*] *Rutters* are properly — German troopers (*reiter, reuter*). In the third speech after the present one this line is repeated *verbatim*: but in the first scene of our author's *Faustus* we have,—

"Like *Almain rutters* with their horsemen's staves."

* *Orc.*] Omitted in the old eds.

† *hugy*] i. e. huge.

‡ *cut the*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "out of."

§ *champion*] i. e. champaign.

|| *Terrene*] i. e. Mediterranean (but the Danube falls into the Black Sea.)

¶ *Cairo*] Old eds. "Cairon:" but they are not consistent in the spelling of this name; afterwards (p. 45, sec. col.) they have "Cario."

'Tis requisite to parle for a peace
With Sigismund, the king of Hungary,
And save our forces for the hot assaults
Proud Tamburlaine intends Natolia.

Orc. Viceroy of Byron, wisely hast thou said.
My realm, the centre of our empery,
Once lost, all Turkey would be overthrown;
And for that cause the Christians shall have peace.
Sclavonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffs, and Danes,
Fear * not Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine;
Nor he, but Fortune that hath made him great.
We have revolted Grecians, Albanese,
Sicilians, Jews, Arabians, Turks, and Moors,
Natolians, Sorians,† black‡ Egyptians,
Illyrians, Thracians, and Bithynians,§
Enough to swallow forceless Sigismund,
Yet scarce enough t' encounter Tamburlaine.
He brings a world of people to the field,
From Scythia to the oriental plage ‖
Of Iudia, where raging Lantchidol
Beats on the regions with his boisterous blows,
That never seaman yet discoverèd.
All Asia is in arms with Tamburlaine,
Even from the midst of fiery Cancer's tropic
To Amazonia under Capricorn;
And thence, as far as Archipelago,
All Afric is in arms with Tamburlaine:
Therefore, viceroy,¶ the Christians must have peace.

Enter SIGISMUND, FREDERICK, BALDWIN, *and their train, with drums and trumpets.*

Sig. Orcanes, (as our legates promis'd thee,)
We, with our peers, have cross'd Danubius' stream,
To treat of friendly peace or deadly war.
Take which thou wilt; for, as the Romans us'd,
I here present thee with a naked sword:
Wilt thou have war, then shake this blade at me;
If peace, restore it to my hands again,
And I will sheathe it, to confirm the same.

Orc. Stay, Sigismund: forgett'st thou I am he
That with the cannon shook Vienna-walls,
And made it dance upon the continent,
As when the massy substance of the earth
Quiver[s] about the axle-tree of heaven?
Forgett'st thou that I sent a shower of darts,
Mingled with powder'd shot and feather'd steel,
So thick upon the blink-ey'd burghers' heads,
That thou thyself, then County Palatine,
The King of Boheme,* and the Austric Duke,
Sent heralds out, which basely on their knees,
In all your names, desir'd a truce of me?
Forgett'st thou that, to have me raise my siege,
Waggons of gold were set before my tent,
Stampt with the princely fowl that in her wings
Carries the fearful thunderbolts of Jove?
How canst thou think of this, and offer war?

Sig. Vienna was besieg'd, and I was there,
Then County Palatine, but now a king,
And what we did was in extremity
But now, Orcanes, view my royal host,
That hides these plains, and seems as vast and wide
As doth the desert of Arabia
To those that stand on Bagdet's† lofty tower,
Or as the ocean to the traveller
That rests upon the snowy Appenines;
And tell me whether I should stoop so low,
Or treat of peace with the Natolian king.

Gaz. Kings of Natolia and of Hungary,
We came from Turkey to confirm a league,
And not to dare each other to the field.
A friendly parle‡ might become you both.

Fred. And we from Europe, to the same intent;§
Which if your general refuse or scorn,

---

* *Fear*] i. e. frighten.

† *Sorians*] So the 4to.—Here the 8vo has "Syrians"; but elsewhere in this *Sec. Part* of the play it agrees with the 4to in having "*Sorians*," and "*Soria*" (which occurs repeatedly,—the King of *Soria* being one of the characters).—Compare Jonson's *Fox*, act iv. sc. 1;

"whether a ship,
Newly arriv'd from *Soria*, or from
Any suspected part of all the Levant,
Be guilty of the plague," &c.

on which passage Whalley remarks; "The city Tyre, from whence the whole country had its name, was anciently called *Zur* or *Zor*; since the Arabs erected their empire in the East, it has been again called *Sor*, and is at this day known by no other name in those parts. Hence the Italians formed their *Soria*."

‡ *black*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "and *black*."

§ *Egyptians,*
Illyrians, Thracians, and Bithynians] So the 8vo (except that by a misprint it gives "Illicians").—The 4to has,—

"*Egyptians,*
Fred. And we from Europe to the same intent
Illirians, Thracians, and Bithynians";

a line which belongs to a later part of the scene (see next col.) being unaccountably inserted here.

‖ *plage*] i. e. region. So the 8vo.—The 4to "Place."

¶ *viceroy*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Vice-royes."

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* *Boheme*] i. e. Bohemia.

† *Bagdet's*] So the 8vo in act v. sc. 1. Here it has "Badgeths": the 4to "Baieths."

‡ *parle*] So the 8vo.—Here the 4to "parley," but before, repeatedly, "parle."

§ Fred. *And we from Europe, to the same intent*] So the 8vo.—The 4to, which gives this line in an earlier part of the scene (see note §, preceding col.), omits it here.

Our tents are pitch'd, our men stand * in array,
Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.
Orc. So prest † are we: but yet, if Sigismund
Speak as a friend, and stand not upon terms,
Here is his sword; let peace be ratified
On these conditions specified before,
Drawn with advice of our ambassadors.
Sig. Then here I sheathe it, and give thee my hand,
Never to draw it out, or ‡ manage arms
Against thyself or thy confederates,
But, whilst I live, will be at truce with thee.
Orc. But, Sigismund, confirm it with an oath,
And swear in sight of heaven and by thy Christ.
Sig. By Him that made the world and sav'd my soul,
The Son of God and issue of a maid,
Sweet Jesus Christ, I solemnly protest
And vow to keep this peace inviolable!
Orc. By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,
Whose holy Alcoran remains with us,
Whose glorious body, when he left the world,
Clos'd in a coffin mounted up the air,
And hung on stately Mecca's temple-roof,
I swear to keep this truce inviolable!
Of whose conditions § and our solemn oaths,
Sign'd with our hands, each shall retain a scroll,
As memorable witness of our league.
Now, Sigismund, if any Christian king
Encroach upon the confines of thy realm,
Send word, Orcanes of Natolia
Confirm'd || this league beyond Danubius' stream,
And they will, trembling, sound a quick retreat;
So am I fear'd among all nations.
Sig. If any heathen potentate or king
Invade Natolia, Sigismund will send
A hundred thousand horse train'd to the war,
And back'd by ¶ stout lanciers of Germany,
The strength and sinews of the imperial seat.
Orc. I thank thee, Sigismund; but, when I war,
All Asia Minor, Africa, and Greece,
Follow my standard and my thundering drums.
Come, let us go and banquet in our tents:
I will despatch chief of my army hence
To fair Natolia and to Trebizon,
To stay my coming 'gainst proud Tamburlaine:
Friend Sigismund, and peers of Hungary,
Come, banquet and carouse with us a while,
And then depart we to our territories. [*Exeunt.*

* *stand*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "are."
† *prest*] i. e. ready.
‡ *or*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "and."
§ *conditions*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "condition."
|| *Confirm'd*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Confirme."
¶ *by*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "with."

SCENE II.

Enter CALLAPINE, *and* ALMEDA *his keeper.*

Call. Sweet Almeda, pity the ruthful plight
Of Callapine, the son of Bajazeth,
Born to be monarch of the western world,
Yet here detain'd by cruel Tamburlaine.
Alm. My lord, I pity it, and with my heart
Wish your release; but he whose wrath is death,
My sovereign lord, renowmèd * Tamburlaine,
Forbids you further liberty than this.
Call. Ah, were I now but half so eloquent
To paint in words what I 'll perform in deeds,
I know thou wouldst depart from hence with me!
Alm. Not for all Afric: therefore move me not.
Call. Yet hear me speak, my gentle Almeda.
Alm. No speech to that end, by your favour, sir.
Call. By Cairo † runs—
Alm. No talk of running, I tell you, sir.
Call. A little further, gentle Almeda.
Alm. Well, sir, what of this?
Call. By Cairo runs to Alexandria-bay
Darotes' stream ‡, wherein at § anchor lies
A Turkish galley of my royal fleet,
Waiting my coming to the river-side,
Hoping by some means I shall be releas'd;
Which, when I come aboard, will hoist up sail,
And soon put forth into the Terrene || sea,
Where, ¶ 'twixt the isles of Cyprus and of Crete,
We quickly may in Turkish seas arrive.
Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more,
Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home.
Amongst so many crowns of burnish'd gold,
Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command:
A thousand galleys, mann'd with Christian slaves,
I freely give thee, which shall cut the Straits,
And bring armadoes, from ** the coasts of Spain,

* *renowmèd*] See note ||, p. 11. (Here the old eds. agree.)
† *Cairo*] Old eds. "Cario." See note ¶, p. 43.
‡ *stream*] Old eds. "streames."
§ *at*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "an."
|| *Terrene*] i. e. Mediterranean.
¶ *Where*] Altered by the modern editors to "Whence,"—an alteration made by one of them also in a speech at p. 48, sec. col., which may be compared with the present one,—

"Therefore I took my course to Manico,
Where, unresisted, I remov'd my camp;
And, by the coast," &c.

** *from*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "to."

Fraughted with gold of rich America:
The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
Skilful in music and in amorous lays,
As fair as was Pygmalion's ivory gir'
Or lovely Iö metamorphosèd:
With naked negroes shall thy coach be drawn,
And, as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets,
The pavement underneath thy chariot-wheels
With Turkey-carpets shall be coverèd,
And cloth of arras hung about the walls,
Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce:
A hundred bassoes, cloth'd in crimson silk,
Shall ride before thee on Barbarian steeds;
And, when thou goest, a golden canopy
Enchas'd with precious stones, which shine as bright
As that fair veil that covers all the world,
When Phœbus, leaping from his hemisphere,
Descendeth downward to th' Antipodes:—
And more than this, for all I cannot tell.

Alm. How far hence lies the galley, say you?

Call. Sweet Almeda, scarce half a league from hence.

Alm. But need * we not be spied going aboard?

Call. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill,
And crookèd bending of a craggy rock,
The sails wrapt up, the mast and tacklings down,
She lies so close that none can find her out.

Alm. I like that well: but, tell me, my lord, if I should let you go, would you be as good as your word? shall I be made a king for my labour?

Call. As I am Callapine the emperor,
And by the hand of Mahomet I swear,
Thou shalt be crown'd a king, and be my mate!

Alm. Then here I swear, as I am Almeda,
Your keeper under Tamburlaine the Great,
(For that's the style and title I have yet,)
Although he sent a thousand armèd men
To intercept this haughty enterprize,
Yet would I venture to conduct your grace,
And die before I brought you back again!

Call. Thanks, gentle Almeda: then let us haste,
Lest time be past, and lingering let † us both.

Alm. When you will, my lord: I am ready.

Call. Even straight:—and farewell, cursèd Tamburlaine!
Now go I to revenge my father's death.

[*Exeunt.*

* *need*] i. e. must.
† *let*] i. e. hinder.

SCENE III.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, ZENOCRATE, *and their three sons,* CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, *and* CELEBINUS, *with drums and trumpets.*

Tamb. Now, bright Zenocrate, the world's fair eye,
Whose beams illuminate the lamps of heaven,
Whose cheerful looks do clear the cloudy air,
And clothe it in a crystal livery,
Now rest thee here on fair Larissa-plains,
Where Egypt and the Turkish empire part
Between thy sons, that shall be emperors,
And every one commander of a world.

Zeno. Sweet Tamburlaine, when wilt thou leave these arms,
And save thy sacred person free from scathe,
And dangerous chances of the wrathful war?

Tamb. When heaven shall cease to move on both the poles,
And when the ground, whereon my soldiers march,
Shall rise aloft and touch the hornèd moon;
And not before, my sweet Zenocrate.
Sit up, and rest thee like a lovely queen.
So; now she sits in pomp and majesty,
When these, my sons, more precious in mine eyes
Than all the wealthy kingdoms I subdu'd,
Plac'd by her side, look on their mother's face.
But yet methinks their looks are amorous,
Not martial as the sons of Tamburlaine:
Water and air, being symboliz'd in one,
Argue their want of courage and of wit;
Their hair as white as milk, and soft as down,
(Which should be like the quills of porcupines,
As black as jet, and hard as iron or steel,)
Bewrays they are too dainty for the wars;
Their fingers made to quaver on a lute,
Their arms to hang about a lady's neck,
Their legs to dance and caper in the air,
Would make me think them bastards, not my sons,
But that I know they issu'd from thy womb,
That never look'd on man but Tamburlaine.

Zeno. My gracious lord, they have their mother's looks,
But, when they list, their conquering father's heart.
This lovely boy, the youngest of the three,
Not long ago bestrid a Scythian steed,
Trotting the ring, and tilting at a glove,
Which when he tainted * with his slender rod,

* *tainted*] i. e. touched, struck lightly; see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

He rein'd him straight, and made him so curvet
As I cried out for fear he should have faln.
Tamb. Well done, my boy! thou shalt have shield and lance,
Armour of proof, horse, helm, and curtle-axe,
And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,
And harmless run among the deadly pikes.
If thou wilt love the wars and follow me,
Thou shalt be made a king and reign with me,
Keeping in iron cages emperors.
If thou exceed thy elder brothers' worth,
And shine in complete virtue more than they,
Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed
Shall issue crownèd from their mother's womb.
Cel. Yes, father; you shall see me, if I live,
Have under me as many kings as you,
And march with such a multitude of men
As all the world shall * tremble at their view.
Tamb. These words assure me, boy, thou art my son.
When I am old and cannot manage arms,
Be thou the scourge and terror of the world.
Amy. Why may not I, my lord, as well as he,
Be term'd the scourge and terror of † the world?
Tamb. Be all a scourge and terror to ‡ the world,
Or else you are not sons of Tamburlaine.
Caly. But, while my brothers follow arms, my lord,
Let me accompany my gracious mother:
They are enough to conquer all the world,
And you have won enough for me to keep.
Tamb. Bastardly boy, sprung § from some coward's loins,
And not the issue of great Tamburlaine!
Of all the provinces I have subdu'd
Thou shalt not have a foot, unless thou bear
A mind courageous and invincible;
For he shall wear the crown of Persia
Whose head hath deepest scars, whose breast most wounds,
Which, being wroth, sends lightning from his eyes,
And in the furrows of his frowning brows
Harbours revenge, war, death, and cruelty;
For in a field, whose superficies ‖
Is cover'd with a liquid purple veil,
And sprinkled with the brains of slaughter'd men,
My royal chair of state shall be advanc'd;
And he that means to place himself therein,
Must armèd wade up to the chin in blood.
Zeno. My lord, such speeches to our princely sons
Dismay their minds before they come to prove
The wounding troubles angry war affords.
Cel. No, madam, these are speeches fit for us;
For, if his chair were in a sea of blood,
I would prepare a ship and sail to it,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.
Amy. And I would strive to swim through * pools of blood,
Or make a bridge of murder'd carcasses,†
Whose arches should be fram'd with bones of Turks,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.
Tamb. Well, lovely boys, ye shall be emperors both,
Stretching your conquering arms from east to west:—
And, sirrah, if you mean to wear a crown,
When we ‡ shall meet the Turkish deputy
And all his viceroys, snatch it from his head,
And cleave his pericranion with thy sword.
Caly. If any man will hold him, I will strike,
And cleave him to the channel § with my sword.
Tamb. Hold him, and cleave him too, or I'll cleave thee;
For we will march against them presently.
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
Promis'd to meet me on Larissa-plains,
With hosts a-piece against this Turkish crew;
For I have sworn by sacred Mahomet
To make it parcel of my empery.
The trumpets sound; Zenocrate, they come.

Enter THERIDAMAS, *and his train, with drums and trumpets.*

Welcome, Theridamas, king of Argier.
Ther. My lord, the great and mighty Tamburlaine,
Arch-monarch of the world, I offer here
My crown, myself, and all the power I have,
In all affection at thy kingly feet.
Tamb. Thanks, good Theridamas.

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* *shall*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "should."
† *of*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "to."
‡ *to*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "of."
§ *sprung*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "sprong".—See note‡, d. 14.
‖ *superficies*] Old eds. "superfluities." — (In act iii. sc. 4, we have,

"the concave *superficies*
Of Jove's vast palace.")

* *through*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "thorow."
† *carcasses*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "carkasse."
‡ *we*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "yon (you)."
§ *channel*] i. e. collar, neck,—collar-bone.

Ther. Under my colours march ten thousand Greeks,
And of Argier and Afric's frontier towns
Twice twenty thousand valiant men-at-arms;
All which have sworn to sack Natolia.
Five hundred brigandines are under sail,
Meet for your service on the sea, my lord,
That, launching from Argier to Tripoly,
Will quickly ride before Natolia,
And batter down the castles on the shore.

Tamb. Well said, Argier! receive thy crown again.

Enter USUMCASANE *and* TECHELLES.

Kings of Morocco* and of Fez, welcome.

Usum. Magnificent and peerless Tamburlaine,
I and my neighbour king of Fez have brought,
To aid thee in this Turkish expedition,
A hundred thousand expert soldiers;
From Azamor to Tunis near the sea
Is Barbary unpeopled for thy sake,
And all the men in armour under me,
Which with my crown I gladly offer thee.

Tamb. Thanks, king of Morocco: take your crown again.

Tech. And, mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly [god,
Whose looks make this inferior world to quake,
I here present thee with the crown of Fez,
And with an host of Moors train'd to the war,†
Whose coal-black faces make their foes retire,
And quake for fear, as if infernal‡ Jove,
Meaning to aid thee§ in these‖ Turkish arms,
Should pierce the black circumference of hell,
With ugly Furies bearing fiery flags,
And millions of his strong¶ tormenting spirits:
From strong Tesella unto Biledull
All Barbary is unpeopled for thy sake.

Tamb. Thanks, king of Fez: take here thy crown again.
Your presence, loving friends and fellow-kings,
Makes me to surfeit in conceiving joy:
If all the crystal gates of Jove's high court
Were open'd wide, and I might enter in
To see the state and majesty of heaven,
It could not more delight me than your sight.
Now will we banquet on these plains a while,
And after march to Turkey with our camp,
In number more than are the drops that fall
When Boreas rents a thousand swelling clouds;
And proud Orcanes of Natolia
With all his viceroys shall be so afraid,
That, though the stones, as at Deucalion's flood,
Were turn'd to men, he should be overcome.
Such lavish will I make of Turkish blood,
That Jove shall send his wingèd messenger
To bid me sheathe my sword and leave the field;
The sun, unable to sustain the sight,
Shall hide his head in Thetis' watery lap,
And leave his steeds to fair Böotes'* charge;
For half the world shall perish in this fight.
But now, my friends, let me examine ye;
How have ye spent your absent time from me?

Usum. My lord, our men of Barbary have march'd
Four hundred miles with armour on their backs,
And lain in leaguer† fifteen months and more;
For, since we left you at the Soldan's court,
We have subdu'd the southern Guallatia,
And all the land unto the coast of Spain;
We kept the narrow Strait of Jubaltèr,‡
And made Canaria call us kings and lords:
Yet never did they recreate themselves,
Or cease one day from war and hot alarms;
And therefore let them rest a while, my lord.

Tamb. They shall, Casane, and 'tis time, i'faith.

Tech. And I have march'd along the river Nile
To Machda, where the mighty Christian priest,
Call'd John the Great,§ sits in a milk-white robe,
Whose triple mitre I did take by force,
And made him swear obedience to my crown.
From thence unto Cazates did I march,
Where Amazonians met me in the field,
With whom, being women, I vouchsaf'd a league,
And with my power did march to Zanzibar,
The western part of Afric, where I view'd
The Ethiopian sea, rivers and lakes,
But neither man nor child in all the land:
Therefore I took my course to Manico,
Where,‖ unresisted, I remov'd my camp;
And, by the coast of Byather,¶ at last

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* *Morocco*] The old eds. here, and in the next speech, "Morocus"; but see note ‡, p. 22.

† *war*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "warres."

‡ *if infernal*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*if* the *infernall*."

§ *thee*] Old eds. "them."

‖ *these*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "this."

¶ *strong*] A mistake,—occasioned by the word "*strong*" in the next line.

* *Böotes'*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Boetes."

† *leaguer*] i. e. camp.

‡ *Jubaltèr*] Here the old eds. have "Gibralter"; but in the First Part of this play they have "*Jubaltèr*": see p. 25, first col.

§ *the mighty Christian Priest, Call'd John the Great*] Concerning the fabulous personage, *Prester John*, see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

‖ *Where*] See note ¶, p. 45.

¶ *Byather*] The editor of 1826 printed "Biafar": but it is very doubtful if Marlowe wrote the names of places correctly.

I came to Cubar, where the negroes dwell,
And, conquering that, made haste to Nubia.
There, having sack'd Borno, the kingly seat,
I took the king and led him bound in chains
Unto Damascus,* where I stay'd before.

Tamb. Well done, Techelles!—What saith Theridamas?

Ther. I left the confines and the bounds of Afric,
And made† a voyage into Europe,
Where, by the river Tyras, I subdu'd
Stoka, Podolia, and Codemia;
Then cross'd the sea and came to Oblia,
And Nigra Silva, where the devils dance,
Which, in despite of them, I set on fire.
From thence I cross'd the gulf call'd by the name
Mare Majore of the inhabitants.
Yet shall my soldiers make no period
Until Natolia kneel before your feet.

Tamb. Then will we triumph, banquet and carouse;
Cooks shall have pensions to provide us cates,
And glut us with the dainties of the world;
Lachryma Christi and Calabrian wines
Shall common soldiers drink in quaffing bowls,
Ay, liquid gold, when we have conquer'd him,*
Mingled with coral and with orient† pearl.
Come, let us banquet and carouse the whiles.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter SIGISMUND, FREDERICK, *and* BALDWIN, *with their train.*

Sig. Now say, my lords of Buda and Bohemia,
What motion is it that inflames your thoughts,
And stirs your valours to such sudden arms?

Fred. Your majesty remembers, I am sure,
What cruel slaughter of our Christian bloods
These heathenish Turks and pagans lately made
Betwixt the city Zula and Danubius;
How through the midst of Varna and Bulgaria,
And almost to the very walls of Rome,
They have, not long since, massacred our camp.
It resteth now, then, that your majesty
Take all advantages of time and power,
And work revenge upon these infidels.
Your highness knows, for Tamburlaine's repair,
That strikes a terror to all Turkish hearts,
Natolia hath dismiss'd the greatest part
Of all his army, pitch'd against our power
Betwixt Cutheia and Orminius' mount,
And sent them marching up to Belgasar,
Acantha, Antioch, and Cæsarea,
To aid the kings of Soria‡ and Jerusalem.
Now, then, my lord, advantage take thereof,§
And issue suddenly upon the rest;
That, in the fortune of their overthrow,
We may discourage all the pagan troop
That dare attempt to war with Christians.

Sig. But calls not, then, your grace to memory
The league we lately made with King Orcanes,
Confirm'd by oath and articles of peace,
And calling Christ for record of our truths?
This should be treachery and violence
Against the grace of our profession.

Bald. No whit, my lord; for with such infidels,
In whom no faith nor true religion rests,
We are not bound to those accomplishments
The holy laws of Christendom enjoin;
But, as the faith which they profanely plight
Is not by necessary policy
To be esteem'd assurance for ourselves,
So that we vow‡ to them should not infringe
Our liberty of arms and victory.

Sig. Though I confess the oaths they undertake
Breed little strength to our security,
Yet those infirmities that thus defame
Their faiths,§ their honours, and religion,‖
Should not give us presumption to the like.

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* *Damascus*] Here the old eds. "Damasco." See note *, p. 31.

† *And made*, &c.] A word dropt out from this line.

‡ *Soria*] See note †, p. 44.

§ *thereof*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "heereof."

* *him*] i. e. the king of Natolia.

† *orient*] Old eds. "orientall" and "oriental."—Both in our author's *Faustus* and in his *Jew of Malta* we have "*orient* pearl."

‡ *that we vow*] i. e. that which we vow. So the 8vo.—The 4to "what *we vow*." Neither of the modern editors understanding the passage, they printed "we that *vow*."

§ *faiths*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "fame."

‖ *and religion*] Old eds. "*and* their *religion*."

Our faiths are sound, and must be cònsummate,*
Religious, righteous, and inviolate.
Fred. Assure your grace, 'tis superstition
To stand so strictly on dispensive faith;
And, should we lose the opportunity
That God hath given to venge our Christians' death,
And scourge their foul blasphèmous paganism,
As fell to Saul, to Balaam, and the rest,
That would not kill and curse at God's command,
So surely will the vengeance of the Highest,
And jealous anger of his fearful arm,
Be pour'd with rigour on our sinful heads,
If we neglect this † offer'd victory.
Sig. Then arm, my lords, and issue suddenly,
Giving commandment to our general host,
With expedition to assail the pagan,
And take the victory our God hath given.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ORCANES, GAZELLUS, *and* URIBASSA, *with their train.*

Orc. Gazellus, Uribassa, and the rest,
Now will we march from proud Orminius' mount
To fair Natolia, where our neighbour kings
Expect our power and our royal presence,
T' encounter with the cruel Tamburlaine,
That nigh Larissa sways a mighty host,
And with the thunder of his martial ‡ tools
Makes earthquakes in the hearts of men and heaven.
Gaz. And now come we to make his sinews shake
With greater power than erst his pride hath felt.
An hundred kings, by scores, will bid him arms,
And hundred thousands subjects to each score:
Which, if a shower of wounding thunderbolts
Should break out of the bowels of the clouds,
And fall as thick as hail upon our heads,
In partial aid of that proud Scythian,
Yet should our courages and steelèd crests,
And numbers, more than infinite, of men,
Be able to withstand and conquer him.
Uri. Methinks I see how glad the Christian king
Is made for joy of our* admitted truce,
That could not but before be terrified
With† unacquainted power of our host.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Arm, dread sovereign, and my noble lords!
The treacherous army of the Christians,
Taking advantage of your slender power,
Comes marching on us, and determines straight
To bid us battle for our dearest lives.
Orc. Traitors, villains, damnèd Christians!
Have I not here the articles of peace
And solemn covenants we have both confirm'd,
He by his Christ, and I by Mahomet?
Gaz. Hell and confusion light upon their heads,
That with such treason seek our overthrow,
And care so little for their prophet Christ!
Orc. Can there be such deceit in Christians,
Or treason in the fleshly heart of man,
Whose shape is figure of the highest God?
Then, if there be a Christ, as Christians say,
But in their deeds deny him for their Christ,
If he be son to everliving Jove,
And hath the power of his outstretchèd arm,
If he be jealous of his name and honour
As is our holy prophet Mahomet,
Take here these papers as our sacrifice
And witness of thy servant's ‡ perjury!
[*He tears to pieces the articles of peace.*
Open, thou shining veil of Cynthia,
And make a passage from th' empyreal heaven,
That he that sits on high and never sleeps,
Nor in one place is circumscriptible,
But every where fills every continent
With strange infusion of his sacred vigour,
May, in his endless power and purity,
Behold and venge this traitor's perjury!
Thou, Christ, that art esteem'd omnipotent,
If thou wilt prove thyself a perfect God,
Worthy the worship of all faithful hearts,
Be now reveng'd upon this traitor's soul,
And make the power I have left behind
(Too little to defend our guiltless lives)
Sufficient to discomfit§ and confound

* *cònsummate*] Old eds. "consinuate." The modern editors print "continuate," a word which occurs in Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, act i. sc. 1., but which the metre determines to be inadmissible in the present passage.—The Revd. J. Mitford proposes "continent," in the sense of—restraining from violence.

† *this*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."

‡ *martial*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "materiall."

* *our*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "your."

† *With*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Which."

‡ *thy servant's*] He means Sigismund. So a few lines after, "this traitor's perjury."

§ *discomfit*] Old eds. "discomfort." (Compare the first line of the next scene.)

The trustless force of those false Christians!—
To arms, my lords! * on Christ still let us cry:
If there be Christ, we shall have victory.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alarms of battle within. Enter SIGISMUND *wounded.*

Sig. Discomfited is all the Christian† host,
And God hath thunder'd vengeance from on high,
For my accurs'd and hateful perjury.
O just and dreadful punisher of sin,
Let the dishonour of the pains I feel
In this my mortal well-deservèd wound
End all my penance in my sudden death!
And let this death, wherein to sin I die,
Conceive a second life in endless mercy! [*Dies.*

Enter ORCANES, GAZELLUS, URIBASSA, *with others.*

Orc. Now lie the Christians bathing in their bloods,
And Christ or Mahomet hath been my friend.

Gaz. See, here the perjur'd traitor Hungary,
Bloody and breathless for his villany!

Orc. Now shall his barbarous body be a prey
To beasts and fowls, and all the winds shall breathe,
Through shady leaves of every senseless tree,
Murmurs and hisses for his heinous sin.
Now scalds his soul in the Tartarian streams,
And feeds upon the baneful tree of hell,
That Zoacum,‡ that fruit of bitterness,
That in the midst of fire is ingraff'd,
Yet flourisheth, as Flora in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damnèd fiends.
The devils there, in chains of quenchless flame,
Shall lead his soul, through Orcus' burning gulf,
From pain to pain, whose change shall never end.
What say'st thou yet, Gazellus, to his foil,
Which we referr'd to justice of his Christ
And to his power, which here appears as full
As rays of Cynthia to the clearest sight?

Gaz. 'Tis but the fortune of the wars, my lord,
Whose power is often prov'd a miracle.

Orc. Yet in my thoughts shall Christ be honourèd,
Not doing Mahomet an* injury,
Whose power had share in this our victory;
And, since this miscreant hath disgrac'd his faith,
And died a traitor both to heaven and earth,
We will both watch and ward shall keep his trunk†
Amidst these plains for fowls to prey upon.
Go, Uribassa, give‡ it straight in charge.

Uri. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Orc. And now, Gazellus, let us haste and meet
Our army, and our brother[s] of Jerusalem,
Of Soria,§ Trebizon, and Amasia,
And happily, with full Natolian bowls
Of Greekish wine, now let us celebrate
Our happy conquest and his angry fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The arras is drawn, and ZENOCRATE *is discovered lying in her bed of state;* TAMBURLAINE *sitting by her; three* Physicians *about her bed, tempering potions; her three sons,* CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, *and* CELEBINUS; THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, *and* USUMCASANE.

Tamb. Black is the beauty of the brightest day;
The golden ball of heaven's eternal fire,
That danc'd with glory on the silver waves,
Now wants the fuel that inflam'd his beams;
And all with faintness, and for foul disgrace,
He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
Ready to darken earth with endless night.
Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,
Whose eyes shot fire from their‖ ivory brows,¶
And temper'd every soul with lively heat,
Now by the malice of the angry skies,
Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,
All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.
Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,
As sentinels to warn th' immortal souls
To entertain divine Zenocrate:
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
That gently look'd upon this** loathsome earth,

* *lords*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "lord."
† *Christian*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Christians."
‡ *Zoacum*] "Or *Zakkùm*.—The description of this tree is taken from a fable in the Koran, chap. 37." *Ed.* 1826.

* *an*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "any."
† *We will both watch and ward shall keep his trunk*] i. e. We will that both watch, &c. So the 4to.—The 8vo has "and *keepe*."
‡ *Uribassa, give*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*Vribassa*, and *giue*."
§ *Soria*] See note †, p. 44.
‖ *their*] So the 4to.—Not in the 8vo.
¶ *brows*] Old eds. "bowers."
** *this*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."

Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heavens
To entertain divine Zenocrate:
The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates
Refinèd eyes with an eternal sight,
Like trièd silver run through Paradise
To entertain divine Zenocrate:
The cherubins and holy seraphins,
That sing and play before the King of Kings,
Use all their voices and their instruments
To entertain divine Zenocrate;
And, in this sweet and curious harmony,
The god that tunes this music to our souls
Holds out his hand in highest majesty
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts
Up to the palace of th' empyreal heaven,
That this my life may be as short to me
As are the days of sweet Zenocrate.—
Physicians, will no* physic do her good?

First Phys. My lord, your majesty shall soon perceive,
An if she pass this fit, the worst is past.

Tamb. Tell me, how fares my fair Zenocrate?

Zeno. I fare, my lord, as other empresses,
That, when this frail and† transitory flesh
Hath suck'd the measure of that vital air
That feeds the body with his dated health,
Wane with enforc'd and necessary change.

Tamb. May never such a change transform my love,
In whose sweet being I repose my life!
Whose heavenly presence, beautified with health,
Gives light to Phœbus and the fixèd stars;
Whose absence makes‡ the sun and moon as dark
As when, oppos'd in one diameter,
Their spheres are mounted on the serpent's head,
Or else descended to his winding train.
Live still, my love, and so conserve my life,
Or, dying, be the author§ of my death.

Zeno. Live still, my lord; O, let my sovereign live!
And sooner let the fiery element
Dissolve, and make your kingdom in the sky,
Than this base earth should shroud your majesty;
For, should I but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happiness,
And hope to meet your highness in the heavens,
Turn'd to despair, would break my wretched breast,
And fury would confound my present rest.
But let me die, my love; yes,* let me die;
With love and patience let your true love die:
Your grief and fury hurts my second life.
Yet let me kiss my lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my lord.
But, since my life is lengthen'd yet a while,
Let me take leave of these my loving sons,
And of my lords, whose true nobility
Have merited my latest memory.
Sweet sons, farewell! in death resemble me,
And in your lives your father's excellence.†
Some music, and my fit will cease, my lord.

[*They call for music.*

Tamb. Proud fury, and intolerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my love,
And scourge the scourge of the immortal God!
Now are those spheres, where Cupid us'd to sit,
Wounding the world with wonder and with love,
Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death,
Whose darts do pierce the centre of my soul.
Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heaven;
And, had she liv'd before the siege of Troy,
Helen, whose beauty summon'd Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos,
Had not been nam'd in Homer's Iliads,—
Her name had been in every line he wrote;
Or, had those wanton poets, for whose birth
Old Rome was proud, but gaz'd a while on her,
Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had been nam'd,—
Zenocrate had been the argument
Of every epigram or elegy.

[*The music sounds*—ZENOCRATE *dies.*

What, is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword,
And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
And we descend into th' infernal vaults,
To hale the Fatal Sisters by the hair,
And throw them in the triple moat of hell,
For taking hence my fair Zenocrate.
Casane and Theridamas, to arms!
Raise cavalieros‡ higher than the clouds,
And with the cannon break the frame of heaven;
Batter the shining palace of the sun,
And shiver all the starry firmament,
For amorous Jove hath snatch'd my love from hence,
Meaning to make her stately queen of heaven.
What god soever holds thee in his arms,

* *no*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "not."
† *and*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "a."
‡ *makes*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "make."
§ *author*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "anchor."

* *yes*] Old eds. "yet."
† *excellence*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "excellency."
‡ *cavalieros*] i. e. mounds, or elevations of earth, to lodge cannon.

Giving thee nectar and ambrosia,
Behold me here, divine Zenocrate,
Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,
Breaking my steelèd lance, with which I burst
The rusty beams of Janus' temple-doors,
Letting out Death and tyrannizing War,
To march with me under this bloody flag!
And, if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the Great,
Come down from heaven, and live with me again!

Ther. Ah, good my lord, be patient! she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her live.
If words might serve, our voice hath rent the air;
If tears, our eyes have water'd all the earth;
If grief, our murder'd hearts have strain'd forth blood:
Nothing prevails,* for she is dead, my lord.

Tamb. For she is dead! thy words do pierce my soul:
Ah, sweet Theridamas, say so no more!
Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her.
Where'er her soul be, thou [*To the body*] shalt stay with me,
Embalm'd with cassia, ambergris, and myrrh,
Not lapt in lead, but in a sheet of gold,
And, till I die, thou shalt not be interr'd.
Then in as rich a tomb as Mausolus'*
We both will rest, and have one† epitaph
Writ in as many several languages
As I have conquer'd kingdoms with my sword.
This cursèd town will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereft me of my love;
The houses, burnt, will look as if they mourn'd;
And here will I set up her stature,‡
And march about it with my mourning camp,
Drooping and pining for Zenocrate.

[*The arras is drawn.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter the KINGS OF TREBIZON *and* SORIA †, *one bringing a sword and the other a sceptre; next,* ORCANES *king of Natolia, and the* KING OF JERUSALEM *with the imperial crown; after,* CALLAPINE; *and, after him, other* Lords *and* ALMEDA. ORCANES *and the* KING OF JERUSALEM *crown* CALLAPINE, *and the others give him the sceptre.*

Orc. Callapinus Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius, son and successive heir to the late mighty emperor Bajazeth, by the aid of God and his friend Mahomet, Emperor of Natolia, Jerusalem, Trebizon, Soria, Amasia, Thracia, Ilyria, Carmania, and all the hundred and thirty kingdoms late contributory to his mighty father,—long live Callapinus, Emperor of Turkey!

Call. Thrice-worthy kings, of Natolia and the rest,
I will requite your royal gratitudes
With all the benefits my empire yields;
And, were the sinews of th' imperial seat
So knit and strengthen'd as when Bajazeth,
My royal lord and father, fill'd the throne,
Whose cursèd fate‡ hath so dismember'd it,
Then should you see this thief of Scythia,
This proud usurping king of Persia,
Do us such honour and supremacy,
Bearing the vengeance of our father's wrongs,
As all the world should blot his§ dignities
Out of the book of base-born infamies.
And now I doubt not but your royal cares
Have so provided for this cursèd foe,
That, since the heir of mighty Bajazeth
(An emperor so honour'd for his virtues)
Revives the spirits of all‖ true Turkish hearts,
In grievous memory of his father's shame,
We shall not need to nourish any doubt,
But that proud Fortune, who hath follow'd long
The martial sword of mighty Tamburlaine,
Will now retain her old inconstancy,
And raise our honours¶ to as high a pitch,
In this our strong and fortunate encounter;
For so hath heaven provided my escape
From all the cruelty my soul sustain'd,
By this my friendly keeper's happy means,
That Jove, surcharg'd with pity of our wrongs,

* *prevails*] i.e. avails.
† *Soria*] See note †, p. 44.
‡ *fate*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "fates."

* *Mausolus'*] Wrong quantity.
† *one*] So the 8vo ("*on*").—The 4to "our."
‡ *stature*] See note §, p. 27.—So the 8vo.—The 4to "statue." Here the metre would be assisted by reading "statua," which is frequently found in our early writers: see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 186.
§ *his*] Old eds. "our."
‖ *all*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.
¶ *honours*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "honour."

Will pour it down in showers on our heads,
Scourging the pride of cursèd Tamburlaine.
Orc. I have a hundred thousand men in arms;
Some that, in conquest* of the perjur'd Christian,
Being a handful to a mighty host,
Think them in number yet sufficient
To drink the river Nile or Euphrates,
And for their power enow to win the world.
K. of Jer. And I as many from Jerusalem,
Judæa,† Gaza, and Sclavonia's‡ bounds,
That on mount Sinai, with their ensigns spread,
Look like the parti-colour'd clouds of heaven
That shew fair weather to the neighbour morn.
K. of Treb. And I as many bring from Trebizon,
Chio, Famastro, and Amasia,
All bordering on the Mare-Major-sea,
Riso, Sancina, and the bordering towns
That touch the end of famous Euphrates,
Whose courages are kindled with the flames
The cursèd Scythian sets on all their towns,
And vow to burn the villain's cruel heart.
K. of Sor. From Soria§ with seventy thousand strong,
Ta'en from Aleppo, Soldino, Tripoly,
And so unto my city of Damascus,‖
I march to meet and aid my neighbour kings;
All which will join against this Tamburlaine,
And bring him captive to your highness' feet.
Orc. Our battle, then, in martial manner pitch'd,
According to our ancient use, shall bear
The figure of the semicircled moon,
Whose horns shall sprinkle through the tainted air
The poison'd brains of this proud Scythian.
Call. Well, then, my noble lords, for this my friend
That freed me from the bondage of my foe,
I think it requisite and honourable
To keep my promise and to make him king,
That is a gentleman, I know, at least.
Alm. That's no matter,¶ sir, for being a king; or Tamburlaine came up of nothing.
K. of Jer. Your majesty may choose some 'pointed time,
Performing all your promise to the full;
'Tis naught for your majesty to give a kingdom.

* *in conquest*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*in* the *conquest*."
† *Judæa*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Juda."
‡ *Sclavonia's*] Old eds. "Scalonians" and "Sclauonians."
§ *Soria*] See note †, p. 44.
‖ *Damascus*] Here the old eds. "Damasco." See note *, p. 31.
¶ *That's no matter*, &c.] So previously (p. 46, first col.) Almeda speaks in prose, "I like that well," &c.

Call. Then will I shortly keep my promise, Almeda.
Alm. Why, I thank your majesty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter TAMBURLAINE *and his three sons*, CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, *and* CELEBINUS; USUMCASANE; *four* Attendants *bearing the hearse of* ZENOCRATE, *and the drums sounding a doleful march; the town burning.*

Tamb. So burn the turrets of this cursèd town,
Flame to the highest region of the air,
And kindle heaps of exhalations,
That, being fiery meteors, may presage
Death and destruction to the inhabitants!
Over my zenith hang a blazing star,
That may endure till heaven be dissolv'd,
Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,
Threatening a dearth* and famine to this land!
Flying dragons, lightning, fearful thunder-claps,
Singe these fair plains, and make them seem as black
As is the island where the Furies mask,
Compass'd with Lethe, Styx, and Phlegethon,
Because my dear Zenocrate is dead!
Caly. This pillar, plac'd in memory of her,
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, is writ,
This town, being burnt by Tamburlaine the Great,
Forbids the world to build it up again.
Amy. And here this mournful streamer shall be plac'd,
Wrought with the Persian and th'† Egyptian arms,
To signify she was a princess born,
And wife unto the monarch of the East.
Cel. And here this table as a register
Of all her virtues and perfections.
Tamb. And here the picture of Zenocrate,
To shew her beauty which the world admir'd;
Sweet picture of divine Zenocrate,
That, hanging here, will draw the gods from heaven,
And cause the stars fix'd in the southern arc,
(Whose lovely faces never any view'd
That have not pass'd the centre's latitude,)
As pilgrims travel to our hemisphere,
Only to gaze upon Zenocrate.
Thou shalt not beautify Larissa-plains,
But keep within the circle of mine arms:

* *dearth*] Old eds. "death."
† *th'*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

At every town and castle I besiege,
Thou shalt be set upon my royal tent;
And, when I meet an army in the field,
Those* looks will shed such influence in my camp,
As if Bellona, goddess of the war,
Threw naked swords and sulphur-balls of fire
Upon the heads of all our enemies.—
And now, my lords, advance your spears again;
Sorrow no more, my sweet Casane, now:
Boys, leave to mourn; this town shall ever mourn,
Being burnt to cinders for your mother's death.
Caly. If I had wept a sea of tears for her,
would not ease the sorrows† I sustain.
Amy. As is that town, so is my heart consum'd
With grief and sorrow for my mother's death.
Cel. My mother's death hath mortified my mind,
And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.
Tamb. But now, my boys, leave off, and list to me,
That mean to teach you rudiments of war.
I'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,
March in your armour thorough watery fens,
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and thirst,‡ right adjuncts of the war;
And, after this, to scale a castle-wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
And make whole cities caper in the air:
Then next, the way to fortify your men;
In champion§ grounds what figure serves you best,
For which‖ the quinque-angle form is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat
Whereas¶ the fort may fittest be assail'd,
And sharpest where th' assault is desperate:
The ditches must be deep; the** counterscarps
Narrow and steep; the walls made high and broad;
The bulwarks and the rampires large and strong,
With cavalieros†† and thick counterforts,
And room within to lodge six thousand men;
It must have privy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch;
It must have high argins‡‡ and cover'd ways
To keep the bulwark-fronts from battery,
And parapets to hide the musketeers,
Casemates to place the great* artillery,
And store of ordnance, that from every flank
May scour the outward curtains of the fort,
Dismount the cannon of the adverse part,
Murder the foe, and save the† walls from breach.
When this is learn'd for service on the land,
By plain and easy demonstration
I'll teach you how to make the wafer mount,
That you may dry-foot march through lakes and pools,
Deep rivers, havens, creeks, and little seas,
And make a fortress in the raging waves,
Fenc'd with the concave of a monstrous rock,
Invincible by nature‡ of the place.
When this is done, then are ye soldiers,
And worthy sons of Tamburlaine the Great.
Caly. My lord, but this is dangerous to be done;
We may be slain or wounded ere we learn.
Tamb. Villain, art thou the son of Tamburlaine,
And fear'st to die, or with a§ curtle-axe
To hew thy flesh, and make a gaping wound?
Hast thou beheld a peal of ordnance strike
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,‖
Whose shatter'd limbs, being toss'd as high as heaven,
Hang in the air as thick as sunny motes,
And canst thou, coward, stand in fear of death?
Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,
Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hands,
Dying their lances with their streaming blood,
And yet at night carouse within my tent,
Filling their empty veins with airy wine,
That, being concocted, turns to crimson blood,
And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds?
View me, thy father, that hath conquer'd kings,
And, with his¶ host, march'd** round about the earth,
Quite void of scars and clear from any wound,
That by the wars lost not a drop†† of blood,
And see him lance‡‡ his flesh to teach you all.
[*He cuts his arm.*
A wound is nothing, be it ne'er so deep;

* *Those*] Old eds. "Whose."
† *sorrows*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "sorrow."
‡ *thirst*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "colde."
§ *champion*] i.e. champaign.
‖ *which*] Old eds. "with."
¶ *Whereas*] i.e. Where.
** *the*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "and."
†† *cavalieros*] See note ‡, p. 52.
‡‡ *argins*] "*Argine*, Ital. An embankment, a rampart." *Ed.*, 1826.

* *great*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "greatst."
† *the*] Old eds. "their."
‡ *by nature*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*by* the *nature*."
§ *a*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "the."
‖ *A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse*] Qy. "foot" instead of "*shot*"? (but the "*ring of pikes*" is "foot").—The Revd. J. Mitford proposes to read, "*A ring of pikes* and horse, mangled *with shot*."
¶ *his*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "this."
** *march'd*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "martch."
†† *drop*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "dram."
‡‡ *lance*] So the 4to.—Here the 8vo "lanch": but afterwards more than once it has "lance."

Blood is the god of war's rich livery.
Now look I like a soldier, and this wound
As great a grace and majesty to me,
As if a chair of gold enamellèd,
Enchas'd with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,
And fairest pearl of wealthy India,
Were mounted here under a canopy,
And I sat down, cloth'd with a massy robe
That late adorn'd the Afric potentate,
Whom I brought bound unto Damascus' walls.
Come, boys, and with your fingers search my wound,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now, my boys, what think ye of a wound?

Caly. I know not* what I should think of it; methinks 'tis a pitiful sight.

Cel. 'Tis† nothing.—Give me a wound, father.

Amy. And me another, my lord.

Tamb. Come, sirrah, give me your arm.

Cel. Here, father, cut it bravely, as you did your own.

Tamb. It shall suffice thou dar'st abide a wound;
My boy, thou shalt not lose a drop of blood
Before we meet the army of the Turk;
But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
Dreadless of blows, of bloody wounds, and death;
And let the burning of Larissa-walls,
My speech of war, and this my wound you see,
Teach you, my boys, to bear courageous minds,
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine.—
Usumcasane, now come, let us march
Towards Techelles and Theridamas,
That we have sent before to fire the towns,
The towers and cities of these hateful Turks,
And hunt that coward faint-heart runaway,
With that accursèd‡ traitor Almeda,
Till fire and sword have found them at a bay.

Usum. I long to pierce his§ bowels with my sword,
That hath betray'd my gracious sovereign,—
That curs'd and damnèd traitor Almeda.

Tamb. Then let us see if coward Callapine
Dare levy arms against our puissance,
That we may tread upon his captive neck,
And treble all his father's slaveries. [*Exeunt.*

* *I know not*, &c.] This and the next four speeches are evidently prose, as are several other portions of the play.
† *'Tis*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "This."
‡ *accursèd*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "cursed."
§ *his*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "the."

SCENE III.

Enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, *and their train.*

Ther. Thus have we march'd northward from Tamburlaine,
Unto the frontier point* of Soria;†
And this is Balsera, their chiefest hold,
Wherein is all the treasure of the land.

Tech. Then let us bring our light artillery,
Minions, falc'nets, and sakers,‡ to the trench,
Filling the ditches with the walls' wide breach,
And enter in to seize upon the hold §.—
How say you, soldiers, shall we not?

Soldiers. Yes, my lord, yes; come, let's about it.

Ther. But stay a while; summon a parle, drum.
It may be they will yield it quietly,‖
Knowing two kings, the friends ¶ to Tamburlaine,
Stand at the walls with such a mighty power.

[*A parley sounded.*—Captain *appears on the walls, with* OLYMPIA *his wife, and his* son.

Capt. What require you, my masters?

Ther. Captain, that thou yield up thy hold to us.

Capt. To you! why, do you** think me weary of it?

Tech. Nay, captain, thou art weary of thy life,
If thou withstand the friends of Tamburlaine.

Ther. These pioners†† of Argier in Africa,
Even in‡‡ the cannon's face, shall raise a hill
Of earth and faggots higher than thy fort,
And, over thy argins §§ and cover'd ways,
Shall play upon the bulwarks of thy hold
Volleys of ordnance, till the breach be made
That with his ruin fills up all the trench;
And, when we enter in, not heaven itself
Shall ransom thee, thy wife, and family.

Tech. Captain, these Moors shall cut the leaden pipes
That bring fresh water to thy men and thee,
And lie in trench before thy castle-walls,
That no supply of victual shall come in,
Nor [any] issue forth but they shall die;
And, therefore, captain, yield it quietly. ‖‖

* *point*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "port."
† *Soria*] See note †, p. 44.
‡ *Minions, falc'nets, and sakers*] "All small pieces of ordnance." *Ed.* 1826.
§ *hold*] Old eds. "gold" and "golde."
‖ *quietly*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "quickely."
¶ *friends*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "friend."
** *you*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "thou."
†† *pioners*] See note ‖, p. 20.
‡‡ *in*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "to."
§§ *argins*] See note ‡, p. 55.
‖‖ *quietly*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "quickely."

Capt. Were you, that are the friends of Tamburlaine,*
Brothers of† holy Mahomet himself,
I would not yield it; therefore do your worst:
Raise mounts, batter, intrench, and undermine,
Cut off the water, all convoys that can,‡
Yet I am § resolute: and so, farewell.

[Captain, OLYMPIA, *and* son, *retire from the walls.*

Ther. Pioners, away! and where I stuck the stake,
Intrench with those dimensions I prescrib'd;
Cast up the earth towards the castle-wall,
Which, till it may defend you, labour low,
And few or none shall perish by their shot.

Pioners. We will, my lord. [*Exeunt* Pioners.

Tech. A hundred horse shall scout about the plains,
To spy what force comes to relieve the hold.
Both we, Theridamas, will intrench our men,
And with the Jacob's staff measure the height
And distance of the castle from the trench,
That we may know if our artillery
Will carry full point-blank unto their walls.

Ther. Then see the bringing of our ordnance
Along the trench into ‖ the battery,
Where we will have gallions of six foot broad,
To save our cannoneers from musket-shot;
Betwixt which shall our ordnance thunder forth,
And with the breach's fall, smoke, fire, and dust,
The crack, the echo, and the soldiers' cry,
Make deaf the air and dim the crystal sky.

Tech. Trumpets and drums, alarum presently!
And, soldiers, play the men; the hold¶ is yours!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarms within. *Enter the* Captain, *with* OLYMPIA, *and his* Son.

Olym. Come, good my lord, and let us haste from hence,
Along the cave that leads beyond the foe:
No hope is left to save this conquer'd hold.

Capt. A deadly bullet, gliding through my side,
Lies heavy on my heart; I cannot live:
I feel my liver pierc'd, and all my veins,
That there begin and nourish every part,
Mangled and torn, and all my entrails bath'd
In blood that straineth* from their orifex.
Farewell, sweet wife! sweet son, farewell! I die.

Dies.

Olym. Death, whither art thou gone, that both we live?
Come back again, sweet Death, and strike us both!
One minute and our days, and one sepùlchre
Contain our bodies! Death, why com'st thou not
Well, this must be the messenger for thee:

[*Drawing a dagger.*

Now, ugly Death, stretch out thy sable wings,
And carry both our souls where his remains.—
Tell me, sweet boy, art thou content to die?
These barbarous Scythians, full of cruelty,
And Moors, in whom was never pity found,
Will hew us piecemeal, put us to the wheel,
Or else invent some torture worse than that;
Therefore die by thy loving mother's hand,
Who gently now will lance thy ivory throat,
And quickly rid thee both of pain and life.

Son. Mother, despatch me, or I'll kill myself;
For think you I can live and see him dead?
Give me your knife, good mother, or strike home:†
The Scythians shall not tyrannize on me:
Sweet mother, strike, that I may meet my father.

[*She stabs him, and he dies.*

Olym. Ah, sacred Mahomet, if this be sin,
Entreat a pardon of the God of heaven,
And purge my soul before it come to thee!

[*She burns the bodies of her* husband *and* son, *and then attempts to kill herself.*

Enter THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, *and all their train.*

Ther. How now, madam! what are you doing?

Olym. Killing myself, as I have done my son,
Whose body, with his father's, I have burnt,
Lest cruel Scythians should dismember him.

Tech. 'Twas bravely done, and like a soldier's wife.
Thou shalt with us to Tamburlaine the Great,
Who, when he hears how resolute thou wert,‡
Will match thee with a viceroy or a king.

Olym. My lord deceas'd was dearer unto me
Than any viceroy, king, or emperor;
And for his sake here will I end my days.

Ther. But, lady, go with us to Tamburlaine,
And thou shalt see a man greater than Mahomet,

---

* *Were you, that are the friends of Tamburlaine*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*Were* all *you that are friends of Tamburlaine.*"

† *of*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "to."

‡ *all convoys that can*] i.e. (I believe) all convoys (conveyances) that can be cut off. The modern editors alter "*can*" to "come."

§ *I am*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "am I."

‖ *into*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "vnto."

¶ *hold*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "holds."

* *straineth*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "staineth."

† *home*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "haue."

‡ *wert*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "art."

In whose high looks is much more majesty,
Than from the concave superficies
Of Jove's vast palace, the empyreal orb,
Unto the shining bower where Cynthia sits,
Like lovely Thetis, in a crystal robe;
That treadeth Fortune underneath his feet,
And makes the mighty god of arms his slave;
On whom Death and the Fatal Sisters wait
With naked swords and scarlet liveries;
Before whom, mounted on a lion's back,
Rhamnusia bears a helmet full of blood,
And strows the way with brains of slaughter'd men;
By whose proud side the ugly Furies run,
Hearkening when he shall bid them plague the world;
Over whose zenith, cloth'd in windy air,
And eagle's wings join'd* to her feather'd breast,
Fame hovereth, sounding of† her golden trump,
That to the adverse poles of that straight line
Which measureth the glorious frame of heaven
The name of mighty Tamburlaine is spread;
And him, fair lady, shall thy eyes behold.
Come.

Olym. Take pity of a lady's ruthful tears,
That humbly craves upon her knees to stay,
And cast her body in the burning flame
That feeds upon her son's and husband's flesh.

Tech. Madam, sooner shall fire consume us both
Than scorch a face so beautiful as this,
In frame of which Nature hath shew'd more skill
Than when she gave eternal chaos form,
Drawing from it the shining lamps of heaven.

Ther. Madam, I am so far in love with you,
That you must go with us: no remedy.

Olym. Then carry me, I care not, where you will,
And let the end of this my fatal journey
Be likewise end to my accursèd life.

Tech. No, madam, but the‡ beginning of your joy:
Come willingly therefore.

Ther. Soldiers, now let us meet the general,
Who by this time is at Natolia,
Ready to charge the army of the Turk.
The gold and§ silver, and the pearl, ye got,
Rifling this fort, divide in equal shares:
This lady shall have twice so much again
Out of the coffers of our treasury. [*Exeunt.*

* *join'd*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "inioin'd."
† *of*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "in."
the] Added perhaps by a mistake of the transcriber or printer.
§ *and*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."

SCENE V.

Enter CALLAPINE, ORCANES, *the* KINGS OF JERUSALEM, TREBIZON, *and* SORIA, *with their train*, ALMEDA, *and a* Messenger.

Mes. Renowmèd* emperor, mighty† Callapine,
God's great lieutenant over all the world,
Here at Aleppo, with an host of men,
Lies Tamburlaine, this king of Persia,
(In number more than are the‡ quivering leaves
Of Ida's forest, where your highness' hounds
With open cry pursue the wounded stag,)
Who means to girt Natolia's walls with siege,
Fire the town, and over-run the land.

Call. My royal army is as great as his,
That, from the bounds of Phrygia to the sea
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waves,
Covers the hills, the valleys, and the plains.
Viceroys and peers of Turkey, play the men;
Whet all your§ swords to mangle Tamburlaine,
His sons, his captains, and his followers:
By Mahomet, not one of them shall live!
The field wherein this battle shall be fought
For ever term'd|| the Persians' sepulchre,
In memory of this our victory.

Orc. Now he that calls himself the¶ scourge of Jove,
The emperor of the world, and earthly god,
Shall end the warlike progress he intends,
And travel headlong to the lake of hell,
Where legions of devils (knowing he must die
Here in Natolia by your** highness' hands),
All brandishing their†† brands of quenchless fire,
Stretching their monstrous paws, grin with‡‡ their teeth,
And guard the gates to entertain his soul.

Call. Tell me, viceroys, the number of your men,
And what our army royal is esteem'd.

K. of Jer. From Palestina and Jerusalem,
Of Hebrews three score thousand fighting men
Are come, since last we shew'd your§§ majesty.

Orc. So from Arabia Desert, and the bounds
Of that sweet land whose brave metropolis

* *Renowmèd*] See note ||, p. 11. So the 8vo.—The 4to "Renowned."
† *emperor, mighty*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*emperour*, and *mightie*."
‡ *the*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "this."
§ *your*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "our."
|| *term'd*] Old eds. "terme."
¶ *the*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.
** *your*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "our."
†† *brandishing their*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*brandishing* in *their*."
‡‡ *with*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.
§§ *shew'd your*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*shewed* to *your*."

Re-edified the fair Semiramis,
Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,
Since last we number'd to your majesty.

K. of Treb. From Trebizon in Asia the Less,
Naturaliz'd Turks and stout Bithynians
Came to my bands, full fifty thousand more,
(That, fighting, know not what retreat doth mean,
Nor e'er return but with the victory,)
Since last we number'd to your majesty.

K. of Sor. Of Sorians* from Halla is repair'd,†
And neighbour cities of your highness' land,‡
Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,
Since last we number'd to your majesty;
So that the army royal is esteem'd
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.

Call. Then welcome, Tamburlaine, unto thy death!—
Come, puissant viceroys, let us to the field
(The Persians' sepulchre), and sacrifice
Mountains of breathless men to Mahomet,
Who now, with Jove, opens the firmament
To see the slaughter of our enemies.

Enter TAMBURLAINE *with his three* SONS, CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, *and* CELEBINUS; USUMCASANE, *and others.*

Tamb. How now, Casane! see, a knot of kings,
Sitting as if they were a-telling riddles!

Usum. My lord, your presence makes them pale and wan:
Poor souls, they look as if their deaths were near.

Tamb. Why, so he§ is, Casane; I am here:
But yet I'll save their lives, and make them slaves.—
Ye petty kings of Turkey, I am come,
As Hector did into the Grecian camp,
To overdare the pride of Græcia,
And set his warlike person to the view
Of fierce Achilles, rival of his fame:
I do you honour in the simile;
For, if I should, as Hector did Achilles,
(The worthiest knight that ever brandish'd sword,)
Challenge in combat any of you all,
I see how fearfully ye would refuse,
And fly my glove as from a scorpion.

Orc. Now, thou art fearful of thy army's strength,
Thou wouldst with overmatch of person fight:
But, shepherd's issue, base-born Tamburlaine,
Think of thy end; this sword shall lance thy throat.

Tamb. Villain, the shepherd's issue (at whose birth
Heaven did afford a gracious aspect,
And join'd those stars that shall be opposite
Even till the dissolution of the world,
And never meant to make a conqueror
So famous as is* mighty Tamburlaine)
Shall so torment thee, and that Callapine,
That, like a roguish runaway, suborn'd
That villain there, that slave, that Turkish dog,
To false his service to his sovereign,
As ye shall curse the birth of Tamburlaine.

Call. Rail not, proud Scythian: I shall now revenge
My father's vile abuses and mine own.

K. of Jer. By Mahomet, he shall be tied in chains,
Rowing with Christians in a brigandine
About the Grecian isles to rob and spoil,
And turn him to his ancient trade again:
Methinks the slave should make a lusty thief.

Call. Nay, when the battle ends, all we will meet,
And sit in council to invent some pain
That most may vex his body and his soul.

Tamb. Sirrah Callapine, I'll hang a clog about your neck for running away again: you shall not trouble me thus to come and fetch you.—
But as for you, viceroy[s], you shall have bits,
And, harness'd† like my horses, draw my coach;
And, when ye stay, be lash'd with whips of wire:
I'll have you learn to feed on‡ provender,
And in a stable lie upon the planks.

Orc. But, Tamburlaine, first thou shalt§ kneel to us,
And humbly crave a pardon for thy life.

K. of Treb. The common soldiers of our mighty host
Shall bring thee bound unto the‖ general's tent.

K. of Sor. And all have jointly sworn thy cruel death,
Or bind thee in eternal torments' wrath.

Tamb. Well, sirs, diet yourselves; you know I shall have occasion shortly to journey you.

Cel. See, father, how Almeda the jailor looks upon us!

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* *Sorians*] See note †, p. 44.
† *repair'd*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "prepar'd."
‡ *And neighbour cities of your highness' land*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.
§ *he*] i.e. Death. So the 8vo.—The 4to "it."

* *is*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."
† *harness'd*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "harnesse."
‡ *on*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "with" (the compositor having caught the word from the preceding line).
§ *thou shalt*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "shalt thou."
‖ *the*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "our."

Tamb. Villain, traitor, damnèd fugitive,
I'll make thee wish the earth had swallow'd thee!
See'st thou not death within my wrathful looks?
Go, villain, cast thee headlong from a rock,
Or rip thy bowels, and rent* out thy heart,
T' appease my wrath; or else I'll torture thee,
Searing thy hateful flesh with burning irons
And drops of scalding lead, while all thy joints
Be rack'd and beat asunder with the wheel;
For, if thou liv'st, not any element
Shall shroud thee from the wrath of Tamburlaine.

Call. Well, in despite of thee, he shall be king.—
Come, Almeda; receive this crown of me:
I here invest thee king of Ariadan,
Bordering on Mare Roso, near to Mecca.

Orc. What! take it, man.

Alm. [*to Tamb.*] Good my lord, let me take it.

Call. Dost thou ask him leave? here; take it.

Tamb. Go to, sirrah![†] take your crown, and make up the half dozen. So, sirrah, now you are a king, you must give arms.[‡]

Orc. So he shall, and wear thy head in his scutcheon.

Tamb. No;[§] let him hang a bunch of keys on his standard, to put him in remembrance he was a jailor, that, when I take him, I may knock out his brains with them, and lock you in the stable, when you shall come sweating from my chariot.

K. of Treb. Away! let us to the field, that the villain may be slain.

Tamb. Sirrah, prepare whips, and bring my chariot to my tent; for, as soon as the battle is done, I'll ride in triumph through the camp.

Enter THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, *and their train.*

How now, ye petty kings? lo, here are bugs*
Will make the hair stand upright on your heads,
And cast your crowns in slavery at their feet!—
Welcome, Theridamas and Techelles, both:
See ye this rout,[†] and know ye this same king?

Ther. Ay, my lord; he was Callapine's keeper.

Tamb. Well, now ye see he is a king. Look to him, Theridamas, when we are fighting, lest he hide his crown as the foolish king of Persia did.[‡]

K. of Sor. No, Tamburlaine; he shall not be put to that exigent, I warrant thee.

Tamb. You know not, sir.—
But now, my followers and my loving friends,
Fight as you ever did, like conquerors,
The glory of this happy day is yours.
My stern aspèct[§] shall make fair Victory,
Hovering betwixt our armies, light on me,
Loaden with laurel-wreaths to crown us all.

Tech. I smile to think how, when this field is fought
And rich Natolia ours, our men shall sweat
With carrying pearl and treasure on their backs.

Tamb. You shall be princes all, immediately.—
Come, fight, ye Turks, or yield us victory.

Orc. No; we will meet thee, slavish Tamburlaine. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Alarms within. AMYRAS *and* CELEBINUS *issue from the tent where* CALYPHAS *sits asleep.*[‖]

Amy. Now in their glories shine the golden crowns
Of these proud Turks, much like so many suns
That half dismay the majesty of heaven.
Now, brother, follow we our father's sword,
That flies with fury swifter than our thoughts,
And cuts down armies with his conquering wings.

Cel. Call forth our lazy brother from the tent,
For, if my father miss him in the field,
Wrath, kindled in the furnace of his breast,
Will send a deadly lightning to his heart.

Amy. Brother, ho! what, given so much to sleep,
You cannot[‖] leave it, when our enemies' drums
And rattling cannons thunder in our ears
Our proper ruin and our father's foil?

Caly. Away, ye fools! my father needs not me,
Nor you, in faith, but that you will be thought
More childish-valourous than manly-wise.

* *and rent*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "or rend."
† *Go to, sirrah*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*Goe sirrha.*"
‡ *give arms*] An heraldic expression, meaning—shew armorial bearings (used, of course, with a quibble).
§ *No*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Go."
‖ *sits asleep*] At the back of the stage, which was supposed to represent the interior of the tent.

* *bugs*] i.e. bugbears, objects to strike you with terror.
† *rout*] i.e. crew, rabble.
‡ *as the foolish king of Persia did*] Seo p. 16, first col.
§ *aspèct*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "aspects."
‖ *You cannot*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Can you not."

If half our camp should sit and sleep with me,
My father were enough to scare* the foe:
You do dishonour to his majesty,
To think our helps will do him any good.

Amy. What, dar'st thou, then, be absent from the fight,
Knowing my father hates thy cowardice,
And oft hath warn'd thee to be still in field,
When he himself amidst the thickest troops
Beats down our foes, to flesh our taintless swords?

Caly. I know, sir, what it is to kill a man;
It works remorse of conscience in me.
I take no pleasure to be murderous,
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.

Cel. O cowardly boy! fie, for shame, come forth!
Thou dost dishonour manhood and thy house.

Caly. Go, go, tall† stripling, fight you for us both,
And take my other toward brother here,
For person like to prove a second Mars.
'Twill please my mind as well to hear, both you‡
Have won a heap of honour in the field,
And left your slender carcasses behind,
As if I lay with you for company.

Amy. You will not go, then?

Caly. You say true.

Amy. Were all the lofty mounts of Zona Mundi
That fill the midst of farthest Tartary
Turn'd into pearl and proffer'd for my stay,
I would not bide the fury of my father,
When, made a victor in these haughty arms,
He comes and finds his sons have had no shares
In all the honours he propos'd for us.

Caly. Take you the honour, I will take my ease;
My wisdom shall excuse my cowardice:
I go into the field before I need!

[*Alarms within.* AMYRAS *and* CELEBINUS *run out.*

The bullets fly at random where they list;
And, should I§ go, and kill a thousand men,
I were as soon rewarded with a shot,
And sooner far than he that never fights;
And, should I go, and do no harm nor good,
I might have harm, which all the good I have,
Join'd with my father's crown, would never cure.
I'll to cards.—Perdicas!

Enter PERDICAS.

Perd. Here, my lord.

Caly. Come, thou and I will go to cards to drive away the time.

Perd. Content, my lord: but what shall we play for?

Caly. Who shall kiss the fairest of the Turks' concubines first, when my father hath conquered them.

Perd. Agreed, i'faith. [*They play.*

Caly. They say I am a coward, Perdicas, and I fear as little their taratantaras, their swords, or their cannons as I do a naked lady in a net of gold, and, for fear I should be afraid, would put it off and come to bed with me.

Perd. Such a fear, my lord, would never make ye retire.

Caly. I would my father would let me be put in the front of such a battle once, to try my valour! [*Alarms within.*] What a coil they keep! I believe there will be some hurt done anon amongst them.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE; AMYRAS *and* CELEBINUS *leading in* ORCANES, *and the* KINGS OF JERUSALEM, TREBIZON, *and* SORIA; *and* Soldiers.

Tamb. See now, ye* slaves, my children stoop your pride,†
And lead your bodies‡ sheep-like to the sword!—
Bring them, my boys, and tell me if the wars
Be not a life that may illustrate gods,
And tickle not your spirits with desire
Still to be train'd in arms and chivalry?

Amy. Shall we let go these kings again, my lord,
To gather greater numbers 'gainst our power,
That they may say, it is not chance doth this,
But matchless strength and magnanimity?

Tamb. No, no, Amyras; tempt not Fortune so:
Cherish thy valour still with fresh supplies,
And glut it not with stale and daunted foes.
But where's this coward villain, not my son,
But traitor to my name and majesty?

[*He goes in and brings* CALYPHAS *out.*

Image of sloth, and picture of a slave,
The obloquy and scorn of my renown!
How may my heart, thus firèd with mine§ eyes,
Wounded with shame and kill'd with discontent,

---

* *scare*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "scarce."
† *tall*] i.e. bold, brave.
‡ *both you*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "you both."
§ *should I*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "I should."

* *ye*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "my."
† *stoop your pride*] i.e. make your pride to stoop.
‡ *bodies*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "glories."
§ *mine*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "my."

Shroud any thought may * hold my striving hands
From martial justice on thy wretched soul?
Ther. Yet pardon him, I pray your majesty.
Tech. and Usum. Let all of us entreat your highness' pardon.
Tamb. Stand up,† ye base, unworthy soldiers!
Know ye not yet the argument of arms?
Amy. Good my lord, let him be forgiven for once,‡
And we will force him to the field hereafter.
Tamb. Stand up, my boys, and I will teach yo arms,
And what the jealousy of wars must do.—
O Samarcanda, where I breathèd first,
And joy'd the fire of this martial § flesh,
Blush, blush, fair city, at thine ‖ honour's foil,
And shame of nature, which ¶ Jaertis'** stream,
Embracing thee with deepest of his love,
Can never wash from thy distainèd brows!—
Here, Jove, receive his fainting soul again;
A form not meet to give that subject essence
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine,
Wherein an incorporeal †† spirit moves,
Made of the mould whereof thyself consists,
Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,
Ready to levy power against thy throne,
That I might move the turning spheres of heaven;
For earth and all this airy region
Cannot contain the state of Tamburlaine.
[*Stabs* CALYPHAS.
By Mahomet, thy mighty friend, I swear,
In sending to my issue such a soul,
Created of the massy dregs of earth,
The scum and tartar of the elements,
Wherein was neither courage, strength, or wit,
But folly, sloth, and damnèd idleness,
Thou hast procur'd a greater enemy
Than he that darted mountains at thy head,
Shaking the burden mighty Atlas bears,
Whereat thou trembling hidd'st thee in the air,
Cloth'd with a pitchy cloud for being seen.‡‡—
And now, ye canker'd curs of Asia,

That will not see the strength of Tamburlaine,
Although it shine as brightly as the sun,
Now you shall * feel the strength of Tamburlaine,
And, by the state of his supremacy,
Approve † the difference 'twixt himself and you.
Orc. Thou shew'st the difference 'twixt ourselves and thee,
In this thy barbarous damnèd tyranny.
K. of Jer. Thy victories are grown so violent,
That shortly heaven, fill'd with the meteors
Of blood and fire thy tyrannies have made,
Will pour down blood and fire on thy head,
Whose scalding drops will pierce thy seething brains,
And, with our bloods, revenge our bloods † on thee.
Tamb. Villains, these terrors, and these tyrannies
(If tyrannies war's justice ye repute),
I execute, enjoin'd me from above,
To scourge the pride of such as Heaven abhors;
Nor am I made arch-monarch of the world,
Crown'd and invested by the hand of Jove,
For deeds of bounty or nobility;
But, since I exercise a greater name,
The scourge of God and terror of the world,
I must apply myself to fit those terms,
In war, in blood, in death, in cruelty,
And plague such peasants § as resist in ‖ me
The power of Heaven's eternal majesty.—
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane,¶
Ransack the tents and the pavilions
Of these proud Turks, and take their concubines,
Making them bury this effeminate brat;
For not a common soldier shall defile
His manly fingers with so faint a boy:
Then bring those Turkish harlots to my tent,
And I'll dispose them as it likes me best.—
Meanwhile, take him in.
Soldiers. We will, my lord.
[*Exeunt with the body of* CALYPHAS.
K. of Jer. O damnèd monster! nay, a fiend of hell,
Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,
Nor yet impos'd with such a bitter hate!
Orc. Revenge it,** Rhadamanth and Æacus,
And let your hates, extended in his pains,
Excel †† the hate wherewith he pains our souls!

* *may*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "nay."
† *up*] The modern editors alter this word to "by," not understanding the passage. Tamburlaine means—Do not *kneel* to me for his pardon.
‡ *once*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "one."
§ *martial*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "materiall." (In this line "*fire*" is a dissyllable ")
‖ *thine*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "thy."
¶ *which*] Old eds. "with."
** *Jaertis'*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Laertis." By "*Jaertis'*" must be meant—Jaxartes'.
†† *incorporeal*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "incorporall."
‡‡ *for being seen*] i.e. "that thou mayest not be seen." *Ed.* 1826. See Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *For.*

* *you shall*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "shall ye."
† *Approve*] i.e. prove, experience.
‡ *bloods*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "blood."
§ *peasants*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "parsants."
‖ *resist in*] Old eds. "resisting."
¶ *Casane*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Usum *Casane*."
** *it*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.
†† *Excel*] Old eds. "Expell" and "Expel."

K. of Treb. May never day give virtue to his eyes,
Whose sight, compos'd of fury and of fire,
Doth send such stern affections to his heart!
K. of Sor. May never spirit, vein, or artier,* feed
The cursèd substance of that cruel heart;
But, wanting moisture and remorseful † blood,
Dry up with anger, and consume with heat!
Tamb. Well, bark, ye dogs: I'll bridle all your tongues,
And bind them close with bits of burnish'd steel,
Down to the channels of your hateful throats;
And, with the pains my rigour shall inflict,
I'll make ye roar, that earth may echo forth
The far-resounding torments ye sustain;
As when an herd of lusty Cimbrian bulls
Run mourning round about the females' miss,‡
And, stung with fury of their following,
Fill all the air with troublous bellowing.
I will, with engines never exercis'd,
Conquer, sack, and utterly consume
Your cities and your golden palaces,
And, with the flames that beat against the clouds,
Incense the heavens, and make the stars to melt,
As if they were the tears of Mahomet
For hot consumption of his country's pride;
And, till by vision or by speech I hear
Immortal Jove say "Cease, my Tamburlaine,"
I will persist a terror to the world,
Making the meteors (that, like armèd men,
Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven)
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And break their burning lances in the air,
For honour of my wondrous victories.—
Come, bring them in to our pavilion. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter OLYMPIA.

Olym. Distress'd Olympia, whose weeping eyes,
Since thy arrival here, behold § no sun,
But, clos'd within the compass of a ‖ tent,
Have ¶ stain'd thy cheeks, and made thee look like death,
Devise some means to rid thee of thy life,
Rather than yield to his detested suit,
Whose drift is only to dishonour thee;
And, since this earth, dew'd with thy brinish tears,
Affords no herbs whose taste may poison thee,
Nor yet this air, beat often with thy sighs,
Contagious smells and vapours to infect thee,
Nor thy close cave a sword to murder thee,
Let this invention be the instrument.

Enter THERIDAMAS.

Ther. Well met, Olympia: I sought thee in my tent,
But, when I saw the place obscure and dark,
Which with thy beauty thou wast wont to light,
Enrag'd, I ran about the fields for thee,
Supposing amorous Jove had sent his son,
The wingèd Hermes, to convey thee hence;
But now I find thee, and that fear is past,
Tell me, Olympia, wilt thou grant my suit?
Olym. My lord and husband's death, with my sweet son's,
(With whom I buried all affections
Save grief and sorrow, which torment my heart,)
Forbids my mind to entertain a thought
That tends to love, but meditate on death,
A fitter subject for a pensive soul.
Ther. Olympia, pity him in whom thy looks
Have greater operation and more force
Than Cynthia's in the watery wilderness;
For with thy view my joys are at the full,
And ebb again as thou depart'st from me.
Olym. Ah, pity me, my lord, and draw your sword,
Making a passage for my troubled soul,
Which beats against this prison to get out,
And meet my husband and my loving son!
Ther. Nothing but still thy husband and thy son?
Leave this, my love, and listen more to me:
Thou shalt be stately queen of fair Argier;
And, cloth'd in costly cloth of massy gold,
Upon the marble turrets of my court
Sit like to Venus in her chair of state,
Commanding all thy princely eye desires;
And I will cast off arms to * sit with thee,
Spending my life in sweet discourse of love.
Olym. No such discourse is pleasant in † mine ears,
But that where every period ends with death,
And every line begins with death again:
I cannot love, to be an emperess.

* *artier*] See note *, p. 18.
† *remorseful*] i.e. compassionate.
‡ *miss*] i.e. loss, want. The construction is—Run round about, mourning the miss of the females.
§ *behold*] Qy "beheld"?
‖ *a*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "the."
¶ *Have*] Old eds. "Hath."
* *to*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "and."
† *in*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "to."

Ther. Nay, lady, then, if nothing will prevail,
I'll use some other means to make you yield:
Such is the sudden fury of my love,
I must and will be pleas'd, and you shall yield:
Come to the tent again.

Olym. Stay now, my lord; and, will you * save my honour,
I'll give your grace a present of such price
As all the world can not afford the like.

Ther. What is it?

Olym. An ointment which a cunning alchymist
Distillèd from the purest balsamum
And simplest extracts of all minerals,
In which the essential form of marble stone,
Temper'd by science metaphysical,
And spells of magic from the mouths † of spirits,
With which if you but 'noint your tender skin,
Nor pistol, sword, nor lance, can pierce your flesh.

Ther. Why, madam, think you to mock me thus palpably?

Olym. To prove it, I will 'noint my naked throat,
Which when you stab, look on your weapon's point,
And you shall see't rebated ‡ with the blow.

Ther. Why gave you not your husband some of it,
If you lov'd him, and it so precious?

Olym. My purpose was, my lord, to spend it so,
But was prevented by his sudden end;
And for a present easy proof thereof, §
That I dissemble not, try it on me.

Ther. I will, Olympia, and will ‖ keep it for
The richest present of this eastern world.

[*She anoints her throat.*¶

Olym. Now stab, my lord, and mark your weapon's point,
That will be blunted if the blow be great.

Ther. Here, then, Olympia.— [*Stabs her.*

What, have I slain her? Villain, stab thyself!
Cut off this arm that murderèd my* love,
In whom the learnèd Rabbis of this age
Might find as many wondrous miracles
As in the theoria of the world!
Now hell is fairer than Elysium; †
A greater lamp than that bright eye of heaven,
From whence the stars do borrow ‡ all their light,
Wanders about the black circumference;
And now the damnèd souls are free from pain,
For every Fury gazeth on her looks;
Infernal Dis is courting of my love,
Inventing masks and stately shows for her,
Opening the doors of his rich treasury
To entertain this queen of chastity;
Whose body shall be tomb'd with all the pomp
The treasure of my § kingdom may afford.

[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE III.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, *drawn in his chariot by the* KINGS OF TREBIZON *and* SORIA, ‖ *with bits in their mouths, reins in his* ¶ *left hand, and in his right hand a whip with which he scourgeth them;* AMYRAS, CELEBINUS, TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE; ORCANES *king of Natolia, and the* KING OF JERUSALEM, *led by five* ** *or six common* Soldiers; *and other* Soldiers.

Tamb. Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia! ††
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a-day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine,
But from Asphaltis, where I conquer'd you,
To Byron here, where thus I honour you?
The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils, ‡‡

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* *now, my lord; and, will you*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "good *my Lord*, if you will."

† *mouths*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "mother."

‡ *rebated*] i.e. blunted.

§ *thereof*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "hereof."

‖ *and will*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*and* I *wil*."

¶ *She anoints her throat*] This incident, as Mr. Collier observes (*Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 119) is borrowed from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, B. xxix, "where Isabella, to save herself from the lawless passion of Rodomont, anoints her neck with a decoction of herbs, which she pretends will render it invulnerable: she then presents her throat to the Pagan, who, believing her assertion, aims a blow and strikes off her head."

* *my*] Altered by the modern editors to "thy,"—unnecessarily.

† *Elysium*] Old eds. "Elisian" and "Elizian."

‡ *do borrow*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "borow doo."

§ *my*] So the 4to (Theridamas is King of Argier).—The 8vo "thy."

‖ *Soria*] See note †, p. 44.

¶ *his*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "their."

** *led by five*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*led by* with *flue*."

†† *Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia*, &c.] The ridicule showered on this passage by a long series of poets, will be found noticed in the *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*.

‡‡ *And blow the morning from their nostrils*] Here "*nostrils*" is to be read as a trisyllable,—and indeed is spelt in the 4to "nosterils."—Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 124) remarks that this has been borrowed from Marlowe by the anonymous author of the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607 (and he might have compared also Chapman's *Hymnus in Cynthiam*,—*The Shadow of*

Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honour'd in * their governor
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine.
The headstrong jades of Thrace Alcides tam'd,
That King Ægeus fed with human flesh,
And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,
Were not subdu'd with valour more divine
Than you by this unconquer'd arm of mine.
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drink in pails the strongest muscadel:
If you can live with it, then live, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking † clouds;
If not, then die like beasts, and fit for naught
But perches for the black and fatal ravens.
Thus am I right the scourge of highest Jove;
And see the figure of my dignity,
By which I hold my name and majesty!

Amy. Let me have coach ‡, my lord, that I may ride,
And thus be drawn by § these two idle kings.

Tamb. Thy youth forbids such ease, my kingly boy:
They shall to-morrow draw my chariot,
While these their fellow-kings may be refresh'd.

Orc. O thou that sway'st the region under earth,
And art a king as absolute as Jove,
Come as thou didst in fruitful Sicily,
Surveying all the glories of the land,
And as thou took'st the fair Proserpina,
Joying the fruit of Ceres' garden-plot ‖,
For love, for honour, and to make her queen,
So, for just hate, for shame, and to subdue
This proud contemner of thy dreadful power,
Come once in fury, and survey his pride,
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell!

Ther. Your majesty must get some bits for these,
To bridle their contemptuous cursing tongues,
That, like unruly never-broken jades,
Break through the hedges of their hateful mouths,
And pass their fixèd bounds exceedingly.

Tech. Nay, we will break the hedges of their mouths,
And pull their kicking colts * out of their pastures.

Usum. Your majesty already hath devis'd
A mean, as fit as may be, to restrain
These coltish coach-horse tongues from blasphemy.

Cel. How like you that, sir king? why speak you not?

K. of Jer. Ah, cruel brat, sprung from a tyrant's loins!
How like his cursèd father he begins
To practice taunts and bitter tyrannies!

Tamb. Ay, Turk, I tell thee, this same † boy is he
That must (advanc'd in higher pomp than this)
Rifle the kingdoms I shall leave unsack'd,
If Jove, esteeming me too good for earth,
Raise me, to match ‡ the fair Aldeboran,
Above § the threefold astracism of heaven,
Before I conquer all the triple world.—
Now fetch me out the Turkish concubines:
I will prefer them for the funeral
They have bestow'd on my abortive son.

[*The* Concubines *are brought in.*

Where are my common soldiers now, that fought
So lion-like upon Asphaltis' plains?

Soldiers. Here, my lord.

Tamb. Hold ye, tall ‖ soldiers, take ye queens a-picce,—
I mean such queens as were kings' concubines;
Take them; divide them, and their ¶ jewels too,
And let them equally serve all your turns.

Soldiers. We thank your majesty.

Tamb. Brawl not, I warn you, for your lechery;
For every man that so offends shall die.

Orc. Injurious tyrant, wilt thou so defame
The hateful fortunes of thy victory,
To exercise upon such guiltless dames
The violence of thy common soldiers' lust?

Tamb. Live continent.** then, ye slaves, and meet not me
With troops of harlots at your slothful heels.

Concubines. O, pity us, my lord, and save our honours!

Night, &c. 1594, sig. D 3): but, after all, it is only a translation;

"cum primum alto se gurgite tollunt
Solis equi, *luccmque elatis naribus efflant.*"
Æn. xii. 114 (Virgil being indebted to Ennius and Lucilius).

* *in*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "as."

† *racking*] i.e. moving like smoke or vapour: see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

‡ *have coach*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*haue a coach.*"

§ *by*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "with."

‖ *garden-plot*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "garded *plot.*"

* *colts*] i.e. (with a quibble) colts'-teeth.

† *same*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

‡ *match*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "march."

§ *Above*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "About."

‖ *tall*] i.e. bold, brave.

¶ *their*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

** *continent*] Old eds. "content."

Tamb. Are ye not gone, ye villains, with your spoils?

[*The* Soldiers *run away with the* Concubines.

K. of Jer. O, merciless, infernal cruelty!

Tamb. Save your honours! 'twere but time indeed,
Lost long before ye knew what honour meant.

Ther. It seems they meant to conquer us, my lord,
And make us jesting pageants for their trulls.

Tamb. And now themselves shall make our pageant,
And common soldiers jest * with all their trulls.
Let them take pleasure soundly in their spoils,
Till we prepare our march to Babylon,
Whither we next make expedition.

Tech. Let us not be idle, then, my lord,
But presently be prest† to conquer it.

Tamb. We will, Techelles.—Forward, then, ye jades!
Now crouch, ye kings of greatest Asia,
And tremble, when ye hear this scourge will come
That whips down cities and controlleth crowns,
Adding their wealth and treasure to my store.
The Euxine sea, north to Natolia;
The Terrene,‡ west; the Caspian, north north-east;
And on the south, Sinus Arabicus;
Shall all§ be loaden with the martial spoils
We will convey with us to Persia.
Then shall my native city Samarcanda,
And crystal waves of fresh Jaertis'‖ stream,
The pride and beauty of her princely seat,
Be famous through the furthest¶ continents;
For there my palace royal shall be plac'd,
Whose shining turrets shall dismay the heavens,
And cast the fame of Ilion's tower to hell:
Thorough** the streets, with troops of conquer'd kings,
I'll ride in golden armour like the sun;
And in my helm a triple plume shall spring,
Spangled with diamonds, dancing in the air,
To note me emperor of the three-fold world;
Like to an almond-tree* y-mounted† high
Upon the lofty and celestial mount
Of ever-green Selinus,‡ quaintly deck'd
With blooms more white than Erycina's§ brows,‖
Whose tender blossoms tremble every one
At every little breath that thorough heaven¶ is blown.
Then in my coach, like Saturn's royal son
Mounted his shining chariot** gilt with fire,
And drawn with princely eagles through the path
Pav'd with bright crystal and enchas'd with stars,
When all the gods stand gazing at his pomp,
So will I ride through Samarcanda-streets,
Until my soul, dissever'd from this flesh,
Shall mount the milk-white way, and meet him there.
To Babylon, my lords, to Babylon! [*Exeunt.*

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* *jest*] A quibble—which will be understood by those readers who recollect the double sense of *jape* (jest) in our earliest writers.

† *prest*] i.e. ready.

‡ *Terrene*] i.e. Mediterranean.

§ *all*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

‖ *Jaertis'*] See note **, p. 62. So the 8vo.—The 4to "Laertes."

¶ *furthest*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "furthiest."

** *Thorough*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Through."

* *Like to an almond-tree*, &c.] This simile is borrowed from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, B. i. C. vii. st. 32;

"Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly,
With sprincled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne."

The first three books of *The Faerie Queene* were originally printed in 1590, the year in which the present play was first given to the press: but Spenser's poem, according to the fashion of the times, had doubtless been circulated in manuscript, and had obtained many readers, before its publication. In Abraham Fraunce's *Arcadian Rhetorike*, 1588, some lines of the Second Book of *The Faerie Queene* are accurately cited. And see my Acc. of Peele and his Writings, p. xxxiv, *Works*, ed. 1829.

† *y-mounted*] So both the old eds.—The modern editors print "mounted"; and the Editor of 1826 even remarks in a note, that the dramatist, "finding in the fifth line of Spenser's stanza the word 'y-mounted,' and, probably considering it to be too obsolete for the stage, dropped the initial letter, leaving only nine syllables and an unrythmical line"!!! In the *First Part* of this play (p. 23, first col.) we have,—

"Their limbs more large and of a bigger size
Than all the brats *y-sprung* from Typhon's loins:"

but we need not wonder that the Editor just cited did not recollect the passage, for he had printed, like his predecessor, "ere *sprung*."

‡ *ever-green Selinus*] Old eds. "euery *greene Selinus*" and "euerie *greene*," &c.—I may notice that one of the modern editors silently alters "*Selinus*" to (Spenser's) "Selinis;" but, in fact, the former is the correct spelling.

§ *Erycina's*] Old eds. "Hericinas."

‖ *brows*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "bowes."

¶ *breath that thorough heaven*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*breath* from *heauen*."

** *chariot*] Old eds. "chariots."

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter the GOVERNOR OF BABYLON, MAXIMUS, *and others, upon the walls.*

Gov. What saith Maximus?

Max. My lord, the breach the enemy hath made
Gives such assurance of our overthrow,
That little hope is left to save our lives,
Or hold our city from the conqueror's hands.
Then hang out* flags, my lord, of humble truce,
And satisfy the people's general prayers,
That Tamburlaine's intolerable wrath
May be suppress'd by our submission.

Gov. Villain, respect'st thou† more thy slavish life
Than honour of thy country or thy name?
Is not my life and state as dear to me,
The city and my native country's weal,
As any thing of‡ price with thy conceit?
Have we not hope, for all our batter'd walls,
To live secure and keep his forces out,
When this our famous lake of Limuasphaltis
Makes walls a-fresh with every thing that falls
Into the liquid substance of his stream,
More strong than are the gates of death or hell?
What faintness should dismay our courages,
When we are thus defenc'd against our foe,
And have no terror but his threatening looks?

Enter, above, a Citizen, *who kneels to the* GOVERNOR.

Cit. My lord, if ever you did deed of ruth,
And now will work a refuge to our lives,
Offer submission, hang up flags of truce,
That Tamburlaine may pity our distress,
And use us like a loving conqueror.
Though this be held his last day's dreadful siege,
Wherein he spareth neither man nor child,
Yet are there Christians of Georgia here,
Whose state he§ ever pitied and reliev'd,
Will get his pardon, if your grace would send.

Gov. How‖ is my soul environèd!
And this eterniz'd* city Babylon
Fill'd with a pack of faint-heart fugitives
That thus entreat their shame and servitude!

Enter, above, a Second Citizen.

Sec. Cit. My lord, if ever you will win our hearts,
Yield up the town, and† save our wives and children;
For I will cast myself from off these walls,
Or die some death of quickest violence,
Before I bide the wrath of Tamburlaine.

Gov. Villains, cowards, traitors to our state!
Fall to the earth, and pierce the pit of hell,
That legions of tormenting spirits may vex
Your slavish bosoms with continual pains!
I care not, nor the town will never yield
As long as any life is in my breast.

Enter THERIDAMAS *and* TECHELLES, *with* Soldiers.

Ther. Thou desperate governor of Babylon,
To save thy life, and us a little labour,
Yield speedily the city to our hands,
Or else be sure thou shalt be forc'd with pains
More exquisite than ever traitor felt.

Gov. Tyrant, I turn the traitor in thy throat,
And will defend it in despite of thee.—
Call up the soldiers to defend these walls.

Tech. Yield, foolish governor; we offer more
Than ever yet we did to such proud slaves
As durst resist us till our third day's siege.
Thou seest us prest‡ to give the last assault,
And that shall bide no more regard of parle.§

Gov. Assault and spare not; we will never yield.

[*Alarms: and they scale the walls.*

Enter TAMBURLAINE, *drawn in his chariot (as before) by the* KINGS OF TREBIZON *and* SORIA; AMYRAS, CELEBINUS, USUMCASANE; ORCANES *king of Natolia, and the* KING OF JERUSALEM, *led by* Soldiers‖; *and others.*

Tamb. The stately buildings of fair Babylon,
Whose lofty pillars, higher than the clouds,

---

* *out*] Old eds. "our."

† *respect'st thou*] Old eds. "respects *thou*:" but afterwards, in this scene, the 8vo has, "Why *send'st* thou not," and "thou *sit'st*."

‡ *of*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "in."

§ *he*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "was."

‖ *How*, &c.] A mutilated line.

* *eterniz'd*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "enternisde."

† *and*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

‡ *prest*] i.e. ready.

§ *parle*] Here the old eds. "parlie": but repeatedly before they have "parle" (which is used more than once by Shakespeare).

‖ *Orcanes, king of Natolia, and the King of Jerusalem, led by soldiers*] Old eds. (which have here a very imperfect

Were wont to guide the seaman in the deep,
Being carried thither by the cannon's force,
Now fill the mouth of Limnasphaltis' lake,
And make a bridge unto the batter'd walls.
Where Belus, Ninus, and great Alexander
Have rode in triumph, triumphs Tamburlaine,
Whose chariot-wheels have burst* th' Assyrians' bones,
Drawn with these kings on heaps of carcasses.
Now in the place, where fair Semiramis,
Courted by kings and peers of Asia,
Hath trod the measures,† do my soldiers march;
And in the streets, where brave Assyrian dames
Have rid in pomp like rich Saturnia,
With furious words and frowning visages
My horsemen braudish their unruly blades.

Re-enter THERIDAMAS *and* TECHELLES, *bringing in the* GOVERNOR OF BABYLON.

Who have ye there, my lords?

Ther. The sturdy governor of Babylon,
That made us all the labour for the town,
And us'd such slender reckoning of‡ your majesty.

Tamb. Go, bind the villain; he shall hang in chains
Upon the ruins of this conquer'd town.—
Sirrah, the view of our vermilion tents
(Which threaten'd more than if the region
Next underneath the element of fire
Were full of comets and of blazing stars,
Whose flaming trains should reach down to the earth)
Could not affright you; no, nor I myself,
The wrathful messenger of mighty Jove,
That with his sword hath quail'd all earthly kings,
Could not persuade you to submission,
But still the ports§ were shut: villain, I say,
Should I but touch the rusty gates of hell,
The triple-headed Cerberus would howl,
And make‖ black Jove to crouch and kneel to me;
But I have sent volleys of shot to you,
Yet could not enter till the breach was made.

Gov. Nor, if my body could have stopt the breach,
Shouldst thou have enter'd, cruel Tamburlaine.
'Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yield,
Nor yet thyself, the anger of the Highest;
For, though thy cannon shook the city-walls,*
My heart did never quake, or courage faint.

Tamb. Well, now I'll make it quake.—Go draw him† up,
Hang him in ‡ chains upon the city-walls,
And let my soldiers shoot the slave to death.

Gov. Vile monster, born of some infernal hag,
And sent from hell to tyrannize on earth,
Do all thy worst; nor death, nor Tamburlaine,
Torture, or pain, can daunt my dreadless mind.

Tamb. Up with him, then! his body shall be scar'd.§

Gov. But, Tamburlaine, in Limnasphaltis' lake
There lies more gold than Babylon is worth,
Which, when the city was besieg'd, I hid:
Save but my life, and I will give it thee.

Tamb. Then, for all your valour, you would save your life?
Whereabout lies it?

Gov. Under a hollow bank, right opposite
Against the western gate of Babylon.

Tamb. Go thither, some of you, and take his gold:— [*Exeunt some* Attendants.
The rest forward with execution.
Away with him hence, let him speak no more.—
I think I make your courage something quail.—
[*Exeunt* Attendants *with the* GOVERNOR OF BABYLON.
When this is done, we'll march from Babylon,
And make our greatest haste to Persia.
These jades are broken-winded and half-tir'd;
Unharness them, and let me have fresh horse.
[Attendants *unharness the* KINGS OF TREBIZON *and* SORIA.
So; now their best is done to honour me,
Take them and hang them both up presently.

K. of Treb. Vile‖ tyrant! barbarous bloody Tamburlaine!

Tamb. Take them away, Theridamas; see them despatch'd.

Ther. I will, my lord.
[*Exit with the* KINGS OF TREBIZON *and* SORIA.

---

stage-direction) "the two spare kings",—"*spare*" meaning—not then wanted to draw the chariot of Tamburlaine.

* *burst*] i.e. broken, bruised.

† *the measures*] i.e. the dance (properly, —solemn, stately dances, with slow and measured steps).

‡ *of*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "for."

§ *ports*] i.e. gates.

‖ *make*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "wake."

* *the city-walls*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*the walles.*"

† *him*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "it."

‡ *in*] Old eds. "vp *in.*—the "vp" having been repeated by mistake from the preceding line.

§ *scar'd*] So the 8vo; and, it would seem, rightly; Tamburlaine making an attempt at a bitter jest, in reply to what the Governor has just said.—The 4to "scar'd."

‖ *Vile*] The 8vo "Vild"; the 4to "Wild" (Both eds., a little before, have "*Vile* monster, born of some infernal hag", and, a few lines after, "To *vile* and ignominious servitude":—the fact is, our early writers (or rather, transcribers), with their usual inconsistency of spelling, give now the one form, and now the other: compare the folio *Shakespeare*, 1623, where we sometimes find "vild" and sometimes "*vile.*")

Tamb. Come, Asian viceroys; to your tasks a while,
And take such fortune as your fellows felt.
Orc. First let thy Scythian horse tear both our limbs,
Rather than we should draw thy chariot,
And, like base slaves, abject our princely minds
To vile and ignominious servitude.
K. of Jer. Rather lend me thy weapon, Tamburlaine,
That I may sheathe it in this breast of mine.
A thousand deaths could not torment our hearts
More than the thought of this doth vex our souls.
Amy. They will talk still, my lord, if you do not bridle them.
Tamb. Bridle them, and let me to my coach.
[Attendants *bridle* ORCANES *king of Natolia, and the* KING OF JERUSALEM, *and harness them to the chariot.—The* GOVERNOR OF BABYLON *appears hanging in chains on the walls.—Re-enter* THERIDAMAS.
Amy. See, now, my lord, how brave the captain hangs!
Tamb. 'Tis brave indeed, my boy:—well done!—
Shoot first, my lord, and then the rest shall follow.
Ther. Then have at him, to begin withal.
[THERIDAMAS *shoots at the* GOVERNOR.
Gov. Yet save my life, and let this wound appease
The mortal fury of great Tamburlaine!
Tamb. No, though Asphaltis' lake were liquid gold,
And offer'd me as ransom for thy life,
Yet shouldst thou die.—Shoot at him all at once.
[*They shoot.*
So, now he hangs like Bagdet's * governor,
Having as many bullets in his flesh
As there be breaches in her batter'd wall.
Go now, and bind the burghers hand and foot,
And cast them headlong in the city's lake.
Tartars and Persians shall inhabit there;
And, to command the city, I will build
A citadel,† that all Africa,
Which hath been subject to the Persian king,
Shall pay me tribute for in Babylon.
Tech. What shall be done with their wives and children, my lord?
Tamb. Techelles, drown them all, man, woman, and child;
Leave not a Babylonian in the town.
Tech. I will about it straight.—Come, soldiers.
[*Exit with* Soldiers.

* *Bagdet's*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Badgets."
† *A citadel*, &c.] Something has dropt out from this line.

Tamb. Now, Casane, where's the Turkish Alcoran,
And all the heaps of superstitious books
Found in the temples of that Mahomet
Whom I have thought a god? they shall be burnt.
Usum. Here they are, my lord.
Tamb. Well said!* let there be a fire presently.
[*They light a fire.*
In vain, I see, men worship Mahomet:
My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell,
Slew all his priests, his kinsmen, and his friends,
And yet I live untouch'd by Mahomet.
There is a God, full of revenging wrath,
From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks,
Whose scourge I am, and him will I † obey.
So, Casane; fling them in the fire.—
[*They burn the books.*
Now, Mahomet, if thou have any power,
Come down thyself and work a miracle:
Thou art not worthy to be worshippèd
That suffer'st ‡ flames of fire to burn the writ
Wherein the sum of thy religion rests:
Why send'st § thou not a furious whirlwind down,
To blow thy Alcoran up to thy throne,
Where men report thou sitt'st ‖ by God himself?
Or vengeance on the head ¶ of Tamburlaine
That shakes his sword against thy majesty,
And spurns the abstracts of thy foolish laws?—
Well, soldiers, Mahomet remains in hell;
He cannot hear the voice of Tamburlaine:
Seek out another godhead to adore;
The God that sits in heaven, if any god,
For he is God alone, and none but he.

Re-enter TECHELLES.

Tech. I have fulfill'd your highness' will, my lord:
Thousands of men, drown'd in Asphaltis' lake,
Have made the water swell above the banks,
And fishes, fed ** by human carcasses,
Amaz'd, swim up and down upon †† the waves,

* *Well said*] Equivalent to—Well done! as appears from innumerable passages of our early writers: see, for instances, my ed. of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, vol. i. 328, vol. ii. 445, vol. viii. 254.
† *will I*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "I will."
‡ *suffer'st*] Old eds. "suffers": but see the two following notes.
§ *send'st*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "sends."
‖ *sit'st*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "sits."
¶ *head*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "blood."
** *fed*] Old eds. "feede."
†† *upon*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

As when they swallow assafœtida,
Which makes them fleet * aloft and gape † for air.
Tamb. Well, then, my friendly lords, what now remains,
But that we leave sufficient garrison,
And presently depart to Persia,
To triumph after all our victories?
Ther. Ay, good my lord, let us in ‡ haste to Persia;
And let this captain be remov'd the walls
To some high hill about the city here.
Tamb. Let it be so;—about it, soldiers;—
But stay; I feel myself distemper'd suddenly.
Tech. What is it dares distemper Tamburlaine?
Tamb. Something, Techelles; but I know not what.—
But, forth, ye vassals § ! whatsoe'er ‖ it be,
Sickness or death can never conquer me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CALLAPINE, KING OF AMASIA, a Captain, *and train, with drums and trumpets.*

Call. King of Amasia, now our mighty host
Marcheth in Asia Major, where the streams
Of Euphrates ¶ and Tigris swiftly run;
And here may we ** behold great Babylon,
Circled about with Limnasphaltis' lake,
Where Tamburlaine with all his army lies,
Which being faint and weary with the siege,
We may lie ready to encounter him
Before his host be full from Babylon,
And so revenge our latest grievous loss,
If God or Mahomet send any aid.
K. of Ama. Doubt not, my lord, but we shall conquer him:
The monster that hath drunk a sea of blood,
And yet gapes still for more to quench his thirst,
Our Turkish swords shall headlong send to hell;
And that vile carcass, drawn by warlike kings,
The fowls shall eat; for never sepulchre
Shall grace this * base-born tyrant Tamburlaine.
Call. When I record † my parents' slavish life,
Their cruel death, mine own captivity,
My viceroys' bondage under Tamburlaine,
Methinks I could sustain a thousand deaths,
To be reveng'd of all his villany.—
Ah, sacred Mahomet, thou that hast seen
Millions of Turks perish by Tamburlaine,
Kingdoms made waste, brave cities sack'd and burnt,
And but one host is left to honour thee,
Aid ‡ thy obedient servant Callapine,
And make him, after all these overthrows,
To triumph over cursèd Tamburlaine!
K. of Ama. Fear not, my lord: I see great Mahomet,
Clothèd in purple clouds, and on his head
A chaplet brighter than Apollo's crown,
Marching about the air with armèd men,
To join with you against this Tamburlaine.
Capt. Renowmèd § general, mighty Callapine,
Though God himself and holy Mahomet
Should come in person to resist your power,
Yet might your mighty host encounter all,
And pull proud Tamburlaine upon his knees
To sue for mercy at your highness' feet.
Call. Captain, the force of Tamburlaine is great,
His fortune greater, and the victories
Wherewith he hath so sore dismay'd the world
Are greatest to discourage all our drifts;
Yet, when the pride of Cynthia is at full,
She wanes again; and so shall his, I hope;
For we have here the chief selected men
Of twenty several kingdoms at the least;
Nor ploughman, priest, nor merchant, stays at home;
All Turkey is in arms with Callapine;
And never will we sunder camps and arms
Before himself or his be conquerèd:
This is the time that must eternize me
For conquering the tyrant of the world.
Come, soldiers, let us lie in wait for him,
And, if we find him absent from his camp,
Or that it be rejoin'd again at full,
Assail it, and be sure of victory. [*Exeunt.*

* *fleet*] i.e. float.
† *gape*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "gaspe."
‡ *in*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.
§ *forth, ye vassals*] Spoken, of course, to the two kings who draw his chariot.
‖ *whatsoe'er*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "whatsoeuer."
¶ *Euphrates*] See note §, p. 36.
** *may we*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "we may."

* *this*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "that" (but in the next speech of the same person it has "*this* Tamburlaine").
† *record*] i.e. call to mind.
‡ *Aid*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "And."
§ *Renowmèd*] See note ‖, p. 11. So the 8vo.—The 4to "Renowned."—The prefix to this speech is wanting in the old eds.

SCENE III.

Enter THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, *and* USUMCASANE.

Ther. Weep, heavens, and vanish into liquid tears!
Fall, stars that govern his nativity,
And summon all the shining lamps of heaven
To cast their bootless fires to the earth,
And shed their feeble influence in the air;
Muffle your beauties with eternal clouds;
For Hell and Darkness pitch their pitchy tents,
And Death, with armies of Cimmerian spirits,
Gives battle 'gainst the heart of Tamburlaine!
Now, in defiance of that wonted love
Your sacred virtues pour'd upon his throne,
And made his state an honour to the heavens,
These cowards invisibly * assail his soul,
And threaten conquest on our sovereign;
But, if he die, your glories are disgrac'd,
Earth droops, and says that hell in heaven is plac'd!

Tech. O, then, ye powers that sway eternal seats,
And guide this massy substance of the earth,
If you retain desert of holiness,
As your supreme estates instruct our thoughts,
Be not inconstant, careless of your fame,
Bear not the burden of your enemies' joys,
Triumphing in his fall whom you advanc'd;
But, as his birth, life, health, and majesty
Were strangely blest and governèd by heaven,
So honour, heaven, (till heaven dissolvèd be,)
His birth, his life, his health, and majesty!

Usum. Blush, heaven, to lose the honour of thy name,
To see thy footstool set upon thy head;
And let no baseness in thy haughty breast
Sustain a shame of such inexcellence †,
To see the devils mount in angels' thrones,
And angels dive into the pools of hell!
And, though they think their painful date is out,
And that their power is puissant as Jove's,
Which makes them manage arms against thy state,
Yet make them feel the strength of Tamburlaine
(Thy instrument and note of majesty)
Is greater far than they can thus subdue;
For, if he die, thy glory is disgrac'd,
Earth droops, and says that hell in heaven is plac'd!

* *invisibly*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "inuincible."
† *inexcellence*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "inexcellencie."

Enter TAMBURLAINE *, *drawn in his chariot (as before) by* ORCANES *king of Natolia, and the* KING OF JERUSALEM, AMYRAS, CELEBINUS, *and* Physicians.

Tamb. What daring god torments my body thus,
And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine?
Shall sickness prove me now to be a man,
That have been term'd the terror of the world?
Techelles and the rest, come, take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul:
Come, let us march against the powers of heaven,
And set black streamers in the firmament,
To signify the slaughter of the gods.
Ah, friends, what shall I do? I cannot stand.
Come, carry me to war against the gods,
That thus envy the health of Tamburlaine.

Ther. Ah, good my lord, leave these impatient words,
Which add much danger to your malady!

Tamb. Why, shall I sit and languish in this pain?
No, strike the drums, and, in revenge of this,
Come, let us charge our spears, and pierce his breast
Whose shoulders bear the axis of the world,
That, if I perish, heaven and earth may fade.
Theridamas, haste to the court of Jove;
Will him to send Apollo hither straight,
To cure me, or I'll fetch him down myself.

Tech. Sit still, my gracious lord; this grief will cease †,
And cannot last, it is so violent.

Tamb. Not last, Techelles! no, for I shall die.
See, where my slave, the ugly monster Death,
Shaking and quivering, pale and wan for fear,
Stands aiming at me with his murdering dart,
Who flies away at every glance I give,
And, when I look away, comes stealing on!—
Villain, away, and hie thee to the field!
I and mine army come to load thy back
With souls of thousand mangled carcasses.—
Look, where he goes! but, see, he comes again,
Because I stay! Techelles, let us march,
And weary Death with bearing souls to hell.

First Phy. Pleaseth your majesty to drink this potion,
Which will abate the fury of your fit,
And cause some milder spirits govern you.

* *Enter Tamburlaine*, &c.] Here the old eds. have no stage-direction; and perhaps the poet intended that Tamburlaine should enter at the commencement of this scene. That he is drawn in his chariot by the two captive kings, appears from his exclamation at p. 72, first col. "Draw, you slaves!"
† *cease*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "case."

Tamb. Tell me what think you of my sickness now?

First Phy. I view'd your urine, and the hypostasis,*
Thick and obscure, doth make your danger great:
Your veins are full of accidental heat,
Whereby the moisture of your blood is dried:
The humidum and calor, which some hold
Is not a parcel of the elements,
But of a substance more divine and pure,
Is almost clean extinguishèd and spent;
Which, being the cause of life, imports your death:
Besides, my lord, this day is critical,
Dangerous to those whose crisis is as yours:
Your arteries†, which alongst the veins convey
The lively spirits which the heart engenders,
Are parch'd and void of spirit, that the soul,
Wanting those organons by which it moves,
Cannot endure, by argument of art.
Yet, if your majesty may escape this day,
No doubt but you shall soon recover all.

Tamb. Then will I comfort all my vital parts,
And live, in spite of death, above a day.

[*Alarms within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, young Callapine, that lately fled from your majesty, hath now gathered a fresh army, and, hearing your absence in the field, offers to set upon‡ us presently.

Tamb. See, my physicians, now, how Jove hath sent
A present medicine to recure my pain!
My looks shall make them fly; and, might I follow,
There should not one of all the villain's power
Live to give offer of another fight.

Usum. I joy, my lord, your highness is so strong,
That can endure so well your royal presence,
Which only will dismay the enemy.

Tamb. I know it will, Casane.—Draw, you slaves!
In spite of death, I will go shew my face.

[*Alarms. Exit* TAMBURLAINE *with all the rest (except the* Physicians), *and re-enter presently.*

Tamb. Thus are the villain cowards§ fled for fear,
Like summer's vapours vanish'd by the sun;
And, could I but a while pursue the field,
That Callapine should be my slave again.
But I perceive my martial strength is spent:
In vain I strive and rail against those powers
That mean t' invest me in a higher throne,
As much too high for this disdainful earth.
Give me a map; then let me see how much
Is left for me to conquer all the world,
That these, my boys, may finish all my wants.

[*One brings a map.*

Here I began to march towards Persia,
Along Armenia and the Caspian Sea,
And thence unto* Bithynia, where I took
The Turk and his great empress prisoners.
Then march'd I into Egypt and Arabia;
And here, not far from Alexandria,
Whereas† the Terrene‡ and the Red Sea meet,
Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channel to them both,
That men might quickly sail to India.
From thence to Nubia near Borno-lake,
And so along the Æthiopian sea,
Cutting the tropic line of Capricorn,
I conquer'd all as far as Zanzibar.
Then, by the northern part of Africa,
I came at last to Græcia, and from thence
To Asia, where I stay against my will;
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,§
Backward[s] and forwards near five thousand leagues.
Look here, my boys; see, what a world of ground
Lies westward from the midst of Cancer's line
Unto the rising of this‖ earthly globe,
Whereas the sun, declining from our sight,
Begins the day with our Antipodes!
And shall I die, and this unconquerèd?
Lo, here, my sons, are all the golden mines,
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
More worth than Asia and the world beside;
And from th' Antarctic Pole eastward behold
As much more land, which never was descried,
Wherein are rocks of pearl that shine as bright
As all the lamps that beautify the sky!
And shall I die, and this unconquerèd?
Here, lovely boys; what death forbids my life,
That let your lives command in spite of death.

Amy. Alas, my lord, how should our bleeding hearts,

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* *hypostasis*] Old eds. "Hipostates."
† *arteries*] See note *, p. 18.
‡ *upon*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "on."
§ *villain cowards*] Old eds. "villaines, *cowards*" (which is not to be defended by "*Villains, cowards*, traitors to our state", p. 67, sec. col.). Compare "But where's this *coward villain*," &c., p. 61 sec. co..

* *unto*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "to."
† *Whereas*] i.e. Where.
‡ *Terrene*] i.e. Mediterranean.
§ *began*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "begun."
‖ *this*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."

Wounded and broken with your highness' grief,
Retain a thought of joy or spark of life?
Your soul gives essence to our wretched subjects,*
Whose matter is incorporate in your flesh.
Cel. Your pains do pierce our souls; no hope survives,
For by your life we entertain our lives.
Tamb. But, sons, this subject, not of force enough
To hold the fiery spirit it contains,
Must part, imparting his impressions
By equal portions into† both your breasts;
My flesh, divided in your precious shapes,
Shall still retain my spirit, though I die,
And live in all your seeds‡ immortally.—
Then now remove me, that I may resign
My place and proper title to my son.—
First, take my scourge and my imperial crown,
And mount my royal chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crown'd before I die.—
Help me, my lords, to make my last remove.
[*They assist* TAMBURLAINE *to descend from the chariot.*
Ther. A woful change, my lord, that daunts our thoughts
More than the ruin of our proper souls!
Tamb. Sit up, my son, [and] let me see how well
Thou wilt become thy father's majesty.
Amy. With what a flinty bosom should I joy
The breath of life and burden of my soul,
If not resolv'd into resolvèd pains,
My body's mortified lineaments§
Should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierc'd with the joy of any dignity!
O father, if the unrelenting ears
Of Death and Hell be shut against my prayers,
And that the spitèful influence of Heaven
Deny my soul fruition of her joy,
How should I step, or stir my hateful feet
Against the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that only strives to die,
And plead in vain unpleasing sovereignty?

Tamb. Let not thy love exceed thine honour, son,
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimity
That nobly must admit necessity.
Sit up, my boy, and with these* silken reins
Bridle the steelèd stomachs of these† jades.
Ther. My lord, you must obey his majesty,
Since fate commands and proud necessity.
Amy. Heavens witness me with what a broken heart [*Mounting the chariot.*
And damnèd‡ spirit I ascend this seat,
And send my soul, before my father die,
His anguish and his burning agony!
[*They crown* AMYRAS.
Tamb. Now fetch the hearse of fair Zenocrate;
Let it be plac'd by this my fatal chair,
And serve as parcel of my funeral.
Usum. Then feels your majesty no sovereign ease,
Nor may our hearts, all drown'd in tears of blood,
Joy any hope of your recovery?
Tamb. Casane, no; the monarch of the earth,
And eyeless monster that torments my soul,
Cannot behold the tears ye shed for me,
And therefore still augments his cruelty.
Tech. Then let some god oppose his holy power
Against the wrath and tyranny of Death,
That his tear-thirsty and unquenchèd hate
May be upon himself reverberate!
[*They bring in the hearse of* ZENOCRATE.
Tamb. Now, eyes, enjoy your latest benefit,
And, when my soul hath virtue of your sight,
Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold,
And glut your longings with a heaven of joy.
So, reign, my son; scourge and control those slaves,
Guiding thy chariot with thy father's hand.
As precious is the charge thou undertak'st
As that which Clymene's§ brain-sick son did guide,
When wandering Phœbe's‖ ivory cheeks were scorch'd,
And all the earth, like Ætna, breathing fire:
Be warn'd by him, then; learn with awful eye
To sway a throne as dangerous as his;
For, if thy body thrive not full of thoughts
As pure and fiery as Phyteus'¶ beams,

* *subjects*] Mr. Collier (Preface to *Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, p. cxviii) says that here "*subjects*" is a printer's blunder for "substance": *yet he takes no notice of Tamburlaine's next words*, "But, sons, this *subject* not of force enough," &c.—The old eds. are quite right in both passages: compare, in p. 62, first col.;

"A form not meet to give that *subject* essence
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine," &c.

† *into*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "vnto."

‡ *your seeds*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "our *seedes*." (In p. 18, first col., we have had "Their angry *seeds*"; but in p. 47, first col., "thy seed":—and Marlowe probably wrote "seed" both here and in p. 18.)

§ *lineaments*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "laments."—The Editor of 1826 remarks, that this passage "is too obscure for ordinary comprehension."

* *these*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "those."

† *these*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "those."

‡ *damnèd*] i.e. doomed,—sorrowful.

§ *Clymene's*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Clymeus."

‖ *Phœbe's*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Phœbus."

¶ *Phyteus'*] Meant perhaps for "Pythius'", according to the usage of much earlier poets:

"And of *Phyton* [i.e. Python] that Phebus made thus fine
Came Phetonysses," &c.
Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*, B. ii. Sig. K vi. ed. 1555.
Here the modern editors print "Phœbus'".

The nature of these proud rebelling jades
Will take occasion by the slenderest hair,
And draw thee* piecemeal, like Hippolytus,
Through rocks more steep and sharp than Caspian cliffs :†
The nature of thy chariot will not bear
A guide of baser temper than myself,
More than heaven's coach the pride of Phaeton.

* *thee*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "me."

† *cliffs*] Here the old eds. "clifts" and "cliftes": but see p. 12, line 5, first col.

Farewell, my boys ! my dearest friends, farewell!
My body feels, my soul doth weep to see
Your sweet desires depriv'd my company,
For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die.
[*Dies.*

Amy. Meet heaven and earth, and here let all things end,
For earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,
And heaven consum'd his choicest living fire !
Let earth and heaven his timeless death deplore,
For both their worths will equal him no more!
[*Exeunt.*

THE

TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

FROM THE QUARTO OF 1604.

The Tragicall History of D. Faustus. As it hath bene Acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham his seruants. Written by Ch. Marl. London Printed by V. S. for Thomas Bushell 1604.

In reprinting this edition, I have here and there amended the text by means of the later 4tos,—1616, 1624, 1631.—Of 4to 1663, which contains various comparatively modern alterations and additions, I have made no use.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Pope.
Cardinal of Lorrain.
The Emperor of Germany.
Duke of Vanholt.
Faustus.
Valdes, } friends to Faustus.
Cornelius, }
Wagner, servant to Faustus.
Clown.
Robin.
Ralph.
Vintner.
Horse-courser.
A Knight.
An Old Man.
Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.

Duchess of Vanholt

Lucifer.
Belzebub.
Mephistophilis.
Good Angel.
Evil Angel.
The Seven Deadly Sins.
Devils.
Spirits in the shapes of Alexander the Great, of his Paramour and of Helen.

Chorus.

THE

TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

FROM THE QUARTO OF 1604.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Thrasymene,
Where Mars did mate* the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt† her‡ heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas§ his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning,‖ of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now¶ with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits. [*Exit.*

* *mate*] i. e. confound, defeat.
† *vaunt*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "daunt."
‡ *her*] All the 4tos "his."
§ *Whereas*] i. e. where.
‖ *cunning*] i. e. knowledge.
¶ *now*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "more."

FAUSTUS *discovered in his study.**

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a divine in shew,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou† hast ravish'd me!
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that‡ end:
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy§ farewell, and‖ Galen come,
Seeing, *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus:*
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be etèrniz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Is not thy common talk found aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.

* *Faustus discovered in his study*] Most probably, the Chorus, before going out, drew a curtain, and discovered Faustus sitting. In B. Barnes's *Divils Charter*, 1607, we find; "*Scen. Vltima. Alexander vnbraced betwixt two Cardinalls* in his study *looking vpon a booke*, whilst a groome draweth the Curtaine." Sig. L 3.
† *Analytics, 'tis thou*, &c.] Qy. "Analytic"? (but such phraseology was not uncommon).
‡ *that*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "the" (the printer having mistaken "y^t" for "y^e").
§ *Economy*] So the later 4tos (with various spelling).—2to 1604 "Oncaymæon."
‖ *and*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

Couldst * thou make men † to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian? [*Reads.*
Si una eademque res legatur ‡ *duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.*
A pretty case of paltry legacies! [*Reads.*
Exhæreditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.§
Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law: ‖
This ¶ study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile ** and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best:
Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well. [*Reads.*
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium, &c.*
The reward of sin is death: that's hard. [*Reads*]
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas; If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,* ††
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, ‡‡ letters, and characters;
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promis'd to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyèd in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, tire §§ thy brains to gain a deity.

* *Couldst*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "Wouldst."
† *men*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "man."
‡ *legatur*] All the 4tos "legatus."
§ *&c.*] So two of the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.
‖ *law*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "Church."
¶ *This*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "His."
** *Too servile*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "The deuill."
†† *Che sera, sera*] Lest it should be thought that I am wrong in not altering the old spelling here, I may quote from Panizzi's very critical edition of the *Orlando Furioso*, "La satisfazion ci *serà* pronta." C. xviii. st. 67.
‡‡ *scenes*] "And sooner may a gulling weather-spie
By drawing forth heavens *Sceanes* tell certainly," &c.
Donne's *First Satyre*,—p. 327, ed. 1633.
§§ *tire*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "trie."

Enter WAGNER.*
Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.
Wag. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.
G. Ang. O, Faustus, lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.
E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all Nature's treasure † is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove ‡ is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.§
[*Exeunt* Angels.
Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve ‖ me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk, ¶

* *Enter Wagner,* &c.] Perhaps the proper arrangement is,—
"Wagner!
Enter WAGNER.
Commend me to my dearest friends," &c.
† *treasure*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "treasury."
‡ *Jove*] So again, p. 84, first col.,
"Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against *Jove's* deity," &c.:
and I may notice that Marlowe is not singular in applying the name *Jove* to the God of Christians:—
"Beneath our standard of *Joues* powerfull sonne [i. e. Christ]".
Mir. for Magistrates, p. 642, ed. 1610.
"But see the judgement of almightie *Joue*," &c.
Id. p. 696.
"O sommo *Giove* per noi crocifisso," &c.
Pulci,—*Morgante Mag.* C. ii. st. 1.
§ *these elements*] So again, "Within the bowels of *these* elements," &c., p. 87, first col.,—"*these*" being equivalent to *the*. (Not unfrequently in our old writers *these* is little more than redundant.)
‖ *Resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.
¶ *silk*] All the 4tos "skill" (and so the modern editors!).

Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the* provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,†
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealèd arts:
Yet not your words only,‡ but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object; for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:§
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms‖
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning* as Agrippa† was,
Whose shadow‡ made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canònize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits§ of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters‖ with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the¶ white breasts of the queen of love:
From** Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live: therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in†† minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require:
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowm'd,‡‡
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth:
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul!
Come, shew me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,

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* *the*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "our."

† *the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge*] During the blockade of Antwerp by the Prince of Parma in 1585, "They of Antuerpe knowing that the bridge and the Stocadoes were finished, made a great shippe, to be a meanes to breake all this worke of the prince of Parmaes: this great shippe was made of masons worke within, in the manner of a vaulted caue: vpon the hatches there were layed myll-stones, graue-stones, and others of great weight; and within the vault were many barrels of powder, ouer the which there were holes, and in them they had put matches, hanging at a thred, the which burning vntill they came vnto the thred, would fall into the powder, and so blow vp all. And for that they could not haue any one in this shippe to conduct it, Lanckhaer, a sea captaine of the Hollanders, being then in Antuerpe, gaue them counsell to tye a great beame at the end of it, to make it to keepe a straight course in the middest of the streame. In this sort floated this shippe the fourth of Aprill, vntill that it came vnto the bridge; where (within a while after) the powder wrought his effect, with such violence, as the vessell, and all that was within it, and vpon it, flew in pieces, carrying away a part of the Stocado and of the bridge. The marquesse of Roubay Vicont of Gant, Gaspar of Robles lord of Billy, and the Seignior of Torchies, brother vnto the Seignior of Bours, with many others, were presently slaine; which were torne in pieces, and dispersed abroad, both vpon the land and vpon the water." Grimeston's *Generall Historie of the Netherlands*, p. 875, ed. 1609.

‡ *only*] Qy. "alone"? (This line is not in the later 4tos.)

§ *vile*] Old ed. "vild": but see note ‖, p. 68.—(This line is not in the later 4tos.)

‖ *concise syllogisms*] Old ed. "Consissylogismes."

* *cunning*] i. e. knowing, skilful.

† *Agrippa*] i. e. Cornelius Agrippa.

‡ *shadow*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "shadowes."

§ *spirits*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "subiects."

‖ *Almain rutters*] See note †, p. 43.

¶ *have the*] So two of the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "in their."

** *From*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "For."

†† *in*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

‡‡ *renowm'd*] See note ‖, p. 11.

And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus'* works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning† by himself.

Vald. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Scholars.‡

First Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*.

Sec. Schol. That shall we know, for see, here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER.

First Schol. How now, sirrah! where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

Sec. Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know; but that follows not.

First Schol. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiates, should stand upon: § therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

Sec. Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

Wag. Have you any witness on't?

First Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Sec. Schol. Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you: yet, if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he *corpus naturale?* and is not that *mobile?* then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus:—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would* inform your worships: and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren!† [*Exit.*

First Schol. Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that damned art for which they two are infamous through the world.

Sec. Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

First Schol. O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!

Sec. Schol. Yet let us try what we can do.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter FAUSTUS *to conjure.*‡

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antartic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,§
Th' abbreviated‖ names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring¶ stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.—
Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovæ! Ignei, aërii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut

* *Albertus*'] i. e. Albertus Magnus.—The correction of I. M. in *Gent. Mag.* for Jan. 1841.—All the 4tos "Albanus."

† *cunning*] i. e. skill.

‡ *Enter two Scholars*] Scene, perhaps, supposed to be before Faustus's house, as Wagner presently says, "My master is within at dinner."

§ *upon*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "vpon't."

* *speak, would*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "*speake*, it *would*."

† *my dear brethren*] This repetition (not found in the later 4tos) is perhaps an error of the original compositor.

‡ *Enter Faustus to conjure*] The scene is supposed to be a grove; see p. 81, last line of sec. col.

§ *anagrammatiz'd*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "and Agramithist."

‖ *Th' abbreviated*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "The breuiated."

¶ *erring*] i. e. wandering.

appareat et surgat Mephistophilis, quod tumeraris: * *per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus.*† *Mephistophilis!*

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.
[*Exit* MEPHIST.
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells:
No, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,
That canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *like a Franciscan friar.*‡

Meph. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came hither* of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak.

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens;*†
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium:
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faust. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

Meph. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:‡

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* *surgat Mephistophilis, quod tumeraris*] The later 4tos have "*surgat Mephistophilis* Dragon, *quod tumeraris.*"—There is a corruption here, which seems to defy emendation. For "*quod* tumeraris," Mr. J. Crossley, of Manchester, would read (rejecting the word "*Dragon*") "*quòd* tu mandares" (the construction being "*quod tu mandares ut Mephistophilis appareat et surgat*"): but the "*tu*" does not agree with the preceding "*vos.*"—The Revd. J. Mitford proposes "*surgat Mephistophilis, per Dragon* (or *Dagon*) *quod* numen est aëris."

† *dicatus*] So two of the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "dicatis."

‡ *Re-enter Mephistophilis*, &c.] According to *The History of Dr. Faustus*, on which this play is founded, Faustus raises Mephistophilis in "a thicke wood neere to Wittenberg, called in the German tongue Spisser Wolt. . . . . Presently, not three fathom above his head, fell a flame in manner of a lightning, and changed itselfe into a globe. . . . . Suddenly the globe opened, and sprung up in the height of a man; so burning a time, in the end it converted to the shape of a fiery man[?] This pleasant beast ran about the circle a great while, and, lastly, appeared in the manner of a Gray Fryer, asking Faustus what was his request?" Sigs. A 2, A 3, ed. 1648. Again; "After Doctor Faustus had made his promise to the devill, in the morning betimes he called the spirit before him, and commanded him that he should alwayes come to him like a fryer after the order of Saint Francis, with a bell in his hand like Saint Anthony, and to ring it once or twice before he appeared, that he might know of his certaine coming." *Id.* Sig. A 4.

* *came hither*] So two of the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "*came* now *hither.*"

† *accidens*] So two of the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "accident."

‡ *Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it*] Comparo Milton, *Par. Lost*, iv. 75;

"Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell.'

Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprivèd of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these* tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's† deity,
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty‡ years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve§ me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus. [*Exit.*

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough‖ the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country¶ continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown:
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,**
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again. [*Exit.*

Enter WAGNER†† *and* Clown.

Wag. Sirrah boy, come hither.

Clown. How, boy! swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts‡‡ as I have: boy, quotha!

Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

Clown. Ay, and goings out too; you may see else.

Wag. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! the villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.

Clown. How! my soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! not so, good friend: by'r lady,* I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wag. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*†

Clown. How, in verse?

Wag. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and staves-acre.‡

Clown. How, how, knaves-acre! ay, I thought that was all the land his father left him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

Wag. Sirrah, I say in staves-acre.

Clown. Oho, oho, staves-acre! why, then, belike, if I were your man, I should be full of vermin.§

Wag. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars,‖ and they shall tear thee in pieces.

Clown. Do you hear, sir? you may save that labour; they are too familiar with me already: swowns, they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for their¶ meat and drink.

Wag. Well, do you hear, sirrah? hold, take these guilders. [*Gives money.*

Clown. Gridirons! what be they?

Wag. Why, French crowns.

Clown. Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?

Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's

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* *these*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "those."
† *Jove's*] See note ‡, p. 80.
‡ *four and twenty*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "24."
§ *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.
‖ *thorough*] So one of the later 4tos. — 2to 1604 "through."
¶ *country*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "land."
** *desir'd*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "desire."
†† *Enter Wagner*, &c.] Scene, a street most probably.
‡‡ *pickadevaunts*] i. e. beards cut to a point.

* *by'r lady*] i. e. by our Lady.
† *Qui mihi discipulus*] The first words of W. Lily's *Ad discipulos carmen de moribus*,—
"*Qui mihi discipulus*, puer, es, cupis atque doceri,
Huc ades," &c.
‡ *staves-acre*] A species of larkspur.
§ *vermin*] Which the seeds of staves-acre were used to destroy.
‖ *familiars*] i. e. attendant-demons.
¶ *their*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "my."

warning, whensoever or wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. No, no; here, take your gridirons again.

Wag. Truly, I'll none of them.

Clown. Truly, but you shall.

Wag. Bear witness I gave them him.

Clown. Bear witness I give them you again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away.—Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils: say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do ye see yonder tall fellow in the round slop?* he has killed the devil." So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two Devils; *and the* Clown *runs up and down crying.*

Wag. Baliol and Belcher,—spirits, away!

[*Exeunt* Devils.

Clown. What, are they gone? a vengeance on them! they have vile† long nails. There was a he-devil and a she-devil: I'll tell you how you shall know them; all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. But, do you hear? if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to any thing, to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or any thing.

Clown. How! a Christian fellow to a dog, or a cat, a mouse, or a rat! no, no, sir; if you turn me into any thing, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, that I may be here and there and every where: O, I'll tickle the pretty wenches' plackets! I'll be amongst them, i'faith.

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner?

Wag. How!—Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. O Lord! I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

Wag. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigiis nostris*‡ *insistere.*

[*Exit.*

Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him; I'll serve him, that's flat. [*Exit.*

FAUSTUS *discovered in his study.*

Faust. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:
What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears,
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? he loves thee not;
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them?

G. Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do trust them most.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

E. Ang. No, Faustus; think of honour and of* wealth. [*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. Of wealth!
Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is't not midnight?—come, Mephistophilis,
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me† what says Lucifer, thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,‡
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,

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* *slop*] i. e. wide breeches.

† *vile*] Old ed. "vild." See note ‖, p. 68.

‡ *vestigiis nostris*] All the 4tos "vestigias nostras."

* *of*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

† *me*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

‡ *he lives*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "I liue."

And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good will my soul do thy lord?

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why* he tempts us thus?

Meph. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.†

Faust. Why,‡ have you any pain that torture § others!

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.

But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

Meph. Then, Faustus,‖ stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. [*Stabbing his arm*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ay, so I will [*Writes*]. But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?¶
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul: ah, there it stay'd!
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a chafer of coals.*

Meph. Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.**

Faust. So, now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*

Meph. O, what will not I do to obtain his soul? [*Aside.*

Faust. Consummatum est; this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription* on mine arm?
Homo, fuge: whither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me† down to hell.
My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—
I see it plain; here in this place is writ,
Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. [*Aside, and then exit.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* Devils, *who give crowns and rich apparel to* FAUSTUS, *dance, and then depart.*

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to shew thee what magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescrib'd between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made!

Faust. Then hear me read them. [*Reads*] *On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires.*‡

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* *why*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

† *Solamen miseris*, &c.] An often-cited line of modern Latin poetry: by whom it was written I know not.

‡ *Why*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

§ *torture*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "tortures."

‖ *Faustus*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

¶ *bill*] i. e. writing, deed.

** *Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on*] This would not be intelligible without the assistance of *The History of Dr. Faustus*, the sixth chapter of which is headed,—"How Doctor Faustus set his blood in a saucer on warme ashes, and writ as followeth." Sig. B, ed. 1648.

* *But what is this inscription*, &c.] "He [Faustus] tooke a small penknife and prickt a veine in his left hand; and for certainty thereupon were seen on his hand these words written, as if they had been written with blood, *O homo, fuge.*" *The History of Dr. Faustus*, Sig. B, ed. 1648.

† *me*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "thee."

‡ *he desires*] Not in any of the four 4tos. In the tract just cited, the "3d Article" stands thus,—"That Mephostophiles should bring him any thing, and doe for him whatsoever." Sig. A 4, ed. 1648. A later ed. adds "he desired." Marlowe, no doubt, followed some edition of the *History* in which these words, or something equivalent

Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wertenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer prince of the east, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that, twenty-four years being expired, the articles above-written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.*

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on't!

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

Faust. First will I question with thee about hell. Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay, but whereabout?

Meph. Within the bowels of these † elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there‡ must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are§ not heaven.

Faust. Come, I think hell's a fable.

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damn'd?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Ay, and body too: but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond‖ to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I am damn'd, and am now in hell.

Faust. How! now in hell!
Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here:
What! walking, disputing, &c.¶

But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,*
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.

Meph. How! a wife!
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one, for I will have one.

Meph. Well, thou wilt have one? Sit there till I come: I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a* Devil *drest like a* Woman, *with fire-works.*

Meph. Tell me,† Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Faust. A plague on her for a hot whore!

Meph. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
If thou lovest me, think no‡ more of it.
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtezans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed:
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, § or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:
[*Gives book.*
The iterating‖ of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

---

to them, had been omitted by mistake. (2to 1661, which I consider as of no authority, has "he requireth.")

* *that*, &c.] So all the 4tos, ungrammatically.

† *these*] See note §, p. 80.

‡ *there*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

§ *are*] So two of the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "is."

‖ *fond*] i. e. foolish.

¶ *What! walking, disputing*, &c.] The later 4tos have "*What*, sleeping, eating, *walking*, and *disputing!*" But it is evident that this speech is not given correctly in any of the old eds.

* *let me have a wife*, &c.] The ninth chapter of *The History of Dr. Faustus* narrates "How Doctor Faustus would have married, and how the Devill had almost killed him for it," and concludes as follows. "It is no jesting [said Mephistophilis] with us: hold thou that which thou hast vowed, and we will performe as we have promised; and more than that, thou shalt have thy hearts desire of what woman soever thou wilt, be she alive or dead, and so long as thou wilt thou shalt keep her by thee.—These words pleased Faustus wonderfull well, and repented himself that he was so foolish to wish himselfe married, that might have any woman in the whole city brought him at his command; the which he practised and persevered in a long time." Sig. B 3, ed. 1648.

† *me*] Not in 4to 1604. (This line is wanting in the later 4tos.)

‡ *no*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

§ *Saba*] i. e. Sabæa—the Queen of Sheba.

‖ *iterating*] i. e. reciting, repeating.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis: yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are in this book.

[*Turns to them.*

Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions and dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees, that grow upon the earth.

Meph. Here they be.

Faust. O, thou art deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

Faust. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me:
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.

E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. My heart's so harden'd, I cannot repent:
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,
"Faustus, thou art damn'd!" then swords, and knives,
Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall ne'er repent.—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.*
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres,
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminine is term'd the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring† stars.

Faust. But, tell me, have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore?*

Meph. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. Tush,
These slender trifles Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
The first is finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus; as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's‡ suppositions. But, tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia?*

Meph. Ay.

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there?

Meph. Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. Well, resolve§ me in this question; why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

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* *And argue of divine astrology,* &c.] In *The History of Dr. Faustus,* there are several tedious pages on the subject; but our dramatist, in the dialogue which follows, has no particular obligations to them.

† *erring*] i. e. wandering.

‡ *freshmen's*] "A Freshman, *tiro, novitius.*" Coles's *Dict.* Properly, a student during his first term at the university.

§ *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

Meph. *Per inæqualem motum respectu totius.*

Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world?

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. [*Exit.*

Faust. Ay, go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell!
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressèd Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

Re-enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

E. Ang. Too late.

G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. [*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. Ah, Christ, my Saviour,
Seek to save* distressèd Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:
There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Luc. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faust. O, Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul!

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise:
Thou shouldst not think of God: think of the devil,
And of his dam too.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee.
Faustus, we are come from hell to shew thee some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

* *Seek to save*] Qy. "*Seek* thou *to save*"? But see note ‖, p. 18.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam, the first day
Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation; but mark this show: talk of the devil, and nothing else.—Come away!

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins.*

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

Faust. What art thou, the first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea; I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes, like a perriwig, I sit upon her brow; or, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed, I do—what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. What art thou, the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl, in an old leathern bag: and, might I have my wish, I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest: O, my sweet gold!

Faust. What art thou, the third?

Wrath. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half-an-hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case† of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. What art thou, the fourth?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O, that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou shouldst see how fat I would be. But must thou sit, and I stand? come down, with a vengeance!

* *Enter the Seven Deadly Sins*] In *The History of Dr. Faustus*, Lucifer amuses Faustus, not by calling up the Seven Deadly Sins, but by making various devils appear before him, "one after another, in forme as they were in hell." "First entered Beliall in forme of a beare," &c.—"after him came Beelzebub, in curled haire of a horse-flesh colour," &c.—"then came Astaroth, in the forme of a worme," &c. &c. During this exhibition, "Lucifer himselfe sate in manner of a man all hairy, but of browne colour, like a squirrell, curled, and his tayle turning upward on his backe as the squirrels use: I think he could crack nuts too like a squirrell." Sig. D, ed. 1648.

† *case*] i. e. couple.

Faust. Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth?

Glut. Who I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a-day and ten bevers,*—a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! my grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef; O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well-beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

Glut. Then the devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lechery. Who I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stock-fish; and the first letter of my name begins with L.†

Faust. Away, to hell, to hell!‡

[*Exeunt the* Sins.

Luc. Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Faust. O, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O, might I see hell, and return again,
How happy were I then!

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight§.

In meantime take this book; peruse it throughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer.

[*Exeunt* LUCIFER *and* BELZEBUB.

Come, Mephistophilis. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.*

Chor. Learnèd Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy†
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemniz'd. [*Exit.*

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.‡

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,§
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep-entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next‖, coasting the realm of France,

* *bevers*] i. e. refreshments between meals.

† *L.*] All the 4tos "Lechery."—Here I have made the alteration recommended by Mr. Collier in his Preface to *Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, p. cviii.

‡ *Away, to hell, to hell*] In 4to 1604, these words stand on a line by themselves, without a prefix. (In the later 4tos, the corresponding passage is as follows;

"——— begins with Lechery.

Luc. Away to hell, away! On, piper! [*Exeunt the* Sins.

Faust. O, how this sight doth delight my soul!" &c.)

§ *I will send for thee at midnight*] In *The History of Dr. Faustus*, we have a particular account of Faustus's visit to the infernal regions, Sig. D 2, ed. 1648.

* *Enter Chorus*] Old ed. "*Enter* Wagner solus." That these lines belong to the Chorus would be evident enough, even if we had no assistance here from the later 4tos.—The parts of Wagner and of the Chorus were most probably played by the same actor: and hence the error.

† *Learnèd Faustus,*
To know the secrets of astronomy, &c.] See the 21st chapter of *The History of Dr. Faustus*,—"How Doctor Faustus was carried through the ayre up to the heavens, to see the whole world, and how the sky and planets ruled," &c.

‡ *Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis*] Scene, the Pope's privy-chamber.

§ *Trier*] i. e. Treves or Triers.

‖ *From Paris next*, &c.] This description is from *The History of Dr. Faustus*; "He came from Paris to Mentz, where the river of Maine falls into the Rhine: notwithstanding he tarried not long there, but went into Campania, in the kingdome of Neapol, in which he saw an innumerable sort of cloysters, nunries, and churches, and great houses of stone, the streets faire and large, and straight forth from one end of the towne to the other as a line; and all the pavement of the city was of bricke, and the more it rained into the towne, the fairer the streets were: there saw he the tombe of Virgill, and the highway that he cu through the mighty hill of stone in one night, the whole length of an English mile," &c. Sig. E 2, ed. 1648.

We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents:
There saw we learnèd Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut,* an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone, in one night's space;
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,†
That threats the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time:
But tell me now what resting-place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. Faustus, I have; and, because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 'tis no matter, man; we'll be bold with his good cheer.
And now, my Faustus, that thou mayst perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through the midst* runs flowing Tiber's stream
With winding banks that cut it in two parts;
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge call'd Ponte† Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons fram'd of carvèd brass,
As match the days within one complete year;
Besides the gates, and high pyramides,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of‡ Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come, therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay: I know you'd fain see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment.
Then charm me, that I§
May be invisible, to do what I please,
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *charms him.*

Meph. So, Faustus; now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Sound a Sonnet.‖ *Enter the* POPE *and the* CARDINAL OF LORRAIN *to the banquet, with* Friars *attending.*

Pope. My Lord of Lorrain, will't please you draw near?

Faust. Fall to, and the devil choke you, an you spare!

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* *The way he cut,* &c.] During the middle ages Virgil was regarded as a great magician, and much was written concerning his exploits in that capacity. The *Lyfe of Virgilius,* however, (see Thoms's *Early Prose Romances,* vol. ii.,) makes no mention of the feat in question. But Petrarch speaks of it as follows. "Non longe a Puteolis Falernus collis attollitur, famoso palmite nobilis. Inter Falernum et mare mons est saxeus, hominum manibus confossus, quod vulgus insulsum a Virgilio magicis cantaminibus factum putant: ita clarorum fama hominum, non veris contenta laudibus, sæpe etiam fabulis viam facit. De quo cum me olim Robertus regno clarus, sed præclarus ingenio ac literis, quid sentirem, multis astantibus, percunctatus esset, humanitate fretus regia, qua non reges modo sed homines vicit, jocans nusquam me legisse magicarium fuisse Virgilium respondi: quod ille severissimæ nutu frontis approbans, non illic magici sed ferri vestigia confessus est. Sunt autem fauces excavati montis angustæ sed longissimæ atque atræ: tenebrosa inter horrifica semper nox: publicum iter in medio, mirum et religioni proximum, bélli quoque immolatum temporibus, sic vero populi vox est, et nullis unquam latrociniis attentatum, patet: Criptam Neapolitanam dicunt, cujus et in epistolis ad Lucilium Seneca mentionem fecit. Sub finem fusci tramitis, ubi primo videri cœlum incipit, in aggere edito, ipsius Virgilii busta visuntur, pervetusti operis, unde hæc forsan ab illo perforati montis fluxit opinio." *Itinerarium Syriacum,—Opp.* p. 560, ed. Bas.

† *From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,*
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands, &c.] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "*In* midst *of which,*" &c.—*The History of Dr. Faustus* shews *what* "sumptuous temple" is meant: "From thence he came to Venice . . . . He wondred not a little at the faireuesse of S. Marks Place, and the sumptuous church standing thereon, called S. Marke, how all the pavement was set with coloured stones, and all the rood or loft of the church double gilded over." Sig. E 2, ed. 1648.

* *Just through the midst,* &c.] This and the next line are not in 4to 1604. I have inserted them from the later 4tos, as being absolutely necessary for the sense.

† *Ponte*] All the 4tos "Ponto."

‡ *of*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

§ *Then charm me, that I,* &c.] A corrupted passage.—Compare *The History of Dr. Faustus,* Sig. E 3, ed. 1648; where, however, the Cardinal, whom the Pope entertains, is called the Cardinal of *Pavia.*

‖ *Sonnet*] Various.y written, *Sennet, Signet, Signate,* &c. —A particular set of notes on the trumpet, or cornet, different from a flourish. See Nares's *Gloss.* in *v. Sennet.*

Pope. How now! who's that which spake?—Friars, look about.

First Friar. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir. [*Snatches the dish.*

Pope. How now! who's that which snatched the meat from me? will no man look?—My lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

Faust. You say true; I'll ha't.

[*Snatches the dish.*

Pope. What, again!—My lord, I'll drink to your grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your grace.

[*Snatches the cup.*

C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost, newly crept out of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

Pope. It may be so.—Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost.—Once again, my lord, fall to. [*The* Pope *crosses himself.*

Faust. What, are you crossing of yourself? Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[*The* Pope *crosses himself again.*

Well, there's the second time. Aware the third; I give you fair warning.

[*The* Pope *crosses himself again, and* Faustus *hits him a box of the ear; and they all run away.*

Come on, Mephistophilis; what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not: we shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and bell,—

Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!

Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,

Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the Friars *to sing the Dirge.*

First Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

They sing.

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! maledicat Dominus?

Et omnes Saucti! Amen!

[Mephistophilis *and* Faustus *beat the* Friars, *and fling fire-works among them; and so exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course, and so returnèd home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of astrology,
Which Faustus answer'd with such learnèd skill
As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land:
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did, in trial of his art,
I leave untold; your eyes shall see['t] perform'd.

[*Exit.*

Enter Robin* *the Ostler, with a book in his hand.*

Robin. O, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring-books, and, i'faith, I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, stark naked, before me; and so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet.

Enter Ralph, *calling* Robin.

Ralph. Robin, prithee, come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out; prithee, come away.

Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up, you are dismembered, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Ralph. Come, what doest thou with that same book? thou canst not read?

Robin. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she for her private study; she's born to bear with me, or else my art fails.

* *Enter Robin,* &c.] Scene, near an inn.

Ralph. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

Ralph. Canst thou conjure with it?

Robin. I can do all these things easily with it; first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras * at any tabern † in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

Ralph. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

Robin. True, Ralph: and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchen-maid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use, as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Ralph. O, brave, Robin! shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horse-bread as long as he lives, of free cost.

Robin. No more, sweet Ralph: let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBIN *and* RALPH ‡ *with a silver goblet.*

Robin. Come, Ralph: did not I tell thee, we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? *ecce, signum!* here's a simple purchase § for horse-keepers: our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Ralph. But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

Robin. Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally.

Enter Vintner.

Drawer‖, I hope all is paid; God be with you! —Come, Ralph.

Vint. Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

Robin. I a goblet, Ralph, I a goblet!—I scorn you; and you are but a, &c. I a goblet! search me.

Vint. I mean so, sir, with your favour.

[*Searches* ROBIN.

Robin. How say you now?

Vint. I must say somewhat to your fellow.—You, sir!

Ralph. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [VINTNER *searches him.*] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

Vint. Well, tone* of you hath this goblet about you.

Robin. You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me [*Aside*].—Sirrah you, I'll teach you to impeach honest men;—stand by;—I'll scour you for a goblet;—stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [*Aside to* RALPH].

Vint. What mean you, sirrah?

Robin. I'll tell you what I mean. [*Reads from a book*] *Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon*—nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [*Aside to Ralph*].—[*Reads*] *Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis*, &c.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, *sets squibs at their backs, and then exit. They run about.*

Vint. O, nomine Domini! what meanest thou, Robin? thou hast no goblet.

Ralph. Peccatum peccatorum! — Here's thy goblet, good Vintner.

[*Gives the goblet to* Vintner, *who exit.*

Robin. Misericordia pro nobis! what shall I do? Good devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Meph. Monarch of hell†, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexèd with these villains' charms?
From Constantinople am I hither come,
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves.

Robin. How, from Constantinople! you have

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* *ippocras*] Or *hippocras*,—a medicated drink composed of wine (usually red) with spices and sugar. It is generally supposed to have been so called from *Hippocrates* (contracted by our earliest writers to *Hippocras*); perhaps because it was strained,—the woollen bag used by apothecaries to strain syrups and decoctions for clarification being termed *Hippocrates' sleeve*.

† *tabern*] i. e. tavern.

‡ [*Exeunt.*

Enter Robin and Ralph, &c.] A scene is evidently wanting after the *Exeunt* of Robin and Ralph.

§ *purchase*] i. e. booty—gain, acquisition.

‖ *Drawer*] There is an inconsistency here: the Vintner cannot properly be addressed as "Drawer." The later 4tos are also inconsistent in the corresponding passage: Dick says, "*the Vintner's boy* follows us at the hard heels," and immediately the "*Vintner*" enters.

* *tone*] i. e. the one.

† MEPH. *Monarch of hell*, &c.] Old ed. thus:—

"MEPH. Vanish vilaines, th' one like an Ape, an other like a Beare, the third an Asse, for doing this enterprise.

Monarch of hell, vnder whose blacke suruey," &c.

What follows, shews that the words which I have omitted ought to have no place in the text; nor is there any thing equivalent to them in the corresponding passage of the play as given in the later 4tos.

had a great journey: will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and be gone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so be gone! [*Exit.*

Robin. How, into an ape! that's brave: I'll have fine sport with the boys; I'll get nuts and apples enow.

Ralph. And I must be a dog.

Robin. I'faith, thy head will never be out of the pottage-pot. [*Exeunt.*

Enter EMPEROR,* FAUSTUS, *and a* Knight, *with* Attendants.

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus†, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported: and here I swear to thee, by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight. I'faith, he looks much like a conjurer. [*Aside.*

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet, for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won* by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdu'd so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed,† or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority:
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright‡ shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As when I hear but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man:
If, therefore, thou, by cunning of thine art,
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They us'd to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, so far forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to perform.

Knight. I'faith, that's just nothing at all. [*Aside.*

Faust. But, if it like your grace, it is not in my ability § to present before your eyes the true

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* *Enter Emperor*, &c.] Scene—An apartment in the Emperor's Palace. According to *The History of Dr. Faustus*, the Emperor "was personally, with the rest of the nobles and gentlemen, at the towne of Inzbrack, where he kept his court." Sig. G, ed. 1648.

† *Master Doctor Faustus*, &c.] The greater part of this scene is closely borrowed from the history just cited: *e. g.* "Faustus, I have heard much of thee, that thou art excellent in the black art, and none like thee in mine empire; for men say that thou hast a familiar spirit with thee, and that thou canst doe what thou list; it is therefore (said the Emperor) my request of thee, that thou let me see a proofe of thy experience: and I vow unto thee, by the honour of my emperiall crowne, none evill shall happen unto thee for so doing," &c. *Ibid.*

* *won*] May be right: but qy. "done"?

† *As we that do succeed*, &c.] A corrupted passage (not found in the later 4tos).

‡ *The bright*, &c.] See note ‖, p. 18.

§ *But, if it like your grace, it is not in my ability*, &c.] "D. Faustus answered, My most excellent lord, I am ready to accomplish your request in all things, so farre forth as I and my spirit are able to performe: yet your majesty shall know that their dead bodies are not able substantially to be brought before you; but such spirits as have seene Alexander and his Paramour alive shall appeare unto you, in manner and form as they both lived in their most flourishing time; and herewith I hope to please your Imperiall Majesty. Then Faustus went a little aside to speake to his spirit; but he returned againe presently, saying, Now, if it please your Majesty, you shall see them; yet, upon this condition, that you demand no question of them, nor speake unto them; which the Emperor agreed unto. Wherewith Doctor Faustus opened the privy-chamber doore, where presently entered the great and mighty emperor Alexander Magnus, in all things to looke upon as if he had beene alive; in proportion, a strong set thicke man, of a middle stature, blacke haire, and that both thicke and curled, head and beard, red cheekes, and a broad face, with eyes like a basilisko; he had a compleat harnesse [*i. e.* suit of armour] burnished and graven, exceeding rich to look upon: and so, passing towards the Emperor Carolus, he made low and reverend courtesie: whereat the Emperour Carolus would have stood up to receive and greet him with the like reverence; but Faustus tooke hold on him, and would not permit him to doe it. Shortly after, Alexander made humble reverence, and went out againe; and comming to the doore, his para-

substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. [*Aside.*

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your grace, in that manner that they both * lived in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor; let me see them presently.

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor? you bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

Faust. How then, sir?

Knight. I'faith, that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag.

Faust. No, sir; but, when Actæon died, he left the horns for you.—Mephistophilis, be gone. [*Exit* Mephistophilis.

Knight. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll be gone. [*Exit.*

Faust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so.—Here they are, my gracious lord.

Re-enter Mephistophilis *with* Spirits *in the shapes of* Alexander *and his* Paramour.

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady, while she lived, had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

Faust. Your highness may boldly go and see.

Emp. Sure, these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes. [*Exeunt* Spirits.

Faust. Wilt please your highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

Emp. One of you call him forth. [*Exit* Attendant.

Re-enter the Knight *with a pair of horns on his head.*

How now, sir knight! why, I had thought thou hadst been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head.

Knight. Thou damnèd wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

Faust. O, not so fast, sir! there's no haste: but, good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him: he hath done penance sufficient.

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns:—and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars.—Mephistophilis, transform him straight.* [*Mephistophilis removes the horns.*]—Now, my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

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mour met him. She comming in made the Emperour likewise reverence: she was cloathed in blew velvet, wrought and imbroidered with pearls and gold; she was also excellent faire, like milke and blood mixed, tall and slender, with a face round as an apple. And thus passed [she] certaine times up and downe the house; which the Emperor marking, said to himselfe, Now have I seene two persons which my heart hath long wished to behold; and sure it cannot otherwise be (said he to himselfe) but that the spirits have changed themselves into these formes, and have but deceived me, calling to minde the woman that raised the prophet Samuel: and for that the Emperor would be the more satisfied in the matter, he said, I have often heard that behind, in her neck, she had a great wart or wen; wherefore he tooke Faustus by the hand without any words, and went to see if it were also to be seene on her or not; but she, perceiving that he came to her, bowed downe her neck, when he saw a great wart; and hereupon she vanished, leaving the Emperor and the rest well contented." *The History of Dr. Faustus*, Sig. G, ed. 1648.

* *both*] Old ed. "best."

* *Mephistophilis, transform him straight*] According to *The History of Dr. Faustus*, the knight was not present during Faustus's "conference" with the Emperor; nor did he offer the doctor any insult by doubting his skill in magic. We are there told that Faustus happening to see the knight asleep, "leaning out of a window of the great hall," fixed a huge pair of hart's horns on his head; "and, as the knight awaked, thinking to pull in his head, he hit his hornes against the glasse, that the panes thereof flew about his eares: thinke here how this good gentleman was vexed, for he could neither get backward nor forward." After the emperor and the courtiers, to their great amusement, had beheld the poor knight in this condition, Faustus removed the horns. When Faustus, having taken leave of the emperor, was a league and a half from the city, he was attacked in a wood by the knight and some of his companions: they were in armour, and mounted on fair palfreys; but the doctor quickly overcame them by turning all the bushes into horsemen, and "so charmed them, that every one, knight and other, for the space of a whole moneth, did weare a paire of goates hornes on their browes, and every palfry a paire of oxe hornes on his head; and this was their penance appointed by Faustus." A second attempt of the knight to revenge himself on Faustus proved equally unsuccessful. Sigs. G 2, I 3, ed. 1648.

Emp. Farewell, Master Doctor: yet, ere you go,
Expect from me a bounteous reward.

[*Exeunt* EMPEROR, Knight, *and* Attendants.

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis,* the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Shortening my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years:
Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wertenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horse-back or on foot

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

Enter a Horse-courser.†

Horse-c. I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian: mass, see where he is!—God save you, Master Doctor!

Faust. What, horse-courser! you are well met.

Horse-c. Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

Faust. I cannot sell him so: if thou likest him for fifty, take him.

Horse-c. Alas, sir, I have no more!—I pray you, speak for me.

Meph. I pray you, let him have him: he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Faust. Well, come, give me your money [HORSE-COURSER *gives* FAUSTUS *the money*]: my boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water, at any hand.

Horse-c. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. O, yes, he will drink of all waters; but ride him not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Horse-c. Well, sir.—Now am I made man for ever: I'll not leave my horse for forty‡: if he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him: he has a buttock as slick as an eel [*Aside*].—Well, God b'wi'ye, sir: your boy will deliver him me: but, hark you, sir; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, if I bring his water to you, you'll tell me what it is?

Faust. Away, you villain! what, dost think I am a horse-doctor? [*Exit* Horse-courser.
What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust into* my thoughts:
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[*Sleeps in his chair.*

Re-enter Horse-courser, *all wet, crying.*

Horse-c. Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian, quoth a? mass, Doctor Lopus† was never such a doctor: has given me a purgation, has purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water: now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me know of,‡ I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse!—O, yonder is his snipper-snapper.—Do you hear? you, hey-pass,§ where's your master?

Meph. Why, sir, what would you? you cannot speak with him.

Horse-c. But I will speak with him.

Meph. Why, he's fast asleep: come some other time.

Horse-c. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass-windows about his ears.

Meph. I tell thee, he has not slept this eight nights.

Horse-c. An he have not slept this eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

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* *Faust. Now Mephistophilis,* &c.] Here the scene is supposed to be changed to the "fair and pleasant green" which Faustus presently mentions.

† *Horse-courser*] i. e. Horse-dealer.—We are now to suppose the scene to be near the home of Faustus, and presently that it is the interior of his house, for he falls asleep in his chair.—"How Doctor Faustus deceived a Horse courser" is related in a short chapter (the 34th) of *The History of Doctor Faustus:* "After this manner he served a horse-courser at a faire called Pheiffering," &c.

‡ *for forty*] Qy. "*for* twice *forty* dollars"?

* *into*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "vnto."

† *Doctor Lopus*] i. e. Doctor Lopez, domestic physician to Queen Elizabeth, who was put to death for having received a bribe from the court of Spain to destroy her. He is frequently mentioned in our early dramas: see my note on Middleton's *Works*, iv. 384.

‡ *know of*] The old ed. has "knowne *of*"; which perhaps is right, meaning—acquainted with.

§ *hey-pass*] Equivalent to—juggler.

Meph. See, where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-c. Ay, this is he.—God save you, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-c. So-ho, ho! so-ho, ho! [*Hollows in his ear.*] No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. [*Pulls* FAUSTUS *by the leg, and pulls it away.*] Alas, I am undone! what shall I do?

Faust. O, my leg, my leg!—Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers.—My leg, my leg!

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-c. O Lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more!

Meph. Where be they?

Horse-c. I have none about me: come to my ostry,* and I'll give them you.

Meph. Be gone quickly.

[Horse-courser *runs away.*

Faust. What, is he gone? farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the Horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour: well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner! what's the news with thee?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning.†—Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, *the* DUCHESS, *and* FAUSTUS.‡

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for some dainties or other: what is it, madam? tell me, and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor: and, for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and, were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing!—Mephistophilis, be gone. [*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.] Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with grapes.*

Here they be, madam: wilt please you taste on them?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

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* *ostry*] i. e. inn,—lodging.

† *cunning*] i. e. skill.

‡ [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Vanholt, the Duchess, and Faustus] Old ed.;

"*Exeunt.*

Enter to them the Duke, the Dutchess, the Duke speakes."

In the later 4tos a scene intervenes between the "*Exeunt*" of Faustus, Mephistophilis, and Wagner, and the entrance of the Duke of Vanholt, &c.—We are to suppose that Faustus is now at the court of the Duke of Vanholt: this is plain, not only from the later 4tos,—in which Wagner tells Faustus that the Duke "hath sent some of his men to attend him, with provision fit for his journey,"—but from *The History of Doctor Faustus*, the subjoined portion of which is closely followed in the present scene. "Chap. xxxix. *How Doctor Faustus played a merry jest with the Duke of Anholt in his Court.* Doctor Faustus on a time went to the Duke of Anholt, who welcommed him very courteously; this was the moneth of January; where sitting at the table, he perceived the dutchess to be with child; and forbearing himselfe untill the meat was taken from the table, and that they brought in the banqueting dishes [i. e. the dessert], Doctor Faustus said to the dutchesse, Gratious lady, I have alwayes heard that great-bellied women doe alwayes long for some dainties; I beseech therefore your grace, hide not your minde from me, but tell me what you desire to eat. She answered him, Doctor Faustus, now truly I will not hide from you what my heart doth most desire; namely, that, if it were now harvest, I would eat my bellyfull of grapes and other dainty fruit. Doctor Faustus answered hereupon, Gracious lady, this is a small thing for me to doe, for I can doe more than this. Wherefore he tooke a plate, and set open one of the casements of the window, holding it forth; where incontinent he had his dish full of all manner of fruit, as red and white grapes, peares, and apples, the which came from out of strange countries: all these he presented the dutchesse, saying, Madam, I pray you vouchsafe to taste of this dainty fruit, the which came from a farre countrey, for there the summer is not yet ended. The dutchesse thanked Faustus highly, and she fell to her fruit with full appetite. The Duke of Anholt notwithstanding could not withhold to ask Faustus with what reason there were such young fruit to be had at that time of the yeare. Doctor Faustus told him, May it please your grace to understand that the yeare is divided into two circles of the whole world, that when with us it is winter, in the contrary circle it is notwithstanding summer; for in India and Saba there falleth or setteth the sunne, so that it is so warm that they have twice a yeare fruit; and, gracious lord, I have a swift spirit, the which can in the twinkling of an eye fulfill my desire in any thing; wherefore I sent him into those countries, who hath brought this fruit as you see: whereat the duke was in great admiration."

Faust. If it like your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba,* and farther countries in the east; and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as you see.—How do you like them, madam? be they good?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam.

Duke. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath shewed to you.

Duchess. And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest beholding† for this courtesy.

Faust. I humbly thank your grace.

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive your reward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WAGNER.‡

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods: §
And yet, methinks, if that death were near,
He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See, where they come! belike the feast is ended.
[*Exit.*

Enter FAUSTUS *with two or three* Scholars, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

First Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds, and* HELEN *passeth over the stage.**

Sec. Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

Third Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

First Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you. [*Exeunt* Scholars.

Enter an Old Man.†

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile ‡ and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin§
As no commiseration may expel,

* *Saba*] i. e. Sabæa.

† *beholding*] i. e. beholden.

‡ *Enter Wagner*] Scene, a room in the house of Faustus.

§ *he hath given to me all his goods*] Compare chap. lvi. of *The History of Doctor Faustus*,—"How Doctor Faustus made his will, in which he named his servant Wagner to be his heire."

* *Helen passeth over the stage*] In *The History of Doctor Faustus* we have the following description of Helen. "This lady appeared before them in a most rich gowne of purple velvet, costly imbrodered; her hairo hanged downe loose, as faire as the beaten gold, and of such length that it reached downe to her hammes; having most amorous cole-black eyes, a sweet and pleasant round face, with lips as red as a cherry; her cheekes of a rose colour, her mouth small, her neck white like a swan; tall and slender of personage; in summe, there was no imperfect place in her: she looked round about with a rolling hawkes eye, a smiling and wanton countenance, which necre-hand inflamed the hearts of all the students; but that they perswaded themselves she was a spirit, which made them lightly passe away such fancies." Sig. H 4, ed. 1648.

† *Enter an Old Man*] See chap. xlviii of *The History of Doctor Faustus*,—"How an old man, the neighbour of Faustus, sought to perswade him to amend his evill life and to fall into repentance,"—according to which history, the Old Man's exhortation is delivered at his own house, whither he had invited Faustus to supper.

‡ *vild*] Old ed. "vild." See note ‖, p. 68.

§ *sin*] Old ed. "sinnes" (This is not in the later 4tos).

But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.
Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost* come;"
And Faustus now† will come to do thee right.
[MEPHISTOPHILIS *gives him a dagger.*
Old Man. Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!
I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.
Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressèd soul!
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.
Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [*Exit.*
Faust. Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent; and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?
Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.
Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.
Meph. Do it, then, quickly,‡ with unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.
Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crookèd age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.
Meph. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant,* let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
Those† thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.
Meph. Faustus, this,‡ or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless§ towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—
[*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is‖ in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;

* *almost*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.
† *now*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.
‡ *Meph. Do it, then, quickly,* &c.] After this speech, most probably, there ought to be a stage-direction, "*Faustus stabs his arm, and writes on a paper with his blood.* Compare *The History of Doctor Faustus*, chap. xlix, —"How Doctor Faustus wrote the second time with his owne blood, and gave it to the Devill."

* *One thing, good servant,* &c.] "To the end that this miserable Faustus might fill the lust of his flesh and live in all manner of voluptuous pleasure, it came in his mind, after he had slept his first sleepe, and in the 23 year past of his time, that he had a great desire to lye with faire Helena of Greece, especially her whom he had seen and shewed unto the students at Wittenberg: wherefore he called unto his spirit Mephostophiles, commanding him to bring to him the faire Helena; which he also did. Whereupon he fell in love with her, and made her his common concubine and bed-fellow; for she was so beautifull and delightfull a peece, that he could not be one houre from her, if he should therefore have suffered death, she had so stoln away his heart: and, to his seeming, in time she was with childe, whom Faustus named Justus Faustus. The childe told Doctor Faustus many things which were don in forraign countrys; but in the end, when Faustus lost his life, the mother and the childe vanished away both together." *The History of Doctor Faustus*, Sig. I 4, ed. 1648.
† *Those*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "These."
‡ *Faustus, this*] Qy. "This, Faustus"?
§ *topless*] i. e. not exceeded in height by any.
‖ *is*] So the later 4tos.—2to 1604 "be."

More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt* be my paramour!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Old Man.†

Old Man. Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal-seat!

Enter Devils.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

[*Exeunt,—on one side,* Devils, *on the other,* Old Man.

Enter FAUSTUS,‡ *with* Scholars.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

First Schol. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? comes he not?

Sec. Schol. What means Faustus?

Third Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary.

First Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.—'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

Third Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!*

All. God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

First Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before,† that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if

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* *shalt*] So all the 4tos; and so I believe Marlowe wrote, though the grammar requires "shall."

† *Enter the Old Man*] Scene, a room in the Old Man's house.—In *The History of Doctor Faustus* the Old Man makes himself very merry with the attempts of the evil powers to hurt him. "About two dayes after that he had exhorted Faustus, as the poore man lay in his bed, suddenly there was a mighty rumbling in the chamber, the which he was never wont to heare, and he heard as it had beene the groaning of a sow, which lasted long: whereupon the good old man began to jest and mocke, and said, Oh, what barbarian cry is this? Oh faire bird, what foul musicke is this? A [h], faire angell, that could not tarry two dayes in his place! beginnest thou now to runne into a poore mans house, where thou hast no power, and wert not able to keepe thy owne two dayes? With these and such like words the spirit departed," &c. Sig. I 2, ed. 1648.

‡ *Enter Faustus, &c.*] Scene, a room in the house of Faustus.

* *cunning*] i. e. knowledge, skill.

† *Why did not Faustus tell us of this before,* &c.] "Wherefore one of them said unto him, Ah, friend Faustus, what have you done to conceale this matter so long from us? We would, by the helpe of good divines and the grace of God, have brought you out of this net, and have torne you out of the bondage and chaines of Satan; whereas now we feare it is too late, to the utter ruine both of your body and soule. Doctor Faustus answered, I durst never doe it, although I often minded to settle my life [myself?] to godly people to desire counsell and helpe; and once mine old neighbour counselled me that I should follow his learning and leave all my conjurations: yet, when I was minded to amend and to follow that good mans counsell, then came the Devill and would have had me away, as this night he is like to doe, and said, so soone as I turned againe to God, he would dispatch me altogether." *The History of Doctor Faustus,* Sig. K 3, ed. 1648.

I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Schol. O, what shall we do to save* Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Schol. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

First Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear,† come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Scholars.—*The clock strikes eleven.*

Faust. Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente,‡ lente currite, noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ!—
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No, no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud[s],
That, when you* vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!
[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*
Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon
O God,
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
O, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast!† all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.
[*The clock strikes twelve.*
O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
[*Thunder and lightning.*
O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Enter Devils.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!

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* *save*] So the later 4tos.—Not in 4to 1604.

† *and what noise soever ye hear*, &c.] "Lastly, to knit up my troubled oration, this is my friendly request, that you would go to rest, and let nothing trouble you; also, if you chance heare any noyse or rumbling about the house, be not therewith afraid, for there shall no evill happen unto you," &c. *The History of Doctor Faustus, ubi supra.*

‡ *O lente*, &c.] "At si, quem malles, Cephalum complexa teneres,
Clamares, *Lente currite, noctis equi.*"
Ovid,—*Amor.* i. xiii. 39.

* *That, when you*, &c.] So all the old eds.; and it is certain that awkward changes of person are sometimes found in passages of our early poets: but qy.,—
" *That, when* they *vomit forth into the air,*
My limbs may issue from their *smoky mouths,*" &c.?
† *and I be chang'd*
Unto some brutish beast] "Now, thou Faustus, damned wretch, how happy wert thou, if, as an unreasonable beast, thou mightest dye without [a] soule! so shouldst thou not feele any more doubts," &c. *The History of Doctor Faustus*, Sig. K. ed. 1648.

Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt* Devils *with* FAUSTUS.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

[*Exit.*

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.

* *Exeunt Devils with Faustus*] In *The History of Doctor Faustus*, his "miserable and lamentable end" is described as follows: it took place, we are informed, at "the village called Rimlich, halfe a mile from Wittenberg."—"The students and the other that were there, when they had prayed for him, they wept, and so went forth; but Faustus tarried in the hall; and when the gentlemen were laid in bed, none of them could sleepe, for that they attended to heare if they might be privy of his end. It happened that betweene twelve and one a clocke at midnight, there blew a mighty storme of winde against the house, as though it would have blowne the foundation thereof out of his place. Hereupon the students began to feare and goe out of their beds, comforting one another; but they would not stirre out of the chamber; and the host of the house ran out of doores, thinking the house would fall. The students lay neere unto the hall wherein Doctor Faustus lay, and they heard a mighty noyse and hissing, as if the hall had beene full of snakes and adders. With that, the hall-doore flew open, wherein Doctor Faustus was, that he began to cry for helpe, saying, Murther, murther! but it came forth with halfe a voyce, hollowly: shortly after, they heard him no more. But when it was day, the students, that had taken no rest that night, arose and went into the hall, in the which they left Doctor Faustus; where notwithstanding they found not Faustus, but all the hall lay sprinkled with blood, his braines cleaving to the wall, for the devill had beaten him from one wall against another; in one corner lay his eyes, in another his teeth; a pittifull and fearefull sight to behold. Then began the students to waile and weepe for him, and sought for his body in many places. Lastly, they came into the yard, where they found his body lying on the horse-dung, most monstrously torne and fearefull to behold, for his head and all his joynts were dashed in peeces. The fore-named students and masters that were at his death, have obtained so much, that they buried him in the village where he was so grievously tormented. After the which they returned to Wittenberg; and comming into the house of Faustus, they found the servant of Faustus very sad, unto whom they opened all the matter, who tooke it exceeding heavily. There found they also this history of Doctor Faustus noted and of him written, as is before declared, all save only his end, the which was after by the students thereto annexed; further, what his servant had noted thereof, was made in another booke. And you have heard that he held by him in his life the spirit of faire Helena, the which had by him one sonne, the which he named Justus Faustus: even the same day of his death they vanished away, both mother and sonne. The house before was so darke that scarce any body could abide therein. The same night Doctor Faustus appeared unto his servant lively, and shewed unto him many secret things, the which he had done and hidden in his life-time. Likewise there were certaine which saw Doctor Faustus looke out of the window by night, as they passed by the house." Sig. K 3, ed. 1648.

THE

TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

FROM THE QUARTO OF 1616.

The Tragicall History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus. Written by Ch. Mar. London, Printed for John Wright, and are to be sold at his shop without Newgate, at the signe of the Bible, 1616, 4to.

The Tragicall History of the Life and Death of Doctor Favstus. With new Additions. Written by Ch. Mar. Printed at London for John Wright, and are to be sold at his shop without Newgate, 1624, 4to.

The Tragicall Historie of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus. With new Additions. Written by Ch. Mar. Printed at London for John Wright, and are to be sold at his shop without Newgate, 1631, 4to.

In a few places I have amended the text of this play by means of 4to 1604.—I have made no use of the comparatively modern edition, 4to 1663.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE POPE.
THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.
RAYMOND, king of Hungary.
DUKE OF SAXONY.
BRUNO.
DUKE OF VANHOLT.
MARTINO, FREDERICK, BENVOLIO, } gentlemen.
FAUSTUS.
VALDES, CORNELIUS, } friends to FAUSTUS.
WAGNER, servant to FAUSTUS.
Clown.
ROBIN.
DICK.
Vintner.
Horse-courser.
Carter.
An Old Man.
Scholars, Cardinals, ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS, Bishops, Monks, Friars, Soldiers, and Attendants.

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.
Hostess.

LUCIFER.
BELZEBUB.
MEPHISTOPHILIS.
Good Angel.
Evil Angel.
The Seven Deadly Sins.
Devils.
Spirits in the shapes of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, of his Paramour, of DARIUS, and of HELEN.

Chorus.

THE

TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

FROM THE QUARTO OF 1616.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Not marching in the fields of Thrasymene,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagens;*
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt her† heavenly verse:
Only this, gentles,—we must now perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born of parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
At riper years, to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th' heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning, of‡ a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon§ cursèd necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits. [*Exit.*

FAUSTUS *discovered in his study.*

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end:
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come:
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be etèrniz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand* desperate maladies been cur'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them† to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian? [*Reads.*
Si una eademque res legatur‡ duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A petty§ case of paltry legacies! [*Reads.*

* *Carthagens*] So 4tos 1616, 1624, (and compare 4to 1604, p. 79).—2to 1631 "Carthagen."
† *her*] Old eds. "his."
‡ *of*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "and."
§ *upon*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624 1631 "on the."

* *thousand*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "diuers."
† *them*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "men."
‡ *legatur*] Old eds. "legatus."
§ *petty*] I may notice that 4to 1604 has "pretty," which is perhaps the right reading.

Exhæreditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c. *
Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law:
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best:
Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well. [*Reads.*
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium, &c.*
The reward of sin is death: that's hard. [*Reads*]
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas; If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there is no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,*
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;†
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promis'd to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyèd in their several provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a demigod:
Here tire, my brains, to gain‡ a deity.

Enter WAGNER.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.
Wag. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. O, Faustus, lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.

E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these* elements.
[*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise† I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair‡ Wittenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,§
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp-bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest‖ with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealèd arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits:
'Tis magic, magic that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with subtle syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
Swarm¶ to my problems, as th' infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.
Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,

---

* *&c.*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

† *circles, scenes, letters, and characters*] So 4to 1604 (see note ‡‡, p. 80).—The later 4tos "*circles, letters, characters.*"

‡ *gain*] So 4tos 1624, 1631 (and so 4to 1604).—2to 1616 "get."

* *these*] See note §, p. 80.

† *enterprise*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "enterprises."

‡ *make swift Rhine circle fair*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "with *swift Rhine circle* all."

§ *silk*] Old eds. "skill."

‖ *blest*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "wise."

¶ *Swarm*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "Sworne."

Shall make all nations to * canònize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have † the white breasts of the queen of love:
From Venice shall they ‡ drag huge § argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs || old Philip's treasury;
If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live: therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require:
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,¶
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Yea, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth:
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul!
Come, shew me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some bushy grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' ** works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Vald. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Scholars.

First Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*.

Sec. Schol. That shall we presently know; here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER.

First Schol. How now, sirrah! where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

Sec. Schol. Why, dost not thou know, then?

Wag. Yes, I know; but that follows not.

First Schol. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not by force of argument, which you, being licentiates, should stand upon: therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

Sec. Schol. Then you will not tell us?

Wag. You are deceived, for I will tell you: yet, if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is he not *corpus naturale?* and is not that *mobile?* then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt but to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus:—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships: and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren! [*Exit.*

First Schol. O Faustus!
Then I fear that which I have long suspected,
That thou art fall'n into that * damnèd art
For which they two are infamous through the world.

Sec. Schol. Were he a stranger, not allied to me,
The danger of his soul would make me mourn.

---

* *to*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

† *have*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "has."

‡ *shall they*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "they shall."

§ *huge*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "whole."

|| *stuffs*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "stuff'd."

¶ *renowm'd*] So 4to 1616 (See note ||, p. 11).—2tos 1624, 1631, "renown'd."

** *Albertus'*] Old eds. "Albanus."

---

* *that*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "the."

But, come, let us go and inform the Rector:
It may be his grave counsel may reclaim him.*
First Schol. I fear me nothing will reclaim him now.
Sec. Schol. Yet let us see what we can do.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter FAUSTUS.†

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her‡ pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,
Th' abbreviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring§ stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, to be resolute,
And try the utmost magic can perform.
[*Thunder.*

Sint mihi dii Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovæ! Ignei, aërii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris:‖ per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus¶ Mephistophilis!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.
[*Exit* MEPHIST.

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words.
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *like a Franciscan friar.*

Meph. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?
Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.
Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.
Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?
Meph. No, I came hither* of mine own accord.
Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches† raise thee? speak!
Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens;*‡
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure all godliness,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.
Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not me,
For I confound hell in Elysium:
My ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?
Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.
Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?
Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.
Faust. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?
Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.
Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?
Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell§ with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.
Faust. Where are you damn'd?
Meph. In hell.

---

* *him*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

† *Enter Faustus*] Old eds. "*Thunder. Enter Lucifer and 4 deuils, Faustus to them with this speech,*"—wrongly.

‡ *her*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "his."

§ *erring*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "euening."

‖ *Mephistophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris*] See note *, p. 83.

¶ *dicatus*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "dicatis."

* *came hither*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "*came* now *hether*."

† *speeches*] So 4to 1604.—Not in the later 4tos.

‡ *accidens*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "accident."

§ *fell*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "liue."

Faust. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

Meph. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:
Think'st thou that I, that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike * a terror to my fainting soul!

Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprivèd of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go, and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus. [*Exit.*

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough † the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributary to my crown:
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again. [*Exit.*

Enter WAGNER *and* Clown.

Wag. Come hither, sirrah boy.

Clown. Boy! O, disgrace to my person! zounds, boy in your face! You have seen many boys with beards, I am sure.

Wag. Sirrah, ‡ hast thou no comings in?

Clown. Yes, and goings out too, you may see, sir.

Wag. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jests in his nakedness! I know the villain's out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.

Clown. Not so neither: I had need to have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear, I can tell you.

Wag. Sirrah, wilt thou be my man, and wait on me, and I will make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*

Clown. What, in verse?

Wag. No, slave; in beaten silk and staves-acre.

Clown. Staves-acre! that's good to kill vermin: then, belike, if I serve you, I shall be lousy.

Wag. Why, so thou shalt be, whether thou dost it or no; for, sirrah, if thou dost not presently bind thyself to me for seven years, I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and make them tear thee in pieces.

Clown. Nay, sir, you may save * yourself a labour, for they are as familiar with me as if they paid for their meat and drink, I can tell you.

Wag. Well, sirrah, leave your jesting, and take these guilders. [*Gives money.*

Clown. Yes, marry, sir; and I thank you too.

Wag. So, now thou art to be at an hour's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. Here, take your guilders again; † I'll none of 'em.

Wag. Not I; thou art pressed: prepare thyself, or ‡ I will presently raise up two devils to carry thee away.—Banio! Belcher!

Clown. Belcher! an Belcher come here, I'll belch him: I am not afraid of a devil.

Enter two Devils.

Wag. How now, sir! will you serve me now?

Clown. Ay, good Wagner; take away the devil [s], then.

Wag. Spirits, away! [*Exeunt* Devils.] Now, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. I will, sir: but hark you, master; will you teach me this conjuring occupation?

Wag. Ay, sirrah, I'll teach thee to turn thyself to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or any thing.

---

* *strike*] So 4to 1631.—2tos 1616, 1624, "strikes."
† *thorough*] So 4to 1631.—2tos 1616, 1624, "through."
‡ *Sirrah*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

* *save*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "spare."
† *again*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.
‡ *or*] Old eds. "for."

Clown. A dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat! O, brave, Wagner!

Wag. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be always diametrally fixed upon my left heel, that thou mayst *quasi vestigiis nostris* insistere.*

Clown. Well, sir, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

FAUSTUS *discovered in his study.*

Faust. Now, Faustus,
Must thou needs be damn'd, canst thou not be sav'd.
What boots it, then, to think on God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now, go not backward,† Faustus; be resolute:
Why‡ waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ear,
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Why, he loves thee not;
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous § art.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of‖ these?

G. Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men¶ foolish that do use them most.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

E. Ang. No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth. [*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. Wealth!
Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts.—Mephistophilis, come,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is't not midnight?—come Mephistophilis,
*Veni, veni, Mephistophile!**

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me what saith Lucifer, thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I must back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good will my soul do thy lord?

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.
But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I'll give it thee.†

Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine‡ arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And§ then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. [*Stabbing his arm*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
Faustus hath cut his arm, and with his proper blood
Assures his soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here this blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my‖ wish.

Meph. But, Faustus,
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. [*Writing*] Ay, so I do. But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

---

* *vestigiis nostris*] Old eds. "vestigias nostras."

† *backward*] So 4to 1616 (and so 4to 1604).—2tos 1624, 1631, "backe."

‡ *Why*] So 4to 1616 (and so 4to 1604).—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

§ *that famous*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*that* most *famous*."

‖ *of*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "be."

¶ *men*] So 4tos 1624, 1631 (and so 4to 1604).—2to 1616 "them."

* *Mephistophile*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "Mephostophilis."

† *thee*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "him."

‡ *thine*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "thy."

§ *And*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

‖ *my*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "thy."

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it* unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul: O, there it stay'd!
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*†

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with the chafer of fire.*

Meph. See, Faustus, here is fire; set it on.

Faust. So, now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an‡ end immediately. [*Writes.*

Meph. What will not I do to obtain his soul? [*Aside.*

Faust. Consummatum est; this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo, fuge: whither should§ I fly?
If unto God‖, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—
O, yes, I see it plain; even here is writ,
Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. [*Aside, and then exit.*

Enter Devils, *giving crowns and rich apparel to* FAUSTUS. *They dance, and then depart.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. What means this show? speak, Mephistophilis.

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind,
And let thee see what magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise such spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,¶
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All covenants and articles between us both!

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us both!

* *Is it*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "It is."
† *soul*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.
‡ *an*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—Not in 4to 1624.
§ *should*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "shall."
‖ *God*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "heauen."
¶ *this scroll*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

Faust. Then hear me read it, Mephistophilis. [*Reads.*

On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and be by him commanded. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what shape and form soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer prince of the east, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that, four-and-twenty years being expired, and these articles above-written being inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh and† blood, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.*

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good of it!

Meph. So, now, Faustus, ask me what thou wilt.

Faust. First I will question with‡ thee about hell.
Tell me, where is the§ place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay, so are all things else; but whereabouts?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self-place; but where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be:
And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are‖ not heaven.

Faust. I think hell's a fable.¶

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be damn'd?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
In which thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

* *he desires*] Not in the 4tos. See note ‡, p. 86.
† *and*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.
‡ *with*] So 4to 1604.—Not in the later 4tos.
§ *the*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "that."
‖ *are*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "is."
¶ *hell's a fable*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*hell's a* meere *fable.*"

Faust. Ay, and body too; and what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
No, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.
Meph. But I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I tell thee I am damn'd and now in hell.
Faust. Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd:
What! sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing!
But, leaving this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.
Meph. Well, Faustus, thou shalt have a wife.
[MEPHISTOPHILIS *fetches in a* Woman-devil.
Faust. What sight is this?
Meph. Now, Faustus, wilt thou have a wife?
Faust. Here's a hot whore, indeed: no, I'll no wife.
Meph. Marriage is but a ceremonial toy,
And, if thou lov'st me, think no more of it.
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtezans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed:
She whom thine* eye shall like, thy† heart shall have,
Were she as chaste as was ‡ Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here, take this book, and peruse it well:
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings thunder, whirlwinds, storm, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in harness § shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou command'st.
Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis, for this sweet book:
This will I keep as chary as my life. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FAUSTUS, *in his study, and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. When I behold the heavens, || then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.
Meph. 'Twas thine* own seeking, Faustus; thank thyself.
But, think'st thou heaven is† such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, Faustus, it is not half so fair
As thou, or any man that breathes‡ on earth.
Faust. How prov'st thou that?
Meph. 'Twas made for man; then he's more excellent.
Faust. If heaven was made for man, 'twas made for me:
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.
E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.
Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears § I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Yea, God will pity me, if I repent.
E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.
[*Exeunt* Angels.
Faust. My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent;
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven:

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* *thine*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "thy."
† *thy*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "thine."
‡ *was*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "were."
§ *harness*] i. e. armour.
|| *This will I keep as chary as my life.* [Exeunt.

Enter FAUSTUS, in his study, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FAUST. *When I behold the heavens,* &c.] Old eds. (that is, 4tos 1616, 1624, 1631) thus;
"This will I keepe, as chary as my life. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WAGNER *solus.*

WAG. Learned Faustus
To know the secrets of Astronomy
Grauen in the booke of Joues high firmament,
Did mount himselfe to scale Olympus top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoaky [2to 1624 "yoaked"] Dragons necks,
He now is gone to proue Cosmography,
And as I gesse will first arriue at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court;
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
That to [2tos 1624, 1631, "on"] this day is highly solemnized. *Exit* WAGNER.

Enter FAUSTUS *in his Study, and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FAUST. When I behold the heauens," &c.
The lines which I have here omitted belong to a subsequent part of the play, where they will be found with considerable additions, and are rightly assigned to the *Chorus.* (As given in the present place by the 4tos 1616, 1624, 1631, these lines exhibit the text of the earlier *Faustus;* see p. 90, sec. col.). It would seem that something was intended to intervene here between the exit of Faustus and Mephistophilis, and their re-appearance on the stage: compare, however, the preceding play, p. 88, first col.

* *thine*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "thy."
† *is*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.
‡ *breathes*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "breathe."
§ *ears*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "care."

Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I* should have done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall not repent.—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And reason of divine astrology.
Speak, are there many spheres above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the heavens,
Even from the moon unto th' empyreal orb,
Mutually folded in each other's spheres,
And jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose termine† is term'd the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring‡ stars.

Faust. But have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore*?

Meph. All move from east to west in four-and-twenty hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motions upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. These slender questions Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion§ of the planets?
That the first is finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus; Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days. These are freshmen's questions. But tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia*?

Meph. Ay.

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there?

Meph. Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. But is there not *cœlum igneum et crystallinum*?

Meph. No, Faustus, they be but fables.

Faust. Resolve me, then, in this one question; why are not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Meph. *Per inœqualem motum respectu totius.*

Faust. Well, I am answered. Now tell me who made the world?

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, Faustus.

Faust. Villain, have not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. Ay,* that is not against our kingdom; this is. Thou art damned; think thou of hell.

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. [*Exit.*

Faust. Ay, go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell!
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressèd Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

Re-enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

E. Ang. Too late.

G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus will repent.

E. Ang. If thou repent, devils will tear thee in pieces.

G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. [*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. O Christ, my Saviour, my Saviour
Help to save distressèd Faustus' soul!

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, *and* Mephistophilis.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:
There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. O, what art thou that look'st so terribly?

Luc. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faust. O Faustus, they are come to fetch thy soul!

Belz. We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

Luc. Thou call'st on Christ, contrary to thy promise.

Belz. Thou shouldst not think on God.

Luc. Think on the devil.

Belz. And his dam too.

Faust. Nor will Faustus henceforth: pardon him for this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven.

---

* *this I*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "*this* time *I*."

† *termine*] I may notice that 4to 1604 (see p. 88, sec. col.) has "terminine," which at least is better for the metre.

‡ *erring*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "cuening."

§ *motion*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "motions."

* *Ay*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

Luc. So shalt thou shew thyself an obedient servant,
And we will highly gratify thee for it.

Belz. Faustus, we are come from hell in person to shew thee some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt behold the Seven Deadly Sins appear to thee in their own proper shapes and likeness.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasant unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam the first day
Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise or creation; but mark the show.—
Go, Mephistophilis, and* fetch them in.

MEPHISTOPHILIS *brings in the* Seven Deadly Sins.

Belz. Now, Faustus, question them of their names and dispositions.

Faust. That shall I soon.—What art thou, the† first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea; I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes, like a perriwig, I sit upon her brow; next, like a necklace, I hang about her neck; then, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips;‡ and then, turning myself to a wrought smock, do what I list. But, fie, what a smell is here! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom, unless the ground be perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. Thou art a proud knave, indeed.—What art thou, the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl, in a leather bag: and, might I now obtain my wish, this house, you, and all, should turn to gold, that I might lock you safe into my chest: O my sweet gold!

Faust. And what art thou, the third?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books burned. I am lean with seeing others eat. O, that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou shouldst see how fat I'd be. But must thou sit, and I stand? come down, with a vengeance!

Faust. Out, envious wretch!—But what art thou, the fourth?

Wrath. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce an hour old; and ever since have run* up and down the world with this† case of rapiers, wounding myself when I could get none to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. And what art thou, the fifth?

Glut. I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a small pension, and that buys me thirty meals a-day and ten bevers,—a small trifle to suffice nature. I come‡ of a royal pedigree: my father was a Gammon of Bacon, and my mother was a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickled-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef; but my godmother, O, she was an ancient gentlewoman; her name was Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. Not I.

Glut. Then the devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth?

Sloth. Heigho! I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank. Heigho! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom.

Faust. And what are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lechery. Who, I,§ sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stock-fish; and the first letter of my name begins with L.‖

Luc. Away to hell, away! On, piper!

[*Exeunt the* Sins.

Faust. O, how this sight doth delight my soul!

Luc. Tut,¶ Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O, might I see hell, and return again safe,
How happy were I then!

Luc. Faustus, thou shalt; at midnight I will send for thee.
Meanwhile peruse this book and view it throughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

---

* *and*] So 4to 1631.—Not in 4tos 1616, 1624.
† *the*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—Not in 4to 1624.
‡ *lips*] So 4to 1604.—Not in the later 4tos.

* *and ever since have run*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*and* haue euer since *run*."
† *this*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "these."
‡ *come*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "came."
§ *I*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "I I."
‖ *L*] Old eds. "Lechery." See note †, p. 90.
¶ *Tut*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "But."

Luc. Now, Faustus, farewell.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer.

[*Exeunt* LUCIFER *and* BELZEBUB.

Come, Mephistophilis.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBIN,* *with a book.*

Rob. What, Dick! look to the horses there, till I come again. I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring-books; and now we'll have such knavery as't passes.

Enter DICK.

Dick. What, Robin! you must come away and walk the horses.

Rob. I walk the horses! I scorn't, faith:† I have other matters in hand: let the horses walk themselves, an they will.—[*Reads*] *A per se, a; t, h, e, the; o per se, o; Demy orgon gorgon.*—Keep further from me, O thou illiterate and unlearned hostler!

Dick. 'Snails, what hast thou got there? a book! why, thou canst not tell‡ ne'er a word on't.

Rob. That thou shalt see presently: keep out of the circle, I say, lest I send you into the ostry with a vengeance.

Dick. That's like, faith! you had best leave your foolery; for, an my master come, he'll conjure you, faith.

Rob. My master conjure me! I'll tell thee what; an my master come here, I'll clap as fair a § pair of horns on's head as e'er thou sawest in thy life.

Dick. Thou need'st‖ not do that, for my mistress hath done it.

Rob. Ay, there be of us here that have waded as deep into matters as other men, if they were disposed to talk.

Dick. A plague take you! I thought you did not sneak up and down after her for nothing. But, I prithee, tell me in good sadness, Robin, is that a conjuring-book?

Rob. Do but speak what thou'lt have me to do, and I'll do't: if thou'lt dance naked, put off thy clothes, and I'll conjure thee about presently; or, if thou'lt go but to the tavern with me, I'll give thee white wine, red wine, claret-wine, sack, muscadine, malmsey, and whippincrust, hold, belly, hold;* and we'll not pay one penny for it.

Dick. O, brave! Prithee,† let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

Rob. Come, then, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Learnèd Faustus,
To find the secrets of astronomy
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount him‡ up to scale Olympus' top;
Where, sitting in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yokèd dragons' necks,
He views § the clouds, the planets, and the stars,
The tropic zones, and quarters of the sky,
From the bright circle of the hornèd moon
Even to the height of *Primum Mobile;*
And, whirling round with this‖ circumference,
Within the concave compass of the pole,
From east to west his dragons swiftly glide,
And in eight days did bring him home again.
Not long he stay'd within his quiet house,
To rest his bones after his weary toil;
But new exploits do hale him out again:
And, mounted then upon a dragon's back,
That with his wings did part the subtle air,
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
That measures coasts and kingdoms of the earth;
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which this day is highly solemniz'd. [*Exit.*

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round ¶ with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep-entrenchèd lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,**

* *Robin*] Old eds. "the Clowne" (and so frequently afterwards): but he is evidently a distinct person from the "Clown," Wagner's attendant, who has previously appeared (see p. 111). Most probably the parts of the Clown and Robin were played by the same actor; and hence the confusion in the old eds.

† *faith*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631 "i'faith." (And so afterwards in this scene.)

‡ *not tell*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

§ *as fair a*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "a faire."

‖ *need'st*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "needs."

* *hold, belly, hold*] Compare Florio's *Dict.*, 1611; "Iosa, good store, *hold-bellie-hold.*"

† *Prithee*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "I *prithee.*"

‡ *him*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—Not in 4to 1631.

§ *He views*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "To view."

‖ *with this*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "*with* his." This passage is sufficiently obscure.

¶ *round*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

** *Rhine*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "Rhines."

Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to* Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents:†
There saw we learnèd Maro's golden tomb;
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough‡ a rock of stone, in one night's space;
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,§
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threats the stars with her aspiring top,
Whose frame is pav'd with sundry-colour'd stones,
And roof'd aloft with curious work in gold.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time:
But tell me‖ now, what resting-place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. I have, my Faustus; and, for proof thereof,
This is the goodly palace of the Pope;
And, 'cause we are no common guests,
I choose his privy-chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us¶ welcome.

Meph. All's one, for we'll be bold with his venison.
But now, my Faustus, that thou mayst perceive
What Rome contains for to delight thine eyes,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through** the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts;
Over the which two stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge call'd Ponte†† Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Where thou shalt see such store of ordnance,
As that the double cannons, forg'd of brass,
Do match‡‡ the number of the days contain'd
Within the compass of one complete year;
Beside the gates, and high pyramides,
That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the* monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come, therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, stay, my Faustus: I know you'd see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which, in state and† high solemnity,
This day, is held through Rome and Italy,
In honour of the Pope's triumphant victory.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, thou pleasest me.
Whilst I am here on earth, let me be cloy'd
With all things that delight the heart of man:
My four-and-twenty years of liberty
I'll spend in pleasure and in dalliance,
That Faustus' name, whilst‡ this bright frame doth stand,
May be admir'd thorough§ the furthest land.

Meph. 'Tis well said, Faustus. Come, then, stand by me,
And thou shalt see them come immediately.

Faust. Nay, stay, my gentle Mephistophilis,
And grant me my‖ request, and then I go.
Thou know'st, within the compass of eight days
We view'd the face of heaven, of earth, and hell;
So high our dragons soar'd into the air,
That, looking down, the earth appear'd to me
No bigger than my hand in quantity;
There did we view the kingdoms of the world,
And what might please mine eye I there beheld.
Then in this show let me an actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus' cunning¶ see.

Meph. Let it be so, my Faustus. But, first, stay,
And view their triumphs as they pass this way;
And then devise what best contents thy mind,
By cunning in thine art to cross the Pope,
Or dash the pride of this** solemnity;
To make his monks and abbots stand like apes,
And point like antics at†† his triple crown;
To beat the beads about the friars' pates,

---

* *up to*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "vnto."

† *Quarter the town in four equivalents*] So 4to 1604.—Not in the later 4tos.

‡ *Thorough*] So 4to 1631.—2tos 1616, 1624, "Through."

§ *rest*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "East."

‖ *me*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—Not in 4to 1624.

¶ *us*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "you."

** *through*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "thorow."

†† *Ponte*] Old eds. "Ponto."

‡‡ *match*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "watch."

* *the*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "those."

† *in state and*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "this day with."

‡ *whilst*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "while."

§ *thorough*] So 4to 1631.—2tos 1616, 1624, "through."

‖ *my*] Qy. "one"?

¶ *cunning*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "comming." (And so in the fourth line of the next speech.)

** *this*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "his."

†† *at*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "to."

Or clap huge horns upon the cardinals' heads;
Or any villany thou canst devise;
And I'll perform it,* Faustus. Hark! they come:
This day shall make thee be admir'd in Rome.

Enter the Cardinals *and* Bishops, *some bearing croziers, some the pillars;* Monks *and* Friars, *singing their procession; then the* Pope, Raymond *king of Hungary, the* Archbishop of Rheims, Bruno *led in chains, and* Attendants.

Pope. Cast down our footstool.

Ray. Saxon Bruno, stoop,
Whilst on thy back his Holiness ascends
Saint Peter's chair and state pontifical.

Bru. Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me;
But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.

Pope. To me and Peter shalt thou grovelling lie,
And crouch before the Papal dignity.—
Sound trumpets, then; for thus Saint Peter's heir,
From Bruno's back, ascends Saint Peter's chair.
[*A flourish while he ascends.*
Thus, as the gods creep on with feet of wool,
Long ere with iron hands they punish men,
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,
And smite with death thy hated enterprise.†—
Lord Cardinals of France and Padua,
Go forthwith to our‡ holy consistory,
And read, amongst the statutes decretal,
What, by the holy council held at Trent,
The sacred synod hath decreed for him
That doth assume the Papal government
Without election and a true consent:
Away, and bring us word with speed.

Card. of Fr. We go, my lord.
[*Exeunt* Cardinals *of France and Padua.*

Pope. Lord Raymond.
[*They converse in dumb show.*

Faust. Go, haste thee, gentle Mephistophilis,
Follow the cardinals to the consistory;
And, as they turn their superstitious books,
Strike them with sloth and drowsy idleness,
And make them sleep so sound, that in their shapes
Thyself and I may parley with this § Pope,
This proud confronter of the Emperor;
And, in despite of all his holiness,
Restore this Bruno to his liberty,
And bear him to the states of Germany.

Meph. Faustus, I go.

Faust. Despatch it soon:
The Pope shall curse, that Faustus came to Rome.
[*Exeunt* Faustus *and* Mephistophilis.

Bru. Pope Adrian, let me have right * of law:
I was elected by the Emperor.

Pope. We will depose the Emperor for that deed,
And curse the people that submit to him:
Both he and thou shall † stand excommunicate,
And interdict from church's privilege
And all society of holy men.
He grows too proud in his authority,
Lifting his lofty head above the clouds,
And, like a steeple, overpeers the church:
But we'll pull down his haughty insolence;
And, as Pope Alexander, our progenitor,
Trod on the neck of German Frederick,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise,
"That Peter's heirs should tread on Emperors,
And walk upon the dreadful adder's back,
Treading the lion and the dragon down,
And fearless spurn the killing basilisk,"
So will we quell that haughty schismatic,
And, by authority apostolical,
Depose him from his regal government.

Bru. Pope Julius swore to princely Sigismond,
For him and the succeeding Popes of Rome,
To hold the Emperors their lawful lords.

Pope. Pope Julius did abuse the church's rights,
And therefore none of his decrees can stand.
Is not all power on earth bestow'd on us?
And therefore, though we would, we cannot err.
Behold this silver belt, whereto is fix'd
Seven golden seals, fast sealèd with seven seals,
In token of our seven-fold power from heaven,
To bind or loose, lock fast, condemn or judge,
Resign or seal, or what so pleaseth us:
Then he and thou, and all the world, shall stoop,
Or be assurèd of our dreadful curse,
To light as heavy as the pains of hell.

Re-enter Faustus *and* Mephistophilis, *in the shapes of the* Cardinals *of France and Padua.*

Meph. Now tell me, Faustus, are we not fitted well?

Faust. Yes, Mephistophilis; and two such cardinals
Ne'er serv'd a holy Pope as we shall do.

---

* *it*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

† *And smite with death thy hated enterprise*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

‡ *our*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "the."

§ *this*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "the."

* *have right*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "*have* some *right.*"

† *shall*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "shalt."

But, whilst they sleep within the consistory,
Let us salute his reverend fatherhood.

Ray. Behold, my lord, the Cardinals are return'd.

Pope. Welcome, grave fathers: answer presently
What hath* our holy council there decreed
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor,
In quittance of their late conspiracy
Against our state and papal dignity?

Faust. Most sacred patron of the church of Rome,
By full consent of all the synod †
Of priests and prelates, it is thus decreed,—
That Bruno and the German Emperor
Be held as Lollards and bold schismatics,
And proud disturbers of the church's peace;
And if that Bruno, by his own assent,
Without enforcement of the German peers,
Did seek to wear the triple diadem,
And by your death to climb Saint Peter's chair,
The statutes decretal have thus decreed,—
He shall be straight condemn'd of heresy,
And on a pile of faggots burnt to death.

Pope. It is enough. Here, take him to your charge,
And bear him straight to Ponte ‡ Angelo,
And in the strongest tower enclose him fast.
To-morrow, sitting in our consistory,
With all our college of grave cardinals,
We will determine of his life or death.
Here, take his § triple crown along with you,
And leave it in the church's treasury.
Make haste again, my good Lord Cardinals,
And take our blessing apostolical.

Meph. So, so; was never devil thus bless'd before.

Faust. Away, sweet Mephistophilis, be gone;
The Cardinals will be plagu'd for this anon.

[*Exeunt* FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* BRUNO.

Pope. Go presently and bring a banquet forth,
That we may solemnize Saint Peter's feast,
And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungary,
Drink to our late and happy victory.

A Sennet ‖ *while the banquet is brought in; and then enter* FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS *in their own shapes.*

Meph. Now, Faustus, come, prepare thyself for mirth:
The sleepy Cardinals are hard at hand,
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
And on a proud-pac'd steed, as swift as thought,
Flies o'er the Alps to fruitful Germany,
There to salute the woful Emperor.

Faust. The Pope will curse them for their sloth to-day,
That slept both Bruno and his crown away.
But now, that Faustus may delight his mind,
And by their folly make some merriment,
Sweet Mephistophilis, so charm me here,
That I may walk invisible to all,
And do whate'er I please, unseen of any.

Meph. Faustus, thou shalt: then kneel down presently,
Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charm thee with this magic wand.
First, wear this girdle; then appear
Invisible to all are here:
The planets seven, the gloomy air,
Hell, and the Furies' forkèd hair,
Pluto's blue fire, and Hecat's tree,
With magic spells so compass thee,
That no eye may thy body see!
So, Faustus, now, for all their holiness,
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis.—Now, friars, take heed,
Lest Faustus make your shaven crowns to bleed.

Meph. Faustus, no more: see, where the Cardinals come!

Re-enter the Cardinals *of France and Padua with a book.*

Pope. Welcome, Lord Cardinals; come, sit down.—
Lord Raymond, take your seat.—Friars, attend,
And see that all things be* in readiness,
As best beseems this solemn festival.

Card. of Fr. First, may it please your sacred Holiness
To view the sentence of the reverend synod
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor?

Pope. What needs this question? did I not tell you,
To-morrow we would sit i' the consistory,
And there determine of his punishment?
You brought us word even now, it was decreed
That Bruno and the cursèd Emperor
Were by the holy council both condemn'd

---

* *hath*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "haue."
† *synod*] Qy. "holy *synod*"?
‡ *Ponte*] Old eds. "Ponto."
§ *his*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "this."
‖ *Sennet*] Old eds. "Senit" and "Sonet". See note ‖, p. 91.

* *be*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "are."

For loathèd Lollards and base schismatics:
Then wherefore would you have me view that book?

Card. of Fr. Your grace mistakes; you gave us no such charge.

Ray. Deny it not; we all are witnesses
That Bruno here was late deliver'd you,
With his rich triple crown to be reserv'd
And put into the church's treasury.

Both Card. By holy Paul, we saw them not!

Pope. By Peter, you shall die,
Unless you bring them forth immediately!—
Hale them to* prison, lade their limbs with gyves.—
False prelates, for this hateful treachery
Curs'd be your souls to hellish misery!

[*Exeunt* Attendants *with the two* Cardinals.

Faust. So, they are safe. Now, Faustus, to the feast:
The Pope had never such a frolic guest.

Pope. Lord Archbishop of Rheims, sit down with us.

Archb.† I thank your Holiness.

Faust. Fall to; the devil choke you,‡ an you spare!

Pope. Who is that spoke?—Friars, look about.—
Lord Raymond, pray, fall to. I am beholding§
To the Bishop of Milan for this so rare a present.

Faust. I thank you, sir. [*Snatches the dish.*

Pope. How now! who snatch'd the meat from me?
Villains, why speak you not?—
My good Lord Archbishop, here's a most dainty dish
Was sent me from a cardinal in France.

Faust. I'll have that too. [*Snatches the dish.*

Pope. What Lollards do attend our holiness,
That we receive such ‖ great indignity?
Fetch me some wine.

Faust. Ay, pray, do, for Faustus is a-dry.

Pope. Lord Raymond,
I drink unto your grace.

Faust. I pledge your grace. [*Snatches the cup.*

Pope. My wine gone too!—Ye lubbers, look about,
And find the man that doth this villany,
Or, by our sanctitude, you all shall die!—
I pray, my lords, have patience at this
Troublesome banquet.

Archb. Please it* your Holiness, I think it be some ghost crept out of Purgatory, and now is come unto your Holiness for his pardon.

Pope. It may be so.—
Go, then, command our priests to sing a dirge,
To lay the fury of this same troublesome ghost.

[*Exit an* Attendant.—*The* Pope *crosses himself.*

Faust. How now! must every bit be spic'd with a cross?—
Nay, then, take that. [*Strikes the* Pope.

Pope. O, I am slain!—Help me, my lords!
O, come and help to bear my body hence!—
Damn'd be his† soul for ever for this deed!

[*Exeunt all except* Faustus *and* Mephistophilis.

Meph. Now, Faustus, what will you do now? for I can tell you you'll be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. Bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and bell,—
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!

Re-enter the Friars, *with bell, book, and candle, for the Dirge.*

First Friar. Come, brethren, lets about our business with good devotion. [*They sing.*

Cursed be he that stole his Holiness' meat from the table! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that struck‡ his Holiness a blow on§ the face! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that struck Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! maledicat Dominus!

[Mephistophilis *and* Faustus *beat the* Friars, *fling fire-works among them, and exeunt.*

Enter Robin *and* Dick *with a cup.*

Dick. Sirrah Robin, we were best look that your devil can answer the stealing of this same ‖ cup, for the Vintner's boy follows us at the hard heels.¶

---

* *them to*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*them* forth *to*."

† *Archb.*] Old eds. "Bish." and "Bishop" (and so afterwards).

‡ *you*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—Not in 4to 1624.

§ *beholding*] So 4to 1616 (see note †, p. 98).—2tos 1624, 1631, "beholden."

‖ *such*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "this."

* *it*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

† *his*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "this."

‡ *struck*] Here the old eds. have "stroke" and "strooke:" but in the next clause they all agree in having "strucke."

§ *on*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

‖ *same*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—Not in 4to 1631.

¶ *at the hard heels*] The modern editors, ignorant of the old phraseology, thought that they corrected this passage in printing "hard at the heels."

Rob. 'Tis no matter; let him come: an he follow us, I'll so conjure him as he was never conjured in his life, I warrant him. Let me see the cup.

Dick. Here 'tis. [*Gives the cup to* ROBIN.] Yonder he comes: now, Robin, now or never shew thy cunning.

Enter Vintner.*

Vint. O, are you here? I am glad I have found you. You are a couple of fine companions: pray, where's the cup you stole from the tavern?

Rob. How, how! we steal a cup! take heed what you say: we look not like cup-stealers, I can tell you.

Vint. Never deny't, for I know you have it; and I'll search you.

Rob. Search me! ay, and spare not.—Hold the cup, Dick [*Aside to* DICK, *giving him the cup*].—Come, come, search me, search me.

[Vintner *searches him.*

Vint. Come on, sirrah, let me search you now.

Dick. Ay, ay, do, do.—Hold the cup, Robin [*Aside to* ROBIN, *giving him the cup*].—I fear not your searching: we scorn to steal your† cups, I can tell you. [Vintner *searches him.*

Vint. Never out-face me for the matter; for, sure, the cup is between you two.

Rob. Nay, there you lie; 'tis beyond us both.

Vint. A plague take you! I thought 'twas your knavery to take it away: come, give it me again.

Rob. Ay, much! ‡ when, can you tell?—Dick, make me a circle, and stand close at my back, and stir not for thy life.—Vintner, you shall have your cup anon.—Say nothing, Dick.—[*Reads from a book*] *O per se, O; Demogorgon; Belcher, and Mephistophilis!*

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Meph. You princely legions of infernal rule,
How am I vexèd by these villains' charms!
From Constantinople have they brought me now,
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves.

[*Exit* Vintner.

Rob. By lady,* sir, you have had a shrewd journey of it! will it please you to† take a shoulder of mutton to supper, and a tester‡ in your purse, and go back again?

Dick. Ay, I pray you heartily, sir; for we called you but in jest, I promise you.

Meph. To purge the rashness of this cursèd deed,
First, be thou turnèd to this ugly shape,
For apish deeds transformèd to an ape.

Rob. O, brave! an ape! I pray, sir, let me have the carrying of him about, to shew some tricks.

Meph. And so thou shalt: be thou transformed to a dog, and carry him upon thy back. Away! be gone!

Rob. A dog! that's excellent: let the maids look well to their porridge-pots, for I'll into the kitchen presently.—Come, Dick, come.

[*Exeunt* ROBIN *and* DICK.

Meph. Now with the flames of ever-burning fire
I'll wing myself, and forthwith fly amain
Unto my Faustus, to the Great Turk's court.

[*Exit.*

Enter MARTINO *and* FREDERICK *at several doors.*

Mart. What, ho, officers, gentlemen!
Hie to the presence to attend the Emperor.—
Good Frederick, see the rooms be voided straight:
His majesty is coming to the hall;
Go back, and see the state§ in readiness.

Fred. But where is Bruno, our elected Pope,
That on a Fury's back came post from Rome?
Will not his grace consort the Emperor?

Mart. O, yes; and with him comes the German conjurer,
The learnèd Faustus, fame of Wittenberg,
The wonder of the world for magic art;
And he intends to shew great Carolus
The race of all his stout progenitors,
And bring in presence of his majesty
The royal shapes and perfect ‖ semblances
Of Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

Fred. Where is Benvolio?

Mart. Fast asleep, I warrant you;
He took his rouse ¶ with stoops of Rhenish wine

---

* *Vintner*] So all the old eds.; and presently Robin addresses this person as "Vintner:" yet Dick has just spoken of him as "the Vintner's boy." See note ‖, p. 93.

† *your*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—Not in 4to 1624.

‡ *much*] Equivalent to—by no means, not at all. This ironical exclamation is very common in our old dramatists. (Mr. Hunter,—*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 56,—explains it very differently.)

* *By lady*] i. e. By our Lady.

† *to*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—Not in 4to 1631.

‡ *tester*] i. e. sixpence.

§ *the state*] i. e. the raised chair or throne, with a canopy.

‖ *perfect*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "wariike."

¶ *rouse*] i. e. bumper.

So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health,
That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.

Fred. See, see, his window's ope! we'll call to him.

Mart. What, ho! Benvolio!

Enter BENVOLIO *above, at a window, in his nightcap, buttoning.*

Benv. What a devil ail you two?

Mart. Speak softly, sir, lest the devil hear you;
For Faustus at the court is late arriv'd,
And at his heels a * thousand Furies wait,
To accomplish whatsoe'er the doctor please.

Benv. What of this?

Mart. Come, leave thy chamber first, and thou shalt see
This conjurer perform such rare exploits,
Before the Pope and royal Emperor,
As never yet was seen in Germany.

Benv. Has not the Pope enough of conjuring yet?
He was upon the devil's back late enough:
An if he be so far in love with him,
I would he would post with him to Rome again!

Fred. Speak, wilt thou come and see this sport?

Benv. Not I.

Mart. Wilt thou stand in thy window, and see it, then?

Benv. Ay, an I fall not asleep i' the mean time.

Mart. The Emperor is at hand, who comes to see
What wonders by black spells may compass'd be.

Benv. Well, go you attend the Emperor. I am content, for this once, to thrust my head out at a † window; for they say, if a man be drunk over night, the devil cannot hurt him in the morning: if that be true, I have a charm in my head, shall control him as well as the conjurer, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt* FREDERICK *and* MARTINO.

A Sennet. Enter CHARLES *the German Emperor*, BRUNO, DUKE OF SAXONY, FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHILIS, FREDERICK, MARTINO, *and* Attendants.

Emp. Wonder of men, renowm'd ‡ magician,
Thrice-learnèd Faustus, welcome to our court.
This deed of thine, in setting Bruno free
From his and our professèd enemy,
Shall add more excellence unto thine art
Than if by powerful necromantic spells
Thou couldst command the world's obedience:
For ever be belov'd of Carolus!
And if this Bruno, thou hast late redeem'd,
In peace possess the triple diadem,
And sit in Peter's chair, despite of chance,
Thou shalt be famous through * all Italy,
And honour'd of the German Emperor.

Faust. These † gracious words, most royal Carolus,
Shall make poor Faustus, to his utmost power,
Both love and serve the German Emperor,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet:
For proof whereof, if so your grace be pleas'd,
The doctor stands prepar'd by power of art
To cast his magic charms, that shall pierce through ‡
The ebon gates of ever-burning hell,
And hale the stubborn Furies from their caves,
To compass whatsoe'er your grace commands.

Benv. Blood, he speaks terribly! but, for all that, I do not greatly believe him: he looks as like a § conjurer as the Pope to a costermonger. [*Aside.*

Emp. Then, Faustus, as thou late didst promise us,
We would behold that famous conqueror,
Great Alexander, and his paramour,
In their true shapes and state majestical,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

Faust. Your majesty shall see them presently.—
Mephistophilis, away,
And, with a solemn noise of trumpets' sound,
Present before this || royal Emperor
Great Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

Meph. Faustus, I will. [*Exit.*

Benv. Well, Master Doctor, an your devils come not away quickly, you shall have me asleep presently: zounds, I could eat myself for anger, to think I have been such an ass all this while, to stand gaping after the devil's governor, and can see nothing!

Faust. I'll make you feel something anon, if my art fail me not.—
My lord, I must forewarn your majesty,
That, when my spirits present the royal shapes

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* *a*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "ten."
† *a*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "the."
‡ *renown'd*] Old eds. "renown'd"; but earlier, p. 109, first col, 4to 1616 has "*renown'd*": and see note ||, p. 11.

* *through*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "thorow."
† *These*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "Those."
‡ *through*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "thorow."
§ *a*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.
|| *this*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "the."

Of Alexander and his paramour,
Your grace demand* no questions of the king,
But in dumb silence let them come and go.

Emp. Be it as Faustus please; we are content.

Benv. Ay, ay, and I am content too: an thou bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor, I'll be Actæon, and turn myself to a stag.

Faust. And I'll play Diana, and send you the horns presently.

Sennet. Enter, at one door,† the EMPEROR ALEXANDER, *at the other,* DARIUS. *They meet.* DARIUS *is thrown down;* ALEXANDER *kills him, takes off his crown, and, offering to go out, his* Paramour *meets him. He embraceth her, and sets* DARIUS' *crown upon her head; and, coming back, both salute the* EMPEROR, *who, leaving his state,‡ offers to embrace them; which* FAUSTUS *seeing, suddenly stays him. Then trumpets cease, and music sounds.*

My gracious lord, you do forget yourself;
These § are but shadows, not substantial.

Emp. O, pardon me! my thoughts are so ravish'd
With sight of this renowmèd ‖ emperor,
That in mine arms I would have compass'd him.
But, Faustus, since I may not speak to them,
To satisfy my longing thoughts ¶ at full,
Let me this tell thee: I have heard it said
That this fair lady, whilst ** she liv'd on earth,
Had on her neck a little wart or mole;
How may I prove that saying to be true?

Faust. Your majesty may boldly go and see.

Emp. Faustus, I see it plain;
And in this sight thou better pleasest me
Than if I gain'd †† another monarchy.

Faust. Away! be gone! [*Exit show.*]—See, see, my gracious lord! what strange beast is yon, that thrusts his head out at window? ‡‡

Emp. O, wondrous sight! — See, Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading horns most strangely fastenèd
Upon the head of young Benvolio!

Sax. What, is he asleep or dead?

Faust. He sleeps, my lord; but dreams not of his horns.

Emp. This sport is excellent: we'll call and wake him.—
What, ho, Benvolio!

Benv. A plague upon you! let me sleep a while.

Emp. I blame thee not to sleep much, having such a head of thine own.

Sax. Look up, Benvolio; 'tis the Emperor calls.

Benv. The Emperor! where?—O, zounds, my head!

Emp. Nay, an thy horns hold, 'tis no matter for thy head, for that's armed sufficiently.

Faust. Why, how now, Sir Knight! what, hanged by the horns! this is * most horrible: fie, fie, pull in your head, for shame! let not all the world wonder at you.

Benv. Zounds, doctor, this is † your villany!

Faust. O, say not so, sir! the doctor has no skill,
No art, no cunning, to present these lords,
Or bring before this royal Emperor
The mighty monarch, warlike Alexander.
If Faustus do it, you are straight resolv'd,
In bold Actæon's shape, to turn a stag:—
And therefore, my lord, so please your majesty,
I'll raise a kennel of hounds shall hunt him so
As ‡ all his footmanship shall scarce prevail
To keep his carcass from their bloody fangs.—
Ho, Belimoth, Argiron, Asteroth §!

Benv. Hold, hold!—Zounds, he'll raise up a kennel of devils, I think, anon.—Good my lord, entreat for me.—'Sblood, I am never able to endure these torments.

Emp. Then, good Master Doctor,
Let me entreat you to remove his horns;
He has ‖ done penance now sufficiently.

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for injury done to me, as to delight your majesty with some mirth, hath Faustus justly requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to remove his horns.¶—Mephistophilis, transform him [MEPHISTOPHILIS *removes the horns*]:—and hereafter, sir,** look you speak well of scholars.

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* *demand*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "demands."

† *door*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

‡ *state*] See note §, p. 122.—So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "seat."

§ *These*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "They."

‖ *renowmèd*] Old eds. "renowned." See note ‡, p. 123.

¶ *thoughts*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "thought."

** *whilst*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "while."

†† *I gain'd*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "*I* had *gain'd*."

‡‡ *at window*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*at* the *window*."

* *is*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

† *this is*] So 4to 1624 (and rightly, as the next line proves).—2tos 1616, 1631, "is this."

‡ *As*] So 4to 1616.—2to 1624 "That."—2to 1631 "And."

§ *Belimoth . . . . Asteroth*] Old eds. here "Belimote (and "Belimot") . . . . Asterote": but see p. 126, first col.

‖ *has*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "hath."

¶ *horns*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "horne."

** *sir*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—Not in 4to 1624.

Benv. Speak well of ye! 'sblood, an scholars be such cuckold-makers, to clap horns of * honest men's heads o' this order, I'll ne'er trust smooth faces and small ruffs more.—But, an I be not revenged for this, would I might be turned to a gaping oyster, and drink nothing but salt water!

[*Aside, and then exit above.*

Emp. Come, Faustus: while the Emperor lives,
In recompense of this thy high desert,
Thou shalt command the state of Germany,
And live belov'd of mighty Carolus. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BENVOLIO, MARTINO, FREDERICK, *and* Soldiers.

Mart. Nay, sweet Benvolio, let us sway† thy thoughts
From this attempt against the conjurer. ‡

Benv. Away! you love me not, to urge me thus:
Shall I let slip so great an injury,
When every servile groom jests at my wrongs,
And in their rustic gambols proudly say,
"Benvolio's head was grac'd with horns to-day?"
O, may these eyelids never close again,
Till with my sword I have that § conjurer slain!
If you will aid me in this enterprise,
Then draw your weapons and be resolute;
If not, depart: here will Benvolio die,
But Faustus' death shall quit my‖ infamy.

Fred. Nay, we will stay with thee, betide what may,
And kill that¶ doctor, if he come this way.

Benv. Then, gentle Frederick, hie thee to the grove,
And place our servants and our followers
Close in an** ambush there behind the trees.
By this, I know the conjurer is near:
I saw him kneel, and kiss the Emperor's hand,
And take his leave, laden with rich rewards.
Then, soldiers, boldly†† fight: if Faustus die,
Take you the wealth, leave us the victory.

Fred. Come, soldiers, follow me unto the grove:
Who kills him shall have gold and endless love.

[*Exit* FREDERICK *with* Soldiers.

* *of*] i. e. on.
† *sway*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "stay."
‡ *this attempt against the conjurer*] See note, * p. 95.
§ *that*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "the."
‖ *my*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "thy."
¶ *that*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "the."
** *an*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.
†† *boldly*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "brauely."

Benv. My head is lighter, than it was, by the horns;
But yet my heart's* more ponderous than my head,
And pants until I see that† conjurer dead.

Mart. Where shall we place ourselves, Benvolio?

Benv. Here will we stay to bide the first assault:
O, were that damnèd hell-hound but in place,
Thou soon shouldst see me quit my foul disgrace!

Re-enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Close, close! the conjurer is at hand,
And all alone comes walking in his gown;
Be ready, then, and strike the‡ peasant down.

Benv. Mine be that honour, then. Now, sword, strike home!
For horns he gave I'll have his head anon.

Mart. See, see, he comes!

Enter FAUSTUS *with a false head.*

Benv. No words. This blow ends all:
Hell take his soul! his body thus must fall.

[*Stabs* FAUSTUS.

Faust. [*falling.*] O!

Fred. Groan you, Master Doctor?

Benv. Break may his heart with groans!—Dear Frederick, see,
Thus will I end his griefs immediately.

Mart. Strike with a willing hand.

[BENVOLIO *strikes off* FAUSTUS' *head.*

His head is off.

Benv. The devil's dead; the Furies now§ may laugh.

Fred. Was this that stern aspèct, that awful frown,
Made the grim monarch of infernal spirits
Tremble and quake at his commanding charms?

Mart. Was this that damnèd head, whose art‖ conspir'd
Benvolio's shame before the Emperor?

Benv. Ay, that's the head, and there¶ the body lies,
Justly rewarded for his villanies.

Fred. Come, let's devise how we may add more shame
To the black scandal of his hated name.

* *heart's*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "heart."
† *that*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "the."
‡ *the*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "that."
§ *now*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.
‖ *art*] Old eds. "heart" (which, after all, may be right).
¶ *there*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "here."

Benv. First, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs,
I'll nail huge forkèd horns, and let them hang
Within the window where he yok'd me first,
That all the world may see my just revenge.

Mart. What use shall we put his beard to?

Benv. We'll sell it to a chimney-sweeper: it will wear out ten birchen brooms, I warrant you.

Fred. What shall his * eyes do?

Benv. We'll pull† out his eyes; and they shall serve for buttons to his lips, to keep his tongue from catching cold.

Mart. An excellent policy! and now, sirs, having divided him, what shall the body do?

[FAUSTUS *rises.*

Benv. Zounds, the devil's alive again!

Fred. Give him his head, for God's sake.

Faust. Nay, keep it: Faustus will have heads and hands,
Ay, all ‡ your hearts to recompense this deed.
Knew you not, traitors, I was limited
For four-and-twenty years to breathe on earth?
And, had you cut my body with your swords,
Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,
Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd,
And I had breath'd a man, made free from harm.
But wherefore do I dally my revenge?—
Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephistophilis?

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, *and other* Devils.

Go, horse these traitors on your fiery backs,
And mount aloft with them as high as heaven:
Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell.
Yet, stay: the world shall see their misery,
And hell shall after plague their treachery.
Go, Belimoth, and take this caitiff hence,
And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt.
Take thou this other, drag him through § the woods
Amongst || the pricking thorns and sharpest briers;
Whilst, with my gentle Mephistophilis,
This traitor flies unto some steepy rock,
That, rolling down, may break the villain's bones,
As he intended to dismember me.
Fly hence; despatch my charge immediately.

Fred. Pity us, gentle Faustus! save our lives!

Faust. Away!

Fred. He must needs go that the devil drives.

[*Exeunt* MEPHISTOPHILIS *and* Devils *with* BENVOLIO, MARTINO, *and* FREDERICK.

Enter the ambushed Soldiers.*

First Sold. Come, sirs, prepare yourselves in readiness;
Make haste to help these noble gentlemen:
I heard them parley with the conjurer.

Sec. Sold. See, where he comes! despatch and kill the slave.

Faust. What's here? an ambush to betray my life!
Then, Faustus, try thy skill.—Base peasants, stand!
For, lo, these† trees remove at my command,
And stand as bulwarks 'twixt yourselves and me,
To shield me from your hated treachery!
Yet, to encounter this your weak attempt,
Behold, an army comes incontinent!

[FAUSTUS *strikes the door,*‡ *and enter a* Devil *playing on a drum; after him another, bearing an ensign; and divers with weapons;* MEPHISTOPHILIS *with fire-works. They set upon the* Soldiers, *drive them out, and exeunt.*

Enter, at several doors, BENVOLIO, FREDERICK, *and* MARTINO, *their heads and faces bloody, and besmeared with mud and dirt; all having horns on their heads.*

Mart. What, ho, Benvolio!

Benv. Here.—What, Frederick, ho!

Fred. O, help me, gentle friend!—Where is Martino?

Mart. Dear Frederick, here,
Half smother'd in a lake of mud and dirt,
Through which the Furies dragg'd me by the heels.

Fred. Martino, see, Benvolio's horns again!

Mart. O, misery!—How now, Benvolio!

Benv. Defend me, heaven! shall I be haunted still?

Mart. Nay, fear not, man; we have no power to kill.

Benv. My friends transformèd thus! O, hellish spite!
Your heads are all set with horns.

Fred. You hit it right;
It is your own you mean; feel on your head.

Benv. Zounds,§ horns again!

Mart. Nay, chafe not, man; we all are|| sped.

---

* *his*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 3to 1616.

† *pull*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "put."

‡ *all*] Old eds. "call."

§ *through*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "thorow."

|| *Amongst*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "Among."

* *Enter the ambushed Soldiers*] Here (though it seems that Faustus does not quit the stage) a change of scene is supposed.

† *these*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "the."

‡ *the door*] i. e. the stage-door,—the writer here addressing himself to *the actor* only, for the scene lies in a wood.

§ *Zounds*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616, "Zons."

|| *all are*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "are all."

Benv. What devil attends this damn'd magician,
That, spite of spite, our wrongs are doubled?

Fred. What may we do, that we may hide our shames?

Benv. If we should follow him to work revenge,
He'd join long asses' ears to these huge horns,
And make us laughing-stocks to all the world.

Mart. What shall we, then, do, dear Benvolio?

Benv. I have a castle joining near these woods;
And thither we'll repair, and live obscure,
Till time shall alter these * our brutish shapes:
Sith black disgrace hath thus eclips'd our fame,
We'll rather die with grief than live with shame.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter FAUSTUS, *a* Horse-courser, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Horse-c. I beseech your worship, accept of these forty dollars.

Faust. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a horse for so small a price. I have no great need to sell him: but, if thou likest him for ten dollars more, take him, because I see thou hast a good mind to him.

Horse-c. I beseech you, sir, accept of this: I am a very poor man, and have lost very much of late by horse-flesh, and this bargain will set me up again.

Faust. Well, I will not stand with thee: give me the money [Horse-courser *gives* FAUSTUS *the money*]. Now, sirrah, I must tell you that you may ride him o'er hedge and ditch, and spare him not; but, do you hear? in any case, ride him not into the water.

Horse-c. How, sir! not into the water! why, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. Yes, he will drink of all waters; but ride him not into the water: o'er hedge and ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water. Go, bid the hostler deliver him unto you, and remember what I say.

Horse-c. I warrant you, sir!—O, joyful day! now am I a made man for ever. [*Exit.*

Faust. What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatal time draws to a final end;
Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts:
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[*He sits to sleep.*

* *these*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "this."

Re-enter the Horse-courser, *wet.*

Horse-c. O, what a cozening doctor was this! I, riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had been in the horse, I had nothing under me but a little straw, and had much ado to escape* drowning. Well, I'll go rouse him, and make him give me my forty dollars again.—Ho, sirrah Doctor, you cozening scab! Master Doctor, awake, and rise, and give me my money again, for your horse is turned to a bottle of hay, Master Doctor! [*He pulls off* FAUSTUS' *leg*]. Alas, I am undone! what shall I do? I have pulled off his leg.

Faust. O, help, help! the villain hath murdered me.

Horse-c. Murder or not murder, now he has† but one leg, I'll outrun him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other.

[*Aside, and then runs out.*

Faust. Stop him, stop him, stop him!—Ha, ha, ha! Faustus hath his leg again, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay for his forty dollars.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner! what news with thee?

Wag. If it please you, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company, and hath sent some of his men to attend you,‡ with provision fit for your journey.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable gentleman, and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, away! [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBIN, DICK, *the* Horse-courser, *and a* Carter.

Cart. Come, my masters, I'll bring you to the best beer in Europe.—What, ho, hostess! where be these whores?

Enter Hostess.

Host. How now! what lack you? What, my old guess! § welcome.

Rob. Sirrah Dick, dost thou‖ know why I stand so mute?

Dick. No, Robin: why is't?

Rob. I am eighteen-pence on the score. But say nothing; see if she have forgotten me.

* *escape*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "scape."
† *has*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "hath."
‡ *you*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.
§ *guess*] A corruption of *guests* (very frequent in our early dramatists) which occurs again at p. 130, first col. So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "guests."
‖ *thou*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

Host. Who's this that stands so solemnly by himself? What, my old guest!

Rob. O, hostess, how do you? I hope my score stands still.

Host. Ay, there's no doubt of that; for methinks you make no haste to wipe it out.

Dick. Why, hostess, I say, fetch us some beer.

Host. You shall presently.—Look up into the hall there, ho!

[*Exit.—Drink is presently brought in.*

Dick. Come, sirs, what shall we do now * till mine hostess comes?

Cart. Marry, sir,† I'll tell you the bravest tale how a conjurer served me. You know Doctor Faustus?

Horse-c. Ay, a plague take him! here's some on's have cause to know him. Did he conjure thee too?

Cart. I'll tell you how he served me. As I was going to Wittenberg, t'other day,‡ with a load of hay, he met me, and asked me what he should give me for as much hay as he could eat. Now, sir, I thinking that a little would serve his turn, bad him take as much as he would for three farthings: so he presently gave me my § money and fell to eating; and, as I am a cursen‖ man, he never left eating till he had eat up all my load of hay.

All. O, monstrous! eat a whole load of hay!

Rob. Yes, yes, that may be; for I have heard of one that has eat a load of logs.

Horse-c. Now, sirs, you shall hear how villanously he served me. I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and he would by no means sell him under forty dollars. So, sir, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run over hedge and ditch and never tire, I gave him his money. So, when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bad me ride him night and day, and spare him no time; but, quoth he, in any case, ride him not into the water. Now, sir, I thinking the horse had had some quality ¶ that he would not have me know of, what did I but rid * him into a great river? and when I came just in the midst, my horse vanished away, and I sate straddling upon a bottle of hay.

All. O, brave doctor!

Horse-c. But you shall hear how bravely I served him for it. I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleep. I kept a hallooing and whooping in his ears; but all could not wake him. I, seeing that, took him by the leg, and never rested pulling till I had pulled me his leg quite off; and now 'tis at home in mine hostry.

Rob. And has the doctor but one leg, then? that's excellent; for one of his devils turned me into the likeness of an ape's face.

Cart. Some more drink, hostess!

Rob. Hark you, we'll into another room and drink a while, and then we'll go seek out the doctor. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, *his* Duchess, FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHILIS, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Thanks, Master Doctor, for these pleasant sights; nor know I how sufficiently to recompense your great deserts in erecting that enchanted castle in the air,† the sight whereof so delighted‡ me as nothing in the world could please me more.

Faust. I do think myself, my good lord, highly recompensed in that it pleaseth§ your grace to think but well of that which Faustus hath performed.—But, gracious lady, it may be that you have taken no pleasure in those sights; therefore, I pray you tell me, what is the thing you most desire to have; be it in the world, it shall be yours: I have heard that great-bellied women do long for things are rare and dainty.

Duchess. True, Master Doctor; and, since I find you so kind, I will make known unto you what my heart desires to have; and, were it now summer, as it is January, a dead time of the winter, I would request no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. This is but a small matter.—Go, Mephistophilis; away! [*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.] Madam, I will do more than this for your content.

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* *now*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

† *sir*] Qy. "sirs"? but see the next speech of the Carter, and the next speech but one of the Horse-courser, who, in his narrative, uses both "sirs" and "sir."

‡ *As I was going to Wittenberg, t'other day, &c.*] See *The History of Doctor Faustus*, Chap. xxxv,—"How Doctor Faustus eat a load of hay."—The Carter does not appear in the earlier play.

§ *my*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

‖ *cursen*] i. e. christened.'

¶ *some quality*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*some* rare *quality*."

* *rid*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "ride."

† *that enchanted castle in the air*] This is not mentioned in the earlier play: but see *The History of Doctor Faustus*, Chap. xl,—"How Doctor Faustus through his charmes made a great Castle in presence of the Duke of Auholt."

‡ *delighted*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "delighteth."

§ *it pleaseth*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*it* hath pleased."

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with grapes.*

Here now, taste you these: they should be good,
for they come* from a far country, I can tell
you.

Duke. This makes me wonder more than all the rest, that at this time of the year, when every tree is barren of his fruit, from whence you had these ripe grapes.†

Faust. Please it your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world; so that, when it is winter with us, in the contrary circle it is likewise summer with them, as in India, Saba, and such countries that lie far east, where they have fruit twice a-year; from whence, by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had these grapes brought, as you see.

Duchess. And, trust me, they are the sweetest grapes that e'er I tasted.

[*The* Clowns *bounce*‡ *at the gate, within.*

Duke. What rude disturbers have we at the gate?
Go, pacify their fury, set it ope,
And then demand of them what they would have.

[*They knock again, and call out to talk with* FAUSTUS.

Serv. Why, how now, masters! what a coil is there!
What is the reason you disturb the Duke?

Dick [*within*]. We have no reason for it; therefore a fig for him!

Serv. Why, saucy varlets, dare you be so bold?

Horse-c. [*within*]. I hope, sir, we have wit enough to be more bold than welcome.

Serv. It appears so: pray, be bold elsewhere, and trouble not the Duke.

Duke. What would they have?

Serv. They all cry out to speak with Doctor Faustus.

Carter [*within*]. Ay, and we will speak with him.

Duke. Will you, sir?—Commit the rascals.

Dick [*within*]. Commit with us! he were as good commit with his father as commit with us.

Faust. I do beseech your grace, let them come in;
They are good subject for§ a merriment.

Duke. Do as thou wilt, Faustus; I give thee leave.

Faust. I thank your grace.

Enter ROBIN, DICK, Carter, *and* Horse-courser.

Why, how now, my good friends!
Faith, you are too outrageous: but, come near;
I have procur'd your pardons:* welcome, all.

Rob. Nay, sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take.—What, ho! give's half a dozen of beer here, and be hanged!

Faust. Nay, hark you; can you tell me† where you are?

Cart. Ay, marry, can I; we are under heaven.

Serv. Ay; but, Sir Saucebox, know you in what place?

Horse-c. Ay, ay, the house is good enough to drink in.—Zouns, fill us some beer, or we'll break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with your bottles!

Faust. Be not so furious: come, you shall have beer.—
My lord, beseech you give me leave a while;
I'll gage my credit 'twill content your grace.

Duke. With all my heart, kind doctor; please thyself;
Our servants and our court's at thy command.

Faust. I humbly thank your grace.—Then fetch some beer.

Horse-c. Ay, marry, there spake‡ a doctor, indeed! and, faith, I'll drink a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

Faust. My wooden leg! what dost thou mean by that?

Cart. Ha, ha, ha!—Dost hear him,§ Dick? he has forgot his leg.

Horse-c. Ay, ay, he does not stand much upon that.

Faust. No, faith; not much upon a wooden leg.

Cart. Good Lord, that flesh and blood should be so frail with your worship! Do not you remember a horse-courser you sold a horse to?

Faust. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

Cart. And do you remember you bid he should not ride him‖ into the water?

Faust. Yes, I do very well remember that.

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* *come*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "came."

† *these ripe grapes*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*these grapes.*"

‡ *The Clowns bounce, &c.*] 2to 1616 "*The* Clowne *bounce.*" 2tos 1624, 1631, "*The* Clowne bounceth." (In the next stage-direction all the 4tos have "They *knock again,*" &c.)

§ *for*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "to."

* *pardons*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "pardon."

† *me*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

‡ *spake*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "spoke."

§ *Dost hear him*] So 4to 1616.—2to 1624 "*dost* thou *heare* me." 2to 1631 "*dost* thou *heare him.*"

‖ *him*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

Cart. And do you remember nothing of your leg?

Faust. No, in good sooth.

Cart. Then, I pray you,* remember your courtesy.

Faust. I † thank you, sir.

Cart. 'Tis not so much worth. I pray you, tell me one thing.

Faust. What's that?

Cart. Be both your legs bed-fellows every night together?

Faust. Wouldst thou make a Colossus of me, that thou askest me such questions?

Cart. No, truly, sir; I would make nothing of you; but I would fain know that.

Enter Hostess *with drink.*

Faust. Then, I assure thee certainly, they are.

Cart. I thank you; I am fully satisfied.

Faust. But wherefore dost thou ask?

Cart. For nothing, sir: but methinks you should have a wooden bed-fellow of one of 'em.

Horse-c. Why, do you hear, sir? did not I ‡ pull off one of your legs when you were asleep?

Faust. But I have it again, now I am awake: look you here, sir.

All. O, horrible! had the doctor three legs?

Cart. Do you remember, sir, how you cozened me, and eat up my load of——

[Faustus, *in the middle of each speech, charms them dumb.*

Dick. Do you remember how you made me wear an ape's——

Horse-c. You whoreson conjuring scab, do you remember how you cozened me with a ho——

Rob. Ha' § you forgotten me? you think to carry it away with your hey-pass and re-pass: do you remember the dog's fa——

[*Exeunt* Clowns.

Host. Who pays for the ale? hear you, Master Doctor; now you have sent away my guess,‖ I pray who shall pay me for my a——

[*Exit* Hostess.

Duchess. My lord,
We are much beholding ¶ to this learnèd man.

Duke. So are we, madam; which we will recompense
With all the love and kindness that we may:
His artful sport * drives all sad thoughts away.

[*Exeunt.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter Devils *with covered dishes:* Mephistophilis *leads them into* Faustus's *study, then enter* Wagner.

Wag. I think my master † means to die shortly; he has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods,‡ and store of golden plate, besides two thousand ducats ready-coined. I wonder what he means: if death were nigh, he would not frolic thus. He's now at supper with the scholars, where there's such belly-cheer as Wagner in his life ne'er § saw the like: and, see where they come! belike the feast is ended.‖

[*Exit.*

Enter Faustus, Mephistophilis, *and two or three* Scholars.

First Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us so much favour as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
It is not Faustus' custom to deny
The just request of those that wish him well:
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherwise for pomp or majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

Music sounds. Mephistophilis *brings in* Helen; *she passeth over the stage.*

Sec. Schol. Was this fair Helen, whose admirèd worth
Made Greece with ten years' war ¶ afflict poor Troy?

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* *you*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616 (but compare the Carter's next speech).

† *I*] So 4to 1616.—Not in 4tos 1624, 1631.

‡ *not I*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "I not."

§ *Ha'*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "Haue."

‖ *guess*] See note §, p. 127. So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "guests."

¶ *beholding*] So 4tos 1616, 1624, (see note †, p. 98).—2to 1631 "beholden."

* *sport*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "sports."

† *I think my master, &c.*] The alterations which this speech has undergone will hardly admit of its arrangement as verse: compare the earlier play, p. 98, first col.

‡ *goods*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—2to 1624 "good."

§ *ne'er*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "neuer."

‖ *ended*] So 4tos 1624, 1631, (and so 4to 1604).—2to 1616 "done."

¶ *war*] Old eds. "warres."

Third Schol. Too simple is my wit * to tell her worth,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.
First Schol. Now we have seen the pride of Nature's work,
We'll take our leaves: and, for this blessèd sight,
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!
Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: the same wish I to you. [*Exeunt* Scholars.

Enter an Old Man.

Old Man. O gentle Faustus, leave this damnèd art,
This magic, that will charm thy soul to hell,
And quite bereave thee of salvation!
Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Do not persèver in it like a devil:
Yet, yet thou hast an amiable soul,
If sin by custom grow not into nature;
Then, Faustus, will repentance come too late;
Then thou art banish'd from the sight of heaven:
No mortal can express the pains of hell.
It may be, this my exhortation
Seems harsh and all unpleasant: let it not;
For, gentle son, I speak it not in wrath,
Or envy of thee,† but in tender love,
And pity of thy future misery;
And so have hope that this my kind rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soul.
Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come;"
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.
[Mephistophilis *gives him a dagger.*
Old Man. O, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!
I see an angel hover o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.
Faust. O friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressed soul!
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.
Old Man. Faustus, I leave thee; but with grief of heart,
Fearing the enemy of thy hapless soul. [*Exit.*
Faust. Accursèd Faustus, wretch, what hast thou done?
I do repent; and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?
Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.
Faust. I do repent I e'er offended him.
Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
The former vow I made to Lucifer.
*Meph.** Do it, then, Faustus, with unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.
Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments† that our hell affords.
Meph. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict‡ his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.
Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I may have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clean§
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep my oath‖ I made to Lucifer.
Meph. This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter Helen, *passing over the stage between two* Cupids.

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—
[*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest;

* *wit*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—2to 1631 "will."

† *Or envy of thee*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*Or* of *enuie* to *thee*."

* *Meph.*] This and the next prefix are omitted in the old eds.

† *torments*] So 4tos 1624, 1631 (and so 4to 1604).—2to 1616 "torment."

‡ *I may afflict*] So 4to 1616.—2to 1624 "*I afflict.*"—2to 1631 "*I* can *afflict.*"

§ *clean*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "clear."

‖ *oath*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "vow."

Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening* air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd† arms;
And none but thou shalt‡ be my paramour!

[*Exeunt.*

Thunder. Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Luc. Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend
To view the subjects of our monarchy,
Those souls which sin seals the black sons of hell;
'Mong which, as chief, Faustus, we come to thee,
Bringing with us lasting damnation
To wait upon thy soul: the time is come
Which makes it forfeit.

Meph. And, this gloomy night,
Here, in this room, will wretched Faustus be.

Belz. And here we'll stay,
To mark him how he doth demean himself.

Meph. How should he but in desperate lunacy?
Fond worldling, now his heart-blood dries with grief;
His conscience kills it; and his§ labouring brain
Begets a world of idle fantasies
To over-reach the devil; but all in vain;
His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with pain.
He and his servant Wagner are at hand;
Both come from drawing Faustus' latest will.
See, where they come!

Enter FAUSTUS *and* WAGNER.

Faust. Say, Wagner,—thou hast perus'd my will,—
How dost thou like it?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love.

Faust. Gramercy,‖ Wagner.

Enter Scholars.

Welcome, gentlemen. [*Exit* WAGNER.

First Schol. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are chang'd.

Faust. O gentlemen!

Sec. Schol. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now must die eternally. Look, sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

First Schol. O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

Sec. Schol. Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?

Third Schol. He is not well with being over-solitary.

Sec. Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians, And Faustus shall be cur'd.

Third Schol. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir;* fear nothing.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly† sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O gentlemen, hear me‡ with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never§ seen Wittenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, O, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

Sec. Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! O my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold 'em, they hold 'em?

All. Who, Faustus?

---

* *evening*] So 4to 1604.—The later 4tos "euenings."

† *azur'd*] So 4to 1624 (a reading which I prefer only because it is also that of 4to 1604.)—2tos 1616, 1631, "azure."

‡ *shalt*] See note *, p. 100.

§ *his*] So 4tos 1616, 1631.—Not in 4to 1624.

‖ *Gramercy*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "Gramercies."

* *sir*] So 4tos 1616, 1624.—Not in 4to 1631.

† *of deadly*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*of* a *deadly*."

‡ *me*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

§ *never*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "nere."

Faust. Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis. O gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

All. O, God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; this is the time, and he will fetch me.

First Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch me body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis* too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Schol. O, what may we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Schol. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

First Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell. [*Exeunt* Scholars.

Meph. Ay, Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heaven;
Therefore despair; think only upon hell,
For that must be thy mansion, there to dwell.

Faust. O thou bewitching fiend, 'twas thy temptation
Hath robb'd me of eternal happiness!

Meph. I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice:
'Twas I that, when thou wert i'the way to heaven,
Damm'd up thy passage; when thou took'st the book
To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves,
And led thine eye.†
What, weep'st thou? 'tis too late; despair! Farewell:
Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell. [*Exit.**

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel *at several doors.*

G. Ang. O Faustus, if thou hadst given ear to me,
Innumerable joys had follow'd thee!
But thou didst love the world.

E. Ang. Gave ear to me,
And now must taste hell-pains† perpetually.

G. Ang. O, what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps,
Avail thee now?

E. Ang. Nothing, but vex thee more,
To want in hell, that had on earth such store.

G. Ang. O, thou hast lost celestial happiness,
Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end
Hadst thou affected sweet divinity,
Hell or the devil had had no power on thee:
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus, behold,
In what resplendent glory thou hadst sit‡
In yonder throne, like those bright-shining saints,
And triumph'd over hell! That hast thou lost;
And now, poor soul, must thy good angel leave thee:
The jaws of hell are open§ to receive thee.
[*Music, while a throne descends.*
[*Exit.* *The throne ascends.*

E. Ang. Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare [*Hell is discovered.*
Into that vast perpetual torture-house:
There are the Furies tossing damnèd souls
On burning forks; there bodies boil‖ in lead;
There are live quarters broiling on the coals,
That ne'er can die; this ever-burning chair
Is for o'er-tortur'd souls to rest them in;
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire,
Were gluttons, and lov'd only delicates,
And laugh'd to see the poor starve at their gates:
But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faust. O, I have seen enough to torture me!

E. Ang. Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all:

---

* *'tis*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "it *is*."

† *And led thine eye*] A portion of this line has evidently dropt out.

* *Exit*] It seems doubtful whether Lucifer and Belzebub should also make their exeunt here, or whether they remain to witness the catastrophe: see p. 132, first col.

† *hell-pains*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "hels-*paines*."

‡ *sit*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "set."

§ *are open*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "is readie."

‖ *boil*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—2to 1616 "broyle."

He that loves pleasure must for pleasure fall:
And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon;
Then wilt thou tumble in confusion.

[*Exit.* *Hell disappears.—The clock strikes eleven.*

Faust. O Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to heaven!—Who pulls me down?—
See, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!*
One drop of blood will save me: O my Christ!—
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ;
Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone:
And, see, a threatening arm, an† angry brow!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven!
No!
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth! O, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath‡ allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon§ labouring cloud[s],
That, when you‖ vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths;
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven!

[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*

O, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
O, if¶ my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last** be sav'd!

No end is limited to damnèd souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
O, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*

It strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
O soul, be chang'd into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Thunder. *Enter* Devils.

O, mercy, heaven! look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—O Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt* Devils *with* Faustus.

Enter Scholars.*

First Schol. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen;
Since first the world's creation did begin,
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard:
Pray heaven the doctor have escap'd the danger.

Sec. Schol. O, help us, heaven! † see, here are Faustus' limbs,
All torn asunder by the hand of death!

Third Schol. The devils whom Faustus serv'd have‡ torn him thus;
For, twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought,
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help;
At which self§ time the house seem'd all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damnèd fiends.

Sec. Schol. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on,
Yet, for he was a scholar once admir'd
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;

---

* *See, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament*] So 4tos 1624, 1631.—Not in 4to 1616.

† *an*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "and."

‡ *hath*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "haue."

§ *yon*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "your."

‖ *you*, &c.] See note *, p. 101.

¶ *O, if*, &c.] 2to 1604, in the corresponding passage, has "*Oh*, God, *if*," &c. (see p. 101, sec. col.), and that reading seems necessary for the sense.

** *at last*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "*at* the *last*."

* *Enter Scholars*] Here, of course, a change of scene is supposed. (This is not in the earlier play.)

† *heaven*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "heauens."

‡ *devils . . . . . have*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "Diuell . . . . . hath."

§ *self*] So 4to 1616.—2tos 1624, 1631, "same."

And all the students, cloth'd in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Cut is the branch that might have grown
full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.
[*Exit.*

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.

BALLAD OF FAUSTUS.

[In the course of the notes on the earlier *Faustus* several extracts have been given from the prose *History of Doctor Faustus;* and the following ballad on the same subject may properly find a place here. It is now re-printed from a copy in *The Roxburghe Collection*, vol. ii. 235, Brit. Museum.]

The Judgment of God shewed upon one John Faustus, Doctor in Divinity.

Tune of Fortune, my Foe.

All Christian men, give ear a while to me,
How I am plung'd in pain, but cannot die:
I liv'd a life the like did none before,
Forsaking Christ, and I am damn'd therefore.

At Wittenburge, a town in Germany,
There was I born and bred of good degree;
Of honest stock, which afterwards I sham'd;
Accurst therefore, for Faustus was I nam'd.

In learning, loe, my uncle brought up me,
And made me Doctor in Divinity;
And, when he dy'd, he left me all his wealth,
Whose cursed gold did hinder my souls health.

Then did I shun the holy Bible-book,
Nor on Gods word would ever after look;
But studied accursed conjuration,
Which was the cause of my utter damnation.

The devil in fryars weeds appear'd to me,
And streight to my request he did agree,
That I might have all things at my desire:
I gave him soul and body for his hire.

Twice did I make my tender flesh to bleed,
Twice with my blood I wrote the devils deed,
Twice wretchedly I soul and body sold,
To live in peace * and do what things I would.

For four and twenty years this bond was made,
And at the length my soul was truly paid:
Time ran away, and yet I never thought
How dear my soul our Saviour Christ had bought.

Would I had first been made a beast by kind!
Then had not I so vainly set my mind;
Or would, when reason first began to bloom,
Some darksome den had been my deadly tomb!

Woe to the day of my nativity!
Woe to the time that once did foster me!
And woe unto the hand that seal'd the bill!
Woe to myself, the cause of all my ill!

The time I past away, with much delight,
'Mongst princes, peers, and many a worthy knight:
I wrought such wonders by my magick skill,
That all the world may talk of Faustus still.

The devil he carried me up into the sky,
Where I did see how all the world did lie;
I went about the world in eight daies space,
And then return'd unto my native place.

What pleasure I did wish to please my mind
He did perform, as bond and seal did bind;
The secrets of the stars and planets told,
Of earth and sea, with wonders manifold.

* *peace*] Another copy of this ballad in the British Museum,—*Ballads*, &c. 643, *m* 10,—has "pleasure."

When four and twenty years was almost run,
I thought of all things that was past and done;
How that the devil would soon claim his right,
And carry me to everlasting night.

Then all too late I curst my wicked deed,
The dread* whereof doth make my heart to bleed;
All daies and hours I mourned wondrous sore,
Repenting me of all things done before.

I then did wish both sun and moon to stay,
All times and seasons never to decay;
Then had my time nere come to dated end,
Nor soul and body down to hell descend.

At last, when I had but one hour to come,
I turn'd my glass, for my last hour to run,
And call'd in learned men to comfort me;
But faith was gone, and none could comfort me.

By twelve a clock my glass was almost out:
My grieved conscience then began to doubt;
I wisht the students stay in chamber by;
But, as they staid, they heard a dreadful cry.

Then present, lo,* they came into the hall,
Whereas my brains was cast against the wall;
Both arms and legs in pieces torn they see,
My bowels gone: this was an end of me.

You conjurors and damned witches all,
Example take by my unhappy fall;
Give not your souls and bodies unto hell,
See that the smallest hair you do not sell.

But hope that Christ his kingdom you may gain,
Where you shall never fear such mortal pain;
Forsake the devil and all his crafty ways,
Embrace true faith that never more decays.

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers of London.

* *dread*] So the other copy.—The Roxburghe copy "deed."

* *present, lo*] The other copy "presently."

THE JEW OF MALTA.

The Famous Tragedy of The Rich Iew of Malta. As it was playd before the King and Qveene, in His Majesties Theatre at White-Hall, by her Majesties Servants at the Cock-pit. Written by Christopher Marlo. London: Printed by I.B. for Nicholas Vavasour, and are to be sold at his Shop in the Inner-Temple, neere the Church. 1633. 4to.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER THOMAS HAMMON,

OF GRAY'S INN, ETC.

This play, composed by so worthy an author as Master Marlowe, and the part of the Jew presented by so unimitable an actor as Master Alleyn, being in this later age commended to the stage; as I ushered it unto the court, and presented it to the Cock-pit, with these Prologues and Epilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to the press, I was loath it should be published without the ornament of an Epistle; making choice of you unto whom to devote it; than whom (of all those gentlemen and acquaintance within the compass of my long knowledge) there is none more able to tax ignorance, or attribute right to merit. Sir, you have been pleased to grace some of mine own works * with your courteous patronage: I hope this will not be the worse accepted, because commended by me; over whom none can claim more power or privilege than yourself. I had no better a new-year's gift to present you with; receive it therefore as a continuance of that inviolable obligement, by which he rests still engaged, who, as he ever hath, shall always remain,

Tuissimus,

Tho. Heywood.†

---

* Heywood dedicates the First Part of *The Iron Age* (printed 1632) "To my Worthy and much Respected Friend, Mr. Thomas Hammon, of Grayes Inne, Esquire."

† *Tho. Heywood*] The well-known dramatist.

THE PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT COURT.

Gracious and great, that we so boldly dare
('Mongst other plays that now in fashion are)
To present this, writ many years agone,
And in that age thought second unto none,
We humbly crave your pardon. We pursue
The story of a rich and famous Jew
Who liv'd in Malta: you shall find him still,
In all his projects, a sound Machiavill;
And that's his character. He that hath past
So many censures* is now come at last
To have your princely ears: grace you him; then
You crown the action, and renown the pen.

EPILOGUE SPOKEN AT COURT.

It is our fear, dread sovereign, we have bin†
Too tedious; neither can't be less than sin
To wrong your princely patience: if we have,
Thus low dejected, we your pardon crave;
And, if aught here offend your ear or sight,
We only act and speak what others write.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE STAGE,

AT THE COCK-PIT.

We know not how our play may pass this stage,
But by the best of poets‡ in that age
The Malta-Jew had being and was made;
And he then by the best of actors§ play'd:
In *Hero and Leander*‖ one did gain
A lasting memory; in Tamburlaine,

---

* *censures*] i.e. judgments.

† *bin*] i.e. been.

‡ *best of poets*] "Marlo." Marg. note in old ed.

§ *best of actors*] "Allin." Marg. note in old. ed.—Any account of the celebrated actor, Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, would be superfluous here.

‖ *In Hero and Leander*, &c.] The meaning is—The one (Marlowe) gained a lasting memory by being the author of *Hero and Leander;* while the other (Alleyn) wan the attribute of peerless by playing the parts of Tamburlaine, the Jew of Malta, &c.—The passage happens to be mispointed in the old ed. thus,

"In Hero and Leander, one did gaine
A lasting memorie: in Tamberlaine,
This Jew, with others many: th' other wan," &c.

and hence Mr. Collier, in his *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet.* iii. 114, understood the words,

"in Tamburlaine,
This Jew, with others many,"

as applying to Marlowe: he afterwards, however, in his *Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 9, suspected that the punctuation of the old ed. might be wrong,—which it doubtless is.

This Jew, with others many, th' other wan
The attribute of peerless, being a man
Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)
Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue,—
So could he speak, so vary; nor is't hate
To merit in him * who doth personate
Our Jew this day; nor is it his ambition
To exceed or equal, being of condition
More modest: this is all that he intends,
(And that too at the urgence of some friends,)
To prove his best, and, if none here gainsay it,
The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.

EPILOGUE TO THE STAGE,

AT THE COCK-PIT.

In graving with Pygmalion to contend,
Or painting with Apelles, doubtless the end
Must be disgrace: our actor did not so,—
He only aim'd to go, but not out-go.
Nor think that this day any prize was play'd;†
Here were no bets at all, no wagers laid: ‡
All the ambition that his mind doth swell,
Is but to hear from you (by me) 'twas well.

---

* *him*] "Perkins." Marg. note in old ed.—"This was Richard Perkins, one of the performers belonging to the Cock-pit theatre in Drury-Lane. His name is printed among those who acted in *Hannibal and Scipio* by Nabbes, *The Wedding* by Shirley, and *The Fair Maid of the West* by Heywood. After the play-houses were shut up on account of the confusion arising from the civil wars, Perkins and Sumner, who belonged to the same house, lived together at Clerkenwell, where they died and were buried. They both died some years before the Restoration. See *The Dialogue on Plays and Players* [Dodsley's *Old Plays*, l. clii., last ed.]." Reed (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*). Perkins acted a prominent part in Webster's *White Devil*, when it was first brought on the stage,—perhaps Brachiano (for Burbadge, who was celebrated in Brachiano, does not appear to have played it originally): in a notice to the reader at the end of that tragedy Webster says; "In particular I must remember the well-approved industry of my friend Master Perkins, and confess the worth of his action did crown both the beginning and end." About 1622-3 Perkins belonged to the Red Bull theatre: about 1637 he joined the company at Salisbury Court: see Webster's *Works*, note, p. 51, ed. Dyce, 1857.

† *prize was play'd*] This expression (so frequent in our early writers) is properly applied to fencing: see Steevens's note on Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act. i. sc. 1.

‡ *no wagers laid*] "Wagers as to the comparative merits of rival actors in particular parts were not unfrequent of old," &c. Collier (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*). See my ed. of Peele's *Works*, i. x. ed. 1829; and Collier's *Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 11.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERNEZE, governor of Malta.
LODOWICK, his son.
SELIM CALYMATH, son to the Grand Seignior.
MARTIN DEL BOSCO, vice-admiral of Spain.
MATHIAS, a gentleman.
JACOMO, BARNARDINE, } friars.
BARABAS, a wealthy Jew.
ITHAMORE, a slave.
PILIA-BORZA, a bully, attendant to BELLAMIRA.
Two Merchants.
Three Jews.
Knights, Bassoes, Officers, Guard, Slaves, Messenger, and Carpenters.

KATHARINE, mother to MATHIAS.
ABIGAIL, daughter to BARABAS.
BELLAMIRA, a courtezan.
Abbess.
Nun.

MACHIAVEL as Prologue-speaker.

Scene, Malta.

THE JEW OF MALTA.

Enter MACHIAVEL.

Mach. Albeit the world think Machiavel is dead,
Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps;
And, now the Guise* is dead, is come from France,
To view this land, and frolic with his friends.
To some perhaps my name is odious;
But such as love me, guard me from their tongues,
And let them know that I am Machiavel,
And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
Admir'd I am of those that hate me most:
Though some speak openly against my books,
Yet will they read me, and thereby attain
To Peter's chair; and, when they cast me off,
Are poison'd by my climbing followers.
I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.
Birds of the air will tell of murders past!
I am asham'd to hear such fooleries.
Many will talk of title to a crown:
What right had Cæsar to the empery?*
Might first made kings, and laws were then most sure
When, like the Draco's,† they were writ in blood.
Hence comes it that a strong-built citadel
Commands much more than letters can import:
Which maxim had‡ Phalaris observ'd,
H'ad never bellow'd, in a brazen bull,
Of great ones' envy: o' the poor petty wights
Let me be envied and not pitièd.
But whither am I bound? I come not, I,
To read a lecture here § in Britain,
But to present the tragedy of a Jew,
Who smiles to see how full his bags are cramm'd;
Which money was not got without my means.
I crave but this,—grace him as he deserves,
And let him not be entertain'd the worse
Because he favours me. [*Exit.*

ACT I.†

BARABAS *discovered in his counting-house, with heaps of gold before him.*

Bara. So that of thus much that return was made;
And of the third part of the Persian ships
There was the venture summ'd and satisfied.
As for those Samnites,|| and the men of Uz,
That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,
Here have I purs'd their paltry silverlings.¶

* *the Guise*] "i.e. the Duke of Guise, who had been the principal contriver and actor in the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, 1572. He met with his deserved fate, being assassinated, by order of the French king, in 1588." REED (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*). And see our author's *Massacre at Paris*.

† *Act I.*] The Scenes of this play are not marked in the old ed.; nor in the present edition,—because occasionally (where the audience were to *suppose* a change of place) it was impossible to mark them.

* *empery*] Old ed. "Empire."

† *the Draco's*] "i.e. the severe lawgiver of Athens; 'whose statutes,' said Demades, 'were not written with ink, but blood.'" STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).—Old ed. "*the* Draneus."

‡ *had*] Qy. "*had* but"?

§ *a lecture here*] Qy. "*a lecture* to you *here*"?

|| *Samnites*] Old ed. "Samintes."

¶ *silverlings*] When Steevens (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*)

Fie, what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell * that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom, that never finger'd groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coin;
But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd full,
And all his life-time hath been tirèd,
Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loath to labour so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones,
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen † costly stones of so great price,
As one of them, indifferently rated,
And of a carat of this quantity,
May serve, in peril of calamity,
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And, as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill? ‡
Ha! to the east? yes. See how stand the vanes—
East and by south: why, then, I hope my ships
I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks;
Mine argosy from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy-shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.—
But who comes here?

Enter a Merchant.

How now!

Merch. Barabas, thy ships are safe,
Riding in Malta-road; and all the merchants
With other merchandise are safe arriv'd,
And have sent me to know whether yourself
Will come and custom them.*

Bara. The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly fraught?

Merch. They are.

Bara. Why, then, go bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bills of entry:
I hope our credit in the custom-house
Will serve as well as I were present there.
Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,
And twenty waggons, to bring up the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine,
And is thy credit not enough for that?

Merch. The very custom barely comes to more
Than many merchants of the town are worth,
And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

Bara. Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man:
Tush, who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?

Merch. I go.

Bara. So, then, there's somewhat come.—
Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of?

Merch. Of the Speranza, sir.

Bara. And saw'st thou not
Mine argosy at Alexandria?
Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Caire,
But at the entry there into the sea,
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

Merch. I neither saw them, nor inquir'd of them:
But this we heard some of our seamen say,
They wonder'd how you durst with so much wealth
Trust such a crazèd vessel, and so far.

Bara. Tush, they are wise! I know her and her strength.
But† go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
And bid my factor bring his loading in.

[*Exit* Merch.

And yet I wonder at this argosy.

---

called this "a diminutive, to express the Jew's contempt of a metal inferior in value to gold," he did not know that the word occurs in Scripture: "a thousand vines at a thousand *silverlings*." *Isaiah*, vii. 23.—Old ed. "siluerbings."

* *Tell*] i.e. count.

† *seld-seen*] i.e. seldom-seen.

‡ *Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?*] "It was anciently believed that this bird (the king-fisher), if hung up, would vary with the wind, and by that means shew from what quarter it blew." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*),—who refers to the note on the following passage of Shakespeare's *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 2;

"Renege, affirm, and turn their *halcyon beaks*
With every gale and vary of their masters," &c.

* *custom them*] "i.e. enter the goods they contain at the Custom-house." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

† *But*] Old ed. "By."

Enter a Second Merchant.

Sec. Merch. Thine argosy from Alexandria,
Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta-road,
Laden with riches, and exceeding store
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

Bara. How chance you came not with those other ships
That sail'd by Egypt?

Sec. Merch. Sir, we saw 'em not.

Bara. Belike they coasted round by Candy-shore
About their oils or other businesses.
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

Sec. Merch. Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,
That never left us till within a league,
That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.

Bara. O, they were going up to Sicily.
Well, go,
And bid the merchants and my men despatch,
And come ashore, and see the fraught* dis-charg'd.

Sec. Merch. I go. [*Exit.*

Bara. Thus trolls our fortune in by land and sea,
And thus are we on every side enrich'd:
These are the blessings promis'd to the Jews,
And herein was old Abraham's happiness:
What more may heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the sea [s] their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth?
Rather had I, a Jew, be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty;
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scatter'd nation:
I cannot tell; but we have scambled † up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith:
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
Ay, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings:
That's not our fault: alas, our number's few!
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urg'd by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule; make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality.
I have no charge, nor many children,
But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigen;
And all I have is hers.—But who comes here?

Enter three Jews.*

First Jew. Tush, tell not me; 'twas done of policy.

Sec. Jew. Come, therefore, let us go to Barabas;
For he can counsel best in these affairs:
And here he comes.

Bara. Why, how now, countrymen!
Why flock you thus to me in multitudes?
What accident's betided to the Jews?

First Jew. A fleet of warlike galleys, Barabas,
Are come from Turkey, and lie in our road:
And they this day sit in the council-house
To entertain them and their embassy.

Bara. Why, let 'em come, so they come not to war;
Or let 'em war, so we be conquerors.—
Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all,
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.
[*Aside.*

First Jew. Were it for confirmation of a league,
They would not come in warlike manner thus.

Sec. Jew. I fear their coming will afflict us all.

Bara. Fond† men, what dream you of their multitudes?
What need they treat of peace that are in league?
The Turks and those of Malta are in league:
Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.

First Jew. Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war.

Bara. Haply for neither, but to pass along,
Towards Venice, by the Adriatic sea,
With whom they have attempted many times,
But never could effect their stratagem.

Third Jew. And very wisely said; it may be so.

Sec. Jew. But there's a meeting in the senate-house,
And all the Jews in Malta must be there.

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* *fraught*] i.e. freight.

† *scambled*] i.e. scrambled. (Coles gives in his *Dict.* "To *scamble*, certatim arripere"; and afterwards renders "To scramble" by the very same Latin words.)

* *Enter three Jews*] A change of scene is supposed here,—to a street or to the Exchange.

† *Fond*] i.e. Foolish.

Bara. Hum,—all the Jews in Malta must be there!
Ay, like enough: why, then, let every man
Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake.
If any thing shall there concern our state,
Assure yourselves I'll look—unto myself.
[*Aside.**
First Jew. I know you will.—Well, brethren, let us go.
Sec. Jew. Let's take our leaves.—Farewell, good Barabas.
Bara.† Farewell, Zaareth; farewell, Temainte.
[*Exeunt* Jews.
And, Barabas, now search this secret out;
Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:
These silly men mistake the matter clean.
Long to the Turk did Malta contribute;
Which tribute all in policy, I fear,
The Turk has‡ let increase to such a sum
As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay;
And now by that advantage thinks, belike,
To seize upon the town; ay, that he seeks.
Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure for one,
And seek in time to intercept the worst,
Warily guarding that which I ha' got:
Ego mihimet sum semper proximus: §
Why, let 'em enter, let 'em take the town.
[*Exit.*‖

Enter FERNEZE *governor of Malta*, Knights, *and* Officers; *met by* CALYMATH, *and* Bassoes *of the* Turk.

Fern. Now, bassoes,¶ what demand you at our hands?
First Bas. Know, knights of Malta, that we came from Rhodes,
From Cyprus, Candy, and those other isles
That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas.
Fern. What's Cyprus, Candy, and those other isles
To us or Malta? what at our hands demand ye?
Cal. The ten years' tribute that remains unpaid.
Fern. Alas, my lord, the sum is over-great!
I hope your highness will consider us.
Cal. I wish, grave governor,* 'twere in my power
To favour you; but 'tis my father's cause,
Wherein I may not, nay, I dare not dally.
Fern. Then give us leave, great Selim Calymath.
Cal. Stand all aside,† and let the knights determine;
And send to keep our galleys under sail,
For happily‡ we shall not tarry here.—
Now, governor, how are you resolv'd?
Fern. Thus; since your hard conditions are such
That you will needs have ten years' tribute past,
We may have time to make collection
Amongst the inhabitants of Malta for't.
First Bas. That's more than is in our commission.
Cal. What, Callapine! a little courtesy:
Let's know their time; perhaps it is not long;
And 'tis more kingly to obtain by peace
Than to enforce conditions by constraint.—
What respite ask you, governor?
Fern. But a month.
Cal. We grant a month; but see you keep your promise.
Now launch our galleys back again to sea,
Where we'll attend the respite you have ta'en,
And for the money send our messenger.
Farewell, great governor, and brave knights of Malta.
Fern. And all good fortune wait on Calymath!
[*Exeunt* CALYMATH *and* Bassoes.
Go one and call those Jews of Malta hither:
Were they not summon'd to appear to-day?
First Off. They were, my lord; and here they come.

Enter BARABAS *and three* Jews.

First Knight. Have you determin'd what to say to them?
Fern. Yes; give me leave:—and, Hebrews, now come near.
From the Emperor of Turkey is arriv'd
Great Selim Calymath, his highness' son,
To levy of us ten years' tribute past:
Now, then, here know that it concerneth us.

* *Aside*] Mr. Collier (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*), mistaking the purport of this stage-direction (which, of course, applies only to the words "*unto myself*"), proposed an alteration of the text.

† BARA. *Farewell, Zaareth*, &c.] Old ed. "*Iew.* Doe so; *Farewell Zaareth*," &c. But "Doe so" is evidently a stage-direction which has crept into the text, and which was intended to signify that the Jews *do* "take their leaves" of Barabas:—here the old ed. has no "*Exeunt.*"

‡ *Turk has*] So the Editor of 1826.—Old ed. "Turkes haue": but see what follows.

§ *Ego mihimet sum semper proximus*] The words of Terence are "Proximus sum egomet mihi." *Andria*, iv. 1. 12.

‖ *Exit*] The scene is now supposed to be changed to the interior of the Council-house.

¶ *bassoes*] i.e. bashaws.

* *governor*] Old ed. "Gouernours" here, and several times after in this scene.

† Cal. *Stand all aside*, &c.] "The Governor and the Maltese knights here consult apart, while Calymath gives these directions." COLLIER (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

‡ *happily*] i.e. haply.

Bara. Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet still,
Your lordship shall do well to let them have it.
Fern. Soft, Barabas! there's more 'longs to't than so.
To what this ten years' tribute will amount,
That we have cast, but cannot compass it
By reason of the wars, that robb'd our store;
And therefore are we to request your aid.
Bara. Alas, my lord, we are no soldiers!
And what's our aid against so great a prince?
First Knight. Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldier:
Thou art a merchant and a money'd man,
And 'tis thy money, Barabas, we seek.
Bara. How, my lord! my money!
Fern. Thine and the rest;
For, to be short, amongst you't must be had.
First Jew. Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor!
Fern. Then let the rich increase your portions.
Bara. Are strangers with your tribute to be tax'd?
Sec. Knight. Have strangers leave with us to get their wealth?
Then let them with us contribute.
Bara. How! equally?
Fern. No, Jew, like infidels;
For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,
Who stand accursèd in the sight of heaven,
These taxes and afflictions are befall'n,
And therefore thus we are determinèd.—
Read there the articles of our decrees.
*Officer.** [reads] *First, the tribute-money of the Turks shall all be levied amongst the Jews, and each of them to pay one half of his estate.*
Bara. How! half his estate!—I hope you mean not mine. [*Aside.*
Fern. Read on.
Officer. [reads] *Secondly, he that denies† to pay, shall straight become a Christian.*
Bara. How! a Christian! — Hum,— what's here to do? [*Aside.*
Officer. [reads] *Lastly, he that denies this, shall absolutely lose all he has.*
Three Jews. O my lord, we will give half!
Bara. O earth-mettled villains, and no Hebrews born!
And will you basely thus submit yourselves
To leave your goods to their arbitrement?
Fern. Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christenèd?
Bara. No, governor, I will be no convertite.*
Fern. Then pay thy half.
Bara. Why, know you what you did by this device?
Half of my substance is a city's wealth.
Governor, it was not got so easily;
Nor will I part so slightly therewithal.
Fern. Sir, half is the penalty of our decree;
Either pay that, or we will seize on all.
Bara. Corpo di Dio! stay: you shall have half;
Let me be us'd but as my brethren are.
Fern. No, Jew, thou hast denied the articles,
And now it cannot be recall'd.
[*Exeunt* Officers, *on a sign from* FERNEZE.
Bara. Will you, then, steal my goods?
Is theft the ground of your religion?
Fern. No, Jew; we take particularly thine,
To save the ruin of a multitude:
And better one want for a common good,
Than many perish for a private man:
Yet, Barabas, we will not banish thee,
But here in Malta, where thou gott'st thy wealth,
Live still; and, if thou canst, get more.
Bara. Christians, what or how can I multiply?
Of naught is nothing made.
First Knight. From naught at first thou cam'st to little wealth,
From little unto more, from more to most:
If your first curse fall heavy on thy head,
And make thee poor and scorn'd of all the world,
'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sin.
Bara. What, bring you Scripture to confirm your wrongs?
Preach me not out of my possessions.
Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are:
But say the tribe that I descended of
Were all in general cast away for sin,
Shall I be tried by their transgression?
The man that dealeth righteously shall live;
And which of you can charge me otherwise?
Fern. Out, wretched Barabas!
Sham'st thou not thus to justify thyself,
As if we knew not thy profession?
If thou rely upon thy righteousness,
Be patient, and thy riches will increase.
Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness;
And covetousness, O, 'tis a monstrous sin!
Bara. Ay, but theft is worse: tush! take not from me, then,

* *Officer*] Old ed. "Reader."
† *denies*] i.e. refuses.

* *convertite*] "i.e. convert, as in Shakespeare's *King John*, act v. sc. 1." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

For that is theft; and, if you rob me thus,
I must be forc'd to steal, and compass more.
First Knight. Grave governor, list not to his exclaims:
Convert his mansion to a nunnery;
His house will harbour many holy nuns.
Fern. It shall be so.

Re-enter Officers.

Now, officers, have you done?
First Off. Ay, my lord, we have seiz'd upon the goods
And wares of Barabas, which, being valu'd,
Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta:
And of the other we have seizèd half.
Fern. Then we'll take* order for the residue.
Bara. Well, then, my lord, say, are you satisfied?
You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoy'd;
And, having all, you can request no more,
Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life.
Fern. No, Barabas; to stain our hands with blood
Is far from us and our profession.
Bara. Why, I esteem the injury far less,
To take the lives of miserable men
Than be the causers of their misery.
You have my wealth, the labour of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope;
And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong.
Fern. Content thee, Barabas; thou hast naught but right.
Bara. Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:
But take it to you, i'the devil's name!
Fern. Come, let us in, and gather of these goods
The money for this tribute of the Turk.
First Knight. 'Tis necessary that be look'd unto;
For, if we break our day, we break the league,
And that will prove but simple policy.

[*Exeunt all except* BARA. *and the three* Jews.

Bara. Ay, policy! that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest.—
The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred,
Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor!*
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pains,
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress!
First Jew. O, yet be patient, gentle Barabas!
Bara. O silly brethren, born to see this day,
Why stand you thus unmov'd with my laments?
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
Why pine not I, and die in this distress?
First Jew. Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook
The cruel handling of ourselves in this:
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.
Bara. Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one;
And of me only have they taken all.
First Jew. Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job.
Bara. What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus; he had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She-asses: but for every one of those,
Had they been valu'd at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine argosy,
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,
And yet have kept enough to live upon;
So that not he, but I, may curse the day,
Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas;
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes;
For only I have toil'd to inherit here
The months of vanity, and loss of time,
And painful nights, have been appointed me.
Sec. Jew. Good Barabas, be patient.
Bara. Ay, I pray, leave me in my patience. You, that
Were ne'er possess'd of wealth, are pleas'd with want;
But give him liberty at least to mourn,
That in a field, amidst his enemies,
Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarm'd,
And knows no means of his recovery:
Ay, let me sorrow for this sudden chance;
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speak:
Great injuries are not so soon forgot.
First Jew. Come, let us leave him; in his ireful mood
Our words will but increase his ecstasy.*
Sec. Jew. On, then: but, trust me, 'tis a misery

* *Then we'll take*, &c.] In the old ed. this line forms a portion of the preceding speech.

* *ecstasy*] Equivalent here to—violent emotion. "The word was anciently used to signify some degree of alienation of mind." COLLIER (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

To see a man in such affliction.—
Farewell, Barabas.

Bara. Ay, fare you well. [*Exeunt three* Jews.*
See the simplicity of these base slaves,
Who, for the villains have no wit themselves,
Think me to be a senseless lump of clay,
That will with every water wash to dirt!
No, Barabas is born to better chance,
And fram'd of finer mould than common men,
That measure naught but by the present time.
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
And cast with cunning for the time to come;
For evils are apt to happen every day.

Enter ABIGAIL.

But whither wends my beauteous Abigail?
O, what has made my lovely daughter sad?
What, woman! moan not for a little loss;
Thy father has enough in store for thee.

Abig. Nor for myself, but agèd Barabas,
Father, for thee lamenteth Abigail:
But I will learn to leave these fruitless tears;
And, urg'd thereto with my afflictions,
With fierce exclaims run to the senate-house,
And in the senate reprehend them all,
And rent their hearts with tearing of my hair,
Till they reduce† the wrongs done to my father.

Bara. No, Abigail; things past recovery
Are hardly cur'd with exclamations:
Be silent, daughter; sufferance breeds ease,
And time may yield us an occasion,
Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.
Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond‡
As negligently to forgo so much
Without provision for thyself and me:
Ten thousand portagues,§ besides great pearls,
Rich costly jewels, and stones infinite,
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
I closely hid.

Abig. Where, father?

Bara. In my house, my girl.

Abig. Then shall they ne'er be seen of Barabas;
For they have seiz'd upon thy house and wares.

Bara. But they will give me leave once more, I trow,
To go into my house.

Abig. That may they not;
For there I left the governor placing nuns,
Displacing me; and of thy house they mean
To make a nunnery, where none but their own sect*
Must enter in; men generally barr'd.

Bara. My gold, my gold, and all my wealth is gone!—
You partial heavens, have I deserv'd this plague?
What, will you thus oppose me, luckless stars,
To make me desperate in my poverty?
And, knowing me impatient in distress,
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,
And leave no memory that e'er I was?
No, I will live; nor loathe I this my life:
And, since you leave me in the ocean thus
To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I'll rouse my senses, and awake myself.—
Daughter, I have it: thou perceiv'st the plight
Wherein these Christians have oppressèd me:
Be rul'd by me, for in extremity
We ought to make bar of no policy.

Abig. Father, whate'er it be, to injure them
That have so manifestly wrongèd us,
What will not Abigail attempt?

Bara. Why, so.
Then thus: thou told'st me they have turn'd my house
Into a nunnery, and some nuns are there?

Abig. I did.

Bara. Then, Abigail, there must my girl
Entreat the abbess to be entertain'd.

Abig. How! as a nun?

Bara. Ay, daughter; for religion
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion.

Abig. Ay, but, father, they will suspect me there.

Bara. Let 'em suspect; but be thou so precise
As they may think it done of holiness:
Entreat 'em fair, and give them friendly speech,
And seem to them as if thy sins were great,
Till thou hast gotten to be entertain'd.

Abig. Thus, father, shall I much dissemble.

Bara. Tush!
As good dissemble that thou never mean'st,
As first mean truth and then dissemble it:
A counterfeit profession is better
Than unseen hypocrisy.

Abig. Well, father, say I be entertain'd,
What then shall follow?

Bara. This shall follow then.
There have I hid, close underneath the plank
That runs along the upper-chamber floor,

* *Exeunt three Jews*] On their departure, the scene is supposed to be changed to a street near the house of Barabas.

† *reduce*] If the right reading, is equivalent to—repair. But qy. "redress"?

‡ *fond*] "i.e. foolish." REED (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

§ *portagues*] Portuguese gold coins, so called.

* *sect*] "i.e. sex. *Sect* and *sex* were, in our ancient dramatic writers, used synonymously." REED (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

The gold and jewels which I kept for thee:—
But here they come: be cunning, Abigail.
Abig. Then, father, go with me.
Bara. No, Abigail, in this
It is not necessary I be seen;
For I will seem offended with thee for't:
Be close, my girl, for this must fetch my gold.
[*They retire.*

Enter FRIAR JACOMO,* FRIAR BARNARDINE, Abbess, *and a* Nun.

Friar Jac. Sisters,
We now are almost at the new-made nunnery.
Abb.† The better; for we love not to be seen:
'Tis thirty winters long since some of us
Did stray so far amongst the multitude.
Friar Jac. But, madam, this house
And waters of this new-made nunnery
Will much delight you.
Abb. It may be so.—But who comes here?
[ABIGAIL *comes forward.*
Abig. Grave abbess, and you happy virgins' guide,
Pity the state of a distressèd maid!
Abb. What art thou, daughter?
Abig. The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,
The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas,
Sometimes‡ the owner of a goodly house,
Which they have now turn'd to a nunnery.
Abb. Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with us?
Abig. Fearing the afflictions which my father feels
Proceed from sin or want of faith in us,
I'd pass away my life in penitence,
And be a novice in your nunnery,
To make atonement for my labouring soul.
Friar Jac. No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the spirit.
Friar Barn. Ay, and of a moving spirit too, brother: but come,
Let us entreat she may be entertain'd.
Abb. Well, daughter, we admit you for a nun.
Abig. First let me as a novice learn to frame
My solitary life to your strait laws,
And let me lodge where I was wont to lie:
I do not doubt, by your divine precèpts
And mine own industry, but to profit much.
Bara. As much, I hope, as all I hid is worth.
[*Aside.*
Abb. Come, daughter, follow us.
Bara. [*coming forward*] Why, how now, Abigail!
What mak'st thou 'mongst these hateful Christians?
Friar Jac. Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
For she has mortified herself.
Bara. How! mortified!
Friar Jac. And is admitted to the sisterhood.
Bara. Child of perdition, and thy father's shame!
What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?
I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave
These devils and their damnèd heresy!
Abig. Father, forgive me—*
Bara. Nay, back, Abigail,
And think upon the jewels and the gold;
The board is markèd thus that covers it.—
[*Aside to* ABIGAIL *in a whisper.*
Away, accursèd, from thy father's sight!
Friar Jac. Barabas, although thou art in misbelief,
And wilt not see thine own afflictions,
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.
Bara. Blind friar, I reck not thy persuasions,—
The board is markèd thus † that covers it—
[*Aside to* ABIGAIL *in a whisper.*
For I had rather die than see her thus.—
Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,
Seducèd daughter?—Go, forget not.—‡
[*Aside to her in a whisper.*
Becomes it Jews to be so credulous?—
To-morrow early I'll be at the door.—
[*Aside to her in a whisper.*
No, come not at me; if thou wilt be damn'd,
Forget me, see me not; and so, be gone!—
Farewell; remember to-morrow morning.—
[*Aside to her in a whisper.*
Out, out, thou wretch!
[*Exit, on one side,* BARABAS. *Exeunt, on the other side,* Friars, Abbess, Nun, *and* ABIGAIL: *and, as they are going out,*

Enter MATHIAS.

Math. Who's this? fair Abigail, the rich Jew's daughter.

* *Enter Friar Jacomo,* &c.] Old ed. "Enter three Fryars and two Nuns:" but assuredly only *two* Friars figure in this play.

† *Abb.*] In the old ed. the prefix to this speech is "1 Nun," and to the next speech but one "Nun." That both speeches belong to the Abbess is quite evident.

‡ *Sometimes*] Equivalent here (as frequently in our early writers) to—Sometime.

* *forgive me*—] Old ed. "giue *me*—"

† *thus*] After this word the old ed. has "†",—to signify, perhaps, the motion which Barabas was to make here with his hand.

‡ *forget not*] Qy. "*forget* it *not*"

Become a nun! her father's sudden fall
Has humbled her, and brought her down to this:
Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love,
Than to be tirèd out with orisons;
And better would she far become a bed,
Embracèd in a friendly lover's arms,
Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

Enter LODOWICK.

Lod. Why, how now, Don Mathias! in a dump?

Math. Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have seen
The strangest sight, in my opinion,
That ever I beheld.

Lod. What was't, I prithee?

Math. A fair young maid, scarce fourteen years of age,
The sweetest flower in Cytherea's field,
Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,
And strangely metamorphos'd [to a] nun.

Lod. But say, what was she?

Math. Why, the rich Jew's daughter.

Lod. What, Barabas, whose goods were lately seiz'd?
Is she so fair?

Math. And matchless beautiful,
As, had you seen her, 'twould have mov'd your heart,
Though countermin'd with walls of brass, to love,
Or, at the least, to pity.

Lod. An if she be so fair as you report,
'Twere time well spent to go and visit her:
How say you? shall we?

Math. I must and will, sir; there's no remedy.

Lod. And so will I too, or it shall go hard.
Farewell, Mathias.

Math. Farewell, Lodowick. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

Enter BARABAS, *with a light.**

Bara. Thus, like the sad-presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,†
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings,
Vex'd and tormented runs poor Barabas
With fatal curses towards these Christians.
The incertain pleasures of swift-footed time
Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance; like a soldier's scar,
That has no further comfort for his maim.—
O Thou, that with a fiery pillar ledd'st
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the hand
Of Abigail this night! or let the day
Turn to eternal darkness after this!—
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts,
Till I have answer of my Abigail.

Enter ABIGAIL *above.*

Abig. Now have I happily espied a time
To search the plank my father did appoint;
And here, behold, unseen, where I have found
The gold, the pearls, and jewels, which he hid.

Bara. Now I remember those old women's words,
Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night
About the place where treasure hath been hid:
And now methinks that I am one of those;
For, whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And, when I die, here shall my spirit walk.

Abig. Now that my father's fortune were so good
As but to be about this happy place!
'Tis not so happy: yet, when we parted last,
He said he would attend me in the morn.
Then, gentle Sleep, where'er his body rests,
Give charge to Morpheus that he may dream

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* *Enter Barabas, with a light*] The scene is now before the house of Barabas, which has been turned into a nunnery.

† *Thus, like the sad-presaging raven, that tolls*
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak] Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet.* iii. 136) remarks that these lines are cited (with some variation, and from memory, as the present play was not printed till 1633) in an epigram on T. Deloney, in Guilpin's *Skialetheia or the Shadowe of Truth*, 1598,—

"*Like to the fatall ominous Raven, which tolls*
The sick man's dirge within his hollow beake,
So every paper-clothed post in Poules
To thee, Deloney, mourningly doth speake," &c.

A golden dream, and of * the sudden wake,†
Come and receive the treasure I have found.
Bara. *Bueno para todos mi ganado no era:*‡
As good go on, as sit so sadly thus.—
But stay: what star shines yonder in the east?§
The loadstar of my life, if Abigail.—
Who's there?
Abig. Who's that?
Bara. Peace, Abigail! 'tis I.
Abig. Then, father, here receive thy happiness.
Bara. Hast thou't?
Abig. Here. [*throws down bags*] Hast thou't?
There's more, and more, and more.
Bara. O my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity,
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy;
Welcome the first beginner of my bliss!
O Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too!
Then my desires were fully satisfied:
But I will practise thy enlargement thence:
O girl! O gold! O beauty! O my bliss!
[*Hugs the bags.*
Abig. Father, it draweth towards midnight now,
And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake;
To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.
Bara. Farewell, my joy, and by my fingers take
A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.
[*Exit* ABIGAIL *above.*
Now, Phœbus, ope the eye-lids of the day,
And, for the raven, wake the morning lark,
That I may hover with her in the air,
Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young.
Hermoso placer de los dineros.‖ [*Exit.*

Enter FERNEZE,¶ MARTIN DEL BOSCO, Knights, *and* Officers.

Fern. Now, captain, tell us whither thou art bound?
Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road?
And why thou cam'st ashore without our leave?

Bosco. Governor of Malta, hither am I bound;
My ship, the Flying Dragon, is of Spain,
And so am I; Del Bosco is my name,
Vice-admiral unto the Catholic King.
First Knight. 'Tis true, my lord; therefore entreat * him well.
Bosco. Our fraught is Grecians, Turks, and Afric Moors;
For late upon the coast of Corsica,
Because we vail'd not † to the Turkish ‡ fleet,
Their creeping galleys had us in the chase:
But suddenly the wind began to rise,
And then we luff'd and tack'd,§ and fought at ease:
Some have we fir'd, and many have we sunk;
But one amongst the rest became our prize:
The captain's slain; the rest remain our slaves,
Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.
Fern. Martin del Bosco, I have heard of thee:
Welcome to Malta, and to all of us!
But to admit a sale of these thy Turks,
We may not, nay, we dare not give consent,
By reason of a tributary league.
First Knight. Del Bosco, as thou lov'st and honour'st us,
Persuade our governor against the Turk:
This truce we have is but in hope of gold,
And with that sum he craves might we wage war.
Bosco. Will knights of Malta be in league with Turks,
And buy it basely too for sums of gold?
My lord, remember that, to Europe's shame,
The Christian Isle of Rhodes, from whence you came,
Was lately lost, and you were stated‖ here
To be at deadly enmity with Turks.
Fern. Captain, we know it; but our force is small.
Bosco. What is the sum that Calymath requires?
Fern. A hundred thousand crowns.
Bosco. My lord and king hath title to this isle,
And he means quickly to expel you hence;
Therefore be rul'd by me, and keep the gold:
I'll write unto his majesty for aid,
And not depart until I see you free.
Fern. On this condition shall thy Turks be sold.—
Go, officers, and set them straight in show.—
[*Exeunt* Officers.

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* *of*] i.e. on.

† *wake*] Old ed. "walke."

‡ *Bueno para todos mi ganado no era*] Old ed. "Birn para todos, my ganada no er."

§ *But stay: what star shines yonder in the east*, &c.] Shakespeare, it would seem, recollected this passage, when he wrote,—

"But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!"
Romeo and Juliet, act ii. sc. 2.

‖ *Hermoso placer de los dineros*] Old ed. "Hormoso Piarer, de les Denirch."

¶ *Enter Ferneze*, &c.] The scene is the interior of the Council-house.

* *entreat*] i.e. treat.

† *vail'd not*] "i.e. did not strike or lower our flags." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

‡ *Turkish*] Old ed. "Spanish."

§ *luff'd and tack'd*] Old ed. "left, *and* tooke."

‖ *stated*] i.e. estated, established, stationed.

Bosco, thou shalt be Malta's general;
We and our warlike knights will follow thee
Against these barbarous misbelieving Turks.

Bosco. So shall you imitate those you succeed;
For, when their hideous force environ'd Rhodes,
Small though the number was that kept the town,
They fought it out, and not a man surviv'd
To bring the hapless news to Christendom.

Fern. So will we fight it out: come, let's away.
Proud daring Calymath, instead of gold,
We'll send thee bullets wrapt in smoke and fire:
Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolv'd,—
Honour is bought with blood, and not with gold.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Officers*, *with* ITHAMORE *and other* Slaves.

First Off. This is the market-place; here let 'em stand:
Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.

Sec. Off. Every one's price is written on his back,
And so much must they yield, or not be sold.

First Off. Here comes the Jew: had not his goods been seiz'd,
He'd give us present money for them all.

Enter BARABAS.

Bara. In spite of these swine-eating Christians,
(Unchosen nation, never circumcis'd,
Poor villains, such as were† ne'er thought upon
Till Titus and Vespasian conquer'd us,)
Am I become as wealthy as I was.
They hop'd my daughter would ha' been a nun;
But she's at home, and I have bought a house
As great and fair as is the governor's:
And there, in spite of Malta, will I dwell,
Having Ferneze's hand; whose heart I'll have,
Ay, and his son's too, or it shall go hard.
I am not of the tribe of Levi, I,
That can so soon forget an injury.
We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please;
And when we grin we bite; yet are our looks
As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.
I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
And duck as low as any bare-foot friar;
Hoping to see them starve upon a stall,
Or else be gather'd for in our synagogue,
That, when the offering-basin comes to me,
Even for charity I may spit into't.—
Here comes Don Lodowick, the governor's son,
One that I love for his good father's sake.

Enter LODOWICK.

Lod. I hear the wealthy Jew walkèd this way:
I'll seek him out, and so insinuate,
That I may have a sight of Abigail,
For Don Mathias tells me she is fair.

Bara. Now will I shew myself to have more of the serpent than the dove; that is, more knave than fool. [*Aside.*

Lod. Yond' walks the Jew: now for fair Abigail.

Bara. Ay, ay, no doubt but she's at your command. [*Aside.*

Lod. Barabas, thou know'st I am the governor's son.

Bara. I would you were his father too, sir! that's all the harm I wish you.—The slave looks like a hog's cheek new-singed. [*Aside.*

Lod. Whither walk'st thou, Barabas?

Bara. No further: 'tis a custom held with us,
That when we speak with Gentiles like to you,
We turn into* the air to purge ourselves;
For unto us the promise doth belong.

Lod. Well, Barabas, canst help me to a diamond?

Bara. O, sir, your father had my diamonds:
Yet I have one left that will serve your turn.—
I mean my daughter; but, ere he shall have her,
I'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood:
I ha' the poison of the city† for him,
And the white leprosy. [*Aside.*

Lod. What sparkle does it give without a foil?

Bara. The diamond that I talk of ne'er was foil'd:—
But, when he touches it, it will be foil'd.—‡
[*Aside.*
Lord Lodowick, it sparkles bright and fair.

Lod. Is it square or pointed? pray, let me know.

Bara. Pointed it is, good sir,—but not for you. [*Aside.*

Lod. I like it much the better.

Bara. So do I too.

Lod. How shews it by night?

Bara. Outshines Cynthia's rays:—
You'll like it better far o' nights than days.
[*Aside.*

Lod. And what's the price?

Bara. Your life, an if you have it [*Aside*].—O my lord,

* *Enter Officers*, &c.] The scene being the market-place.

† *Poor villains, such as were*] Old ed. "Such as *poore villaines were*", &c.

* *into*] i.e. unto: see note †, p. 15.

† *city*] The preceding editors have not questioned this word, which I believe to be a misprint.

‡ *foil'd*] = *filed*, i. e. defiled.

We will not jar about the price: come to my house,
And I will give't your honour—with a vengeance.
[*Aside.*

Lod. No, Barabas, I will deserve it first.

Bara. Good sir,
Your father has deserv'd it at my hands,
Who, of mere charity and Christian ruth,
To bring me to religious purity,
And, as it were, in catechising sort,
To make me mindful of my mortal sins,
Against my will, and whether I would or no,
Seiz'd all I had, and thrust me out o' doors,
And made my house a place for nuns most chaste.

Lod. No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.

Bara. Ay, but, my lord, the harvest is far off:
And yet I know the prayers of those nuns
And holy friars, having money for their pains,
Are wondrous;—and indeed do no man good;—
[*Aside.*
And, seeing they are not idle, but still doing,
'Tis likely they in time may reap some fruit,
I mean, in fullness of perfection.

Lod. Good Barabas, glance not at our holy nuns.

Bara. No, but I do it through a burning zeal,—
Hoping ere long to set the house a-fire;
For, though they do a while increase and multiply,
I'll have a saying to that nunnery.—* [*Aside.*
As for the diamond, sir, I told you of,
Come home, and there's no price shall make us part,
Even for your honourable father's sake,—
It shall go hard but I will see your death.—
[*Aside.*
But now I must be gone to buy a slave.

Lod. And, Barabas, I'll bear thee company.

Bara. Come, then; here's the market-place.—
What's the price of this slave? two hundred crowns! do the Turks weigh so much?

First Off. Sir, that's his price.

Bara. What, can he steal, that you demand so much?
Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
An if he has, he is worth three hundred plates,*
So that, being bought, the town-seal might be got
To keep him for his life-time from the gallows:
The sessions-day is critical to thieves,
And few or none scape but by being purg'd.

Lod. Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred plates?

First Off. No more, my lord.

Bara. Why should this Turk be dearer than that Moor?

First Off. Because he is young, and has more qualities.

Bara. What, hast the philosopher's stone? an thou hast, break my head with it, I'll forgive thee.

Slave.† No, sir; I can cut and shave.

Bara. Let me see, sirrah; are you not an old shaver?

Slave. Alas, sir, I am a very youth!

Bara. A youth! I'll buy you, and marry you to Lady Vanity,‡ if you do well.

Slave. I will serve you, sir.

Bara. Some wicked trick or other: it may be, under colour of shaving, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods. Tell me, hast thou thy health well?

Slave. Ay, passing well.

Bara. So much the worse: I must have one that's sickly, an't be but for sparing victuals: 'tis not a stone of beef a-day will maintain you in these chops.—Let me see one that's somewhat leaner.

First Off. Here's a leaner; how like you him?

Bara. Where wast thou born?

Itha. In Thrace; brought up in Arabia.

Bara. So much the better; thou art for my turn.
An hundred crowns? I'll have him; there's the coin. [*Gives money.*

First Off. Then mark him, sir, and take him hence.

Bara. Ay, mark him, you were best; for this is he

---

* *I'll have a saying to that nunnery*] Compare Barnaby Barnes's *Divils Charter*, 1607;
"Before I do this seruice, lie there, peece;
For I must *haue a saying* to those bottels. *He drinketh.*
True stingo; stingo, by mine honour. * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *
I must *haue a saying* to you, sir, I must, though you be prouided for his Holines owne mouth; I will be bould to be the Popes taster by his leaue." Sig. K 3.

* *plates*] "i. e. pieces of silver money." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).—Old ed. "plats."

† *Slave*] To the speeches of this Slave the old ed. prefixes "Itha." and "Ith.", confounding him with Ithamore.

‡ *Lady Vanity*] So Jonson in his *Fox*, act ii. sc. 3.,
"Get you a cittern, *Lady Vanity*,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man," &c.;
and in his *Devil is an Ass*, act i. sc. I.,—
"*Satan.* What Vice?
Pug. Why, any: Fraud,
Or Covetousness, or *Lady Vanity*,
Or old Iniquity."

That by my help shall do much villany.—
[*Aside.*
My lord, farewell.—Come, sirrah; you are mine.—
As for the diamond, it shall be yours:
I pray, sir, be no stranger at my house;
All that I have shall be at your command.

Enter MATHIAS *and* KATHARINE.*

Math. What make the Jew and Lodowick so private?
I fear me 'tis about fair Abigail. [*Aside.*

Bara. [*to* LOD.] Yonder comes Don Mathias; let us stay:†
He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear;
But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes,
And be reveng'd upon the—governor. [*Aside.*
[*Exit* LODOWICK.

Kath. This Moor is comeliest, is he not? speak, son.

Math. No, this is the better, mother, view this well.

Bara. Seem not to know me here before your mother,
Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:
When you have brought her home, come to my house;
Think of me as thy father: son, farewell.

Math. But wherefore talk'd Don Lodowick with you?

Bara. Tush, man! we talk'd of diamonds, not of Abigail.

Kath. Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Jew?

Bara. As for the comment on the Maccabees,
I have it, sir, and 'tis at your command.

Math. Yes, madam, and my talk with him was‡
About the borrowing of a book or two.

Kath. Converse not with him; he is cast off from heaven.—
Thou hast thy crowns, fellow.—Come, let's away.

Math. Sirrah Jew, remember the book.

Bara. Marry, will I, sir.
[*Exeunt* KATHARINE *and* MATHIAS.

First Off. Come, I have made a reasonable market; let's away.
[*Exeunt* Officers *with* Slaves.

Bara. Now let me know thy name, and therewithal
Thy birth, condition, and profession.

Itha. Faith, sir, my birth is but mean; my name's Ithamore; my profession what you please.

Bara. Hast thou no trade? then listen to my words,
And I will teach [thee] that shall stick by thee:
First, be thou void of these affections,
Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear;
Be mov'd at nothing, see thou pity none,
But to thyself smile when the Christians moan.

Itha. O, brave, master!* I worship your nose† for this.

Bara. As for myself, I walk abroad o' nights,
And kill sick people groaning under walls:
Sometimes I go about and poison wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my crowns,
That I may, walking in my gallery,
See 'em go pinion'd along by my door.
Being young, I studied physic, and began
To practise first upon the Italian;
There I enrich'd the priests with burials,
And always kept the sexton's arms in ure‡
With digging graves and ringing dead men's knells:
And after that, was I an engineer,
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems:
Then, after that, was I an usurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
I fill'd the gaols with bankrupts in a year,
And with young orphans planted hospitals;
And every moon made some or other mad,
And now and then one hang himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
How I with interest tormented him.
But mark how I am blest for plaguing them;—
I have as much coin as will buy the town.
But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?

Itha. Faith, master,
In setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
One time I was an hostler in an inn,
And in the night-time secretly would I steal

---

* *Katharine*] Old ed. "*Mater.*"—The name of Mathias's mother was, as we afterwards learn, Katharine.

† *stay*] i.e. forbear, break off our conversation.

‡ *was*] Qy. "*was* but"?

* *O, brave, master*] The modern editors strike out the comma after "*brave*", understanding that word as an epithet to "*master*": but compare what Ithamore says to Barabas in act iv.: "That's *brave, master,*" p. 165, first col.

† *your nose*] An allusion to the large artificial nose, with which Barabas was represented on the stage. See the passage cited from W. Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, in the *Account of Marlowe and his Writings.*

‡ *ure*] i.e. use, practice.

To travellers' chambers, and there cut their throats:
Once at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneel'd,
I strewèd powder on the marble stones,
And therewithal their knees would rankle so,
That I have laugh'd a-good* to see the cripples
Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.

Bara. Why, this is something: make account of me
As of thy fellow; we are villains both;
Both circumcisèd; we hate Christians both:
Be true and secret; thou shalt want no gold.
But stand aside; here comes Don Lodowick.

Enter LODOWICK.†

Lod. O, Barabas, well met;
Where is the diamond you told me of?

Bara. I have it for you, sir: please you walk in with me.—
What, ho, Abigail! open the door, I say!

Enter ABIGAIL, *with letters.*

Abig. In good time, father; here are letters come
From Ormus, and the post stays here within.

Bara. Give me the letters.—Daughter, do you hear?
Entertain Lodowick, the governor's son,
With all the courtesy you can afford,
Provided that you keep your maidenhead:
Use him as if he were a Philistine;
Dissemble, swear, protest, vow love to him:‡
He is not of the seed of Abraham.—
[*Aside to her.*
I am a little busy, sir; pray, pardon me.—
Abigail, bid him welcome for my sake.

Abig. For your sake and his own he's welcome hither.

Bara. Daughter, a word more: kiss him, speak him fair,
And like a cunning Jew so cast about,
That ye be both made sure § ere you come out.
[*Aside to her.*

Abig. O father, Don Mathias is my love!

Bara. I know it: yet, I say, make love to him;
Do, it is requisite it should be so.—
[*Aside to her.*
Nay, on my life, it is my factor's hand;
But go you in, I'll think upon the account.
[*Exeunt* ABIGAIL *and* LODOWICK *into the house.*
The account is made, for Lodovico* dies.
My factor sends me word a merchant's fled
That owes me for a hundred tun of wine:
I weigh it thus much [*snapping his fingers*]! I have wealth enough;
For now by this has he kiss'd Abigail,
And she vows love to him, and he to her.
As sure as heaven rain'd manna for the Jews,
So sure shall he and Don Mathias die:
His father was my chiefest enemy.

Enter MATHIAS.

Whither goes Don Mathias? stay a while.

Math. Whither, but to my fair love Abigail?

Bara. Thou know'st, and heaven can witness it is true,
That I intend my daughter shall be thine.

Math. Ay, Barabas, or else thou wrong'st me much.

Bara. O, heaven forbid I should have such a thought!
Pardon me though I weep: the governor's son
Will, whether I will or no, have Abigail;
He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.

Math. Does she receive them?

Bara. She! no, Mathias, no, but sends them back;
And, when he comes, she locks herself up fast;
Yet through the key-hole will he talk to her,
While she runs to the window, looking out
When you should come and hale him from the door.

Math. O treacherous Lodowick!

Bara. Even now, as I came home, he slipt me in,
And I am sure he is with Abigail.

Math. I'll rouse him thence.

Bara. Not for all Malta; therefore sheathe your sword;
If you love me, no quarrels in my house;
But steal you in, and seem to see him not:
I'll give him such a warning ere he goes,
As he shall have small hopes of Abigail.
Away, for here they come.

Re-enter LODOWICK *and* ABIGAIL.

Math. What, hand in hand! I cannot suffer this.

---

* *a-good*] "i.e. in good earnest. *Tout de bon.*" REED (apud Dodsley's *O.P.*).

† *Enter Lodowick*] A change of scene supposed here,—to the outside of Barabas's house.

‡ *vow love to him*] Old ed. "*vow* to loue *him*": but compare, in Barabas's next speech but one, "And she *vows love to him*," &c.

§ *made sure*] i.e. affianced.

* *Ludovico*] Old ed. "Lodowicke."—In act iii. we have,

"I fear she knows—'tis so—of my device
In Don Mathias' and *Lodovico's* deaths." p. 162, sec. col.

Bara. Mathias, as thou lov'st me, not a word.
Math. Well, let it pass; another time shall serve. [*Exit into the house.*
Lod. Barabas, is not that the widow's son?
Bara. Ay, and take heed, for he hath sworn your death.
Lod. My death! what, is the base-born peasant mad?
Bara. No, no; but happily * he stands in fear
Of that which you, I think, ne'er dream upon,—
My daughter here, a paltry silly girl.
Lod. Why, loves she Don Mathias?
Bara. Doth she not with her smiling answer you?
Abig. He has my heart; I smile against my will. [*Aside.*
Lod. Barabas, thou know'st I have lov'd thy daughter long.
Bara. And so has she done you, even from a child.
Lod. And now I can no longer hold my mind.
Bara. Nor I the affection that I bear to you.
Lod. This is thy diamond; tell me, shall I have it?
Bara. Win it, and wear it; it is yet unsoil'd.†
O, but I know your lordship would disdain
To marry with the daughter of a Jew:
And yet I'll give her many a golden cross‡
With Christian posies round about the ring.
Lod. 'Tis not thy wealth, but her that I esteem;
Yet crave I thy consent.
Bara. And mine you have; yet let me talk to her.—
This offspring of Cain, this Jebusite,
That never tasted of the Passover,
Nor e'er shall see the land of Canaan,
Nor our Messias that is yet to come;
This gentle maggot, Lodowick, I mean,
Must be deluded: let him have thy hand,
But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes.
[*Aside to her.*
Abig. What, shall I be betroth'd to Lodowick?
Bara. It's no sin to deceive a Christian;
For they themselves hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with heretics:
But all are heretics that are not Jews;
This follows well, and therefore, daughter, fear not.— [*Aside to her.*
I have entreated her, and she will grant.
Lod. Then, gentle Abigail, plight thy faith to me.
Abig. I cannot choose, seeing my father bids:
Nothing but death shall part my love and me.
Lod. Now have I that for which my soul hath long'd.
Bara. So have not I; but yet I hope I shall. [*Aside.*
Abig. O wretched Abigail, what hast thou * done? [*Aside.*
Lod. Why on the sudden is your colour chang'd?
Abig. I know not: but farewell; I must be gone.
Bara. Stay her, but let her not speak one word more.
Lod. Mute o' the sudden! here's a sudden change.
Bara. O, muse not at it; 'tis the Hebrews' guise,
That maidens new-betroth'd should weep a while:
Trouble her not; sweet Lodowick, depart:
She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir.
Lod. O, is't the custom? then I am resolv'd:†
But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim,
And nature's beauty choke with stifling clouds,
Than my fair Abigail should frown on me.—
There comes the villain; now I'll be reveng'd.

Re-enter MATHIAS.

Bara. Be quiet, Lodowick; it is enough
That I have made thee sure to Abigail.
Lod. Well, let him go. [*Exit.*
Bara. Well, but for me, as you went in at doors
You had been stabb'd: but not a word on't now;
Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn.
Math. Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him.
Bara. No; so shall I, if any hurt be done,
Be made an accessary of your deeds:
Revenge it on him when you meet him next.
Math. For this I'll have his heart.
Bara. Do so. Lo, here I give thee Abigail!

---

* *happily*] i.e. haply.

† *unsoil'd*] "Perhaps we ought to read 'unfoil'd', consistently with what Barabas said of her before under the figure of a jewel—

'The diamond that I talk of *ne'er was foil'd*'."

COLLIER (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*). But see that passage, p. 155, sec. col., and note †.

‡ *cross*] i.e. piece of money (many coins being marked with a cross on one side).

* *thou*] Old ed. "thee."

† *resolv'd*] "I.e. satisfied." GILCHRIST (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

Math. What greater gift can poor Mathias have?
Shall Lodowick rob me of so fair a love?
My life is not so dear as Abigail.
Bara. My heart misgives me, that, to cross your love,
He's with your mother; therefore after him.
Math. What, is he gone unto my mother?
Bara. Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.
Math. I cannot stay; for, if my mother come,
She'll die with grief. [*Exit.*
Abig. I cannot take my leave of him for tears.
Father, why have you thus incens'd them both?
Bara. What's that to thee?
Abig. I'll make 'em friends again.
Bara. You'll make 'em friends! are there not Jews enow in Malta,
But thou must dote upon a Christian?
Abig. I will have Don Mathias; he is my love.
Bara. Yes, you shall have him.—Go, put her in.
Itha. Ay, I'll put her in. [*Puts in* ABIGAIL.
Bara. Now tell me, Ithamore, how lik'st thou this?
Itha. Faith, master, I think by this
You purchase both their lives: is it not so?
Bara. True; and it shall be cunningly perform'd.
Itha. O, master, that I might have a hand in this!
Bara. Ay, so thou shalt; 'tis thou must do the deed:
Take this, and bear it to Mathias straight,
[*Giving a letter.*
And tell him that it comes from Lodowick.
Itha. 'Tis poison'd, is it not?
Bara. No, no; and yet it might be done that way:
It is a challenge feign'd from Lodowick.
Itha. Fear not; I will so set his heart a-fire,
That he shall verily think it comes from him.
Bara. I cannot choose but like thy readiness:
Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.
Itha. As I behave myself in this, employ me hereafter.
Bara. Away, then! [*Exit* ITHAMORE.
So; now will I go in to Lodowick,
And, like a cunning spirit, feign some lie,
Till I have set 'em both at enmity. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter BELLAMIRA.*

Bell. Since this town was besieg'd, my gain grows cold:
The time has been, that but for one bare night
A hundred ducats have been freely given;
But now against my will I must be chaste:
And yet I know my beauty doth not fail.
From Venice merchants, and from Padua
Were wont to come rare-witted gentlemen,
Scholars I mean, learnèd and liberal;
And now, save Pilia-Borza, comes there none,
And he is very seldom from my house;
And here he comes.

Enter PILIA-BORZA.

Pilia. Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to spend. [*Shewing a bag of silver.*
Bell. 'Tis silver; I disdain it.
Pilia. Ay, but the Jew has gold,
And I will have it, or it shall go hard.
Bell. Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?
Pilia. Faith, walking the back-lanes, through the gardens, I chanced to cast mine eye up to the Jew's counting-house, where I saw some bags of money, and in the night I clambered up with my hooks; and, as I was taking my choice, I heard a rumbling in the house; so I took only this, and run my way.—But here's the Jew's man.
Bell. Hide the bag.

Enter ITHAMORE.

Pilia. Look not towards him, let's away. Zoons, what a looking thou keepest! thou'lt betray's anon.
[*Exeunt* BELLAMIRA *and* PILIA-BORZA.
Itha. O, the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I know she is a courtezan by her attire: now would I give a hundred of the Jew's crowns that I had such a concubine.
Well, I have deliver'd the challenge in such sort,
As meet they will, and fighting die,—brave sport! [*Exit.*

* *Enter Bellamira*] She appears, we may suppose, in a veranda or open portico of her house (that the scene is not the interior of the house, is proved by what follows).

Enter MATHIAS.

Math. This is the place: * now Abigail shall see
Whether Mathias holds her dear or no.

Enter LODOWICK.

What, dares the villain write in such base terms?
[*Looking at a letter.*

Lod. I did it; and revenge it, if thou dar'st!
[*They fight.*

Enter BARABAS *above.*

Bara. O, bravely fought! and yet they thrust not home.
Now, Lodovico! † now, Mathias!—So;
[*Both fall.*
So, now they have shew'd themselves to be tall ‡ fellows.
[*Cries within*] Part 'em, part 'em!
Bara. Ay, part 'em now they are dead. Farewell, farewell! [*Exit above.*

Enter FERNEZE, KATHARINE, *and* Attendants.

Fern. What sight is this! § my Lodovico ‖ slain!
These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre. ¶
Kath. Who is this? my son Mathias slain!
Fern. O Lodowick, hadst thou perish'd by the Turk,
Wretched Ferneze might have veng'd thy death!
Kath. Thy son slew mine, and I'll revenge his death.
Fern. Look, Katharine, look! thy son gave mine these wounds.
Kath. O, leave to grieve me! I am griev'd enough.
Fern. O, that my sighs could turn to lively breath,
And these my tears to blood, that he might live!
Kath. Who made them enemies?
Fern. I know not; and that grieves me most of all.
Kath. My son lov'd thine.
Fern. And so did Lodowick him.
Kath. Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,
And it shall murder me.
Fern. Nay, madam, stay; that weapon was my son's,
And on that rather should Ferneze die.
Kath. Hold; let's inquire the causers of their deaths,
That we may venge their blood upon their heads.
Fern. Then take them up, and let them be interr'd
Within one sacred monument of stone;
Upon which altar I will offer up
My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,
And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens,
Till they [reveal] the causers of our smarts,
Which forc'd their hands divide united hearts.
Come, Katharine; * our losses equal are;
Then of true grief let us take equal share.
[*Exeunt with the bodies.*

Enter ITHAMORE. †

Itha. Why, was there ever seen such villany,
So neatly plotted, and so well perform'd?
Both held in hand, ‡ and flatly both beguil'd!

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. Why, how now, Ithamore! why laugh st thou so?
Itha. O mistress! ha, ha, ha!
Abig. Why, what ail'st thou?
Itha. O, my master!
Abig. Ha!
Itha. O mistress, I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtle, bottle-nosed § knave to my master, that ever gentleman had!

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* Enter MATHIAS.

Math. *This is the place*, &c.] The scene is some part of the town, as Barabas appears "*above*,"—in the balcony of a house. (He stood, of course, on what was termed the upper-stage.)

Old ed. thus;

"*Enter Mathias.*
Math. This is the place, now Abigall shall see
Whether Mathias holds her deare or no.
Enter Lodow. reading.
Math. What, dares the villain write in such base terms?
Lod. I did it, and reuenge it if thou dar'st."

† *Lodovico*] Old ed. "Lodowicke."—See note *, p. 158.

‡ *tall*] i.e. bold, brave.

§ *What sight is this!*] i.e. What *a* sight is this! Our early writers often omit the article in such exclamations: compare Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, act i. sc. 3, where Casca says,

"Cassius, *what night is this!*"

(after which words the modern editors improperly retain the interrogation-point of the first folio).

‖ *Lodovico*] Old ed. "Lodowicke."

¶ *These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre*] So in Shakespeare's *Third Part of King Henry VI.*, act ii. sc. 5, the Father says to the dead Son whom he has killed in battle,

"*These arms of mine* shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, *shall be thy sepulchre*,"—

lines, let me add, not to be found in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, on which Shakespeare formed that play.

* *Katharine*] Old ed. "Katherina."

† *Enter Ithamore*] The scene a room in the house of Barabas.

‡ *held in hand*] i.e. kept in expectation, having their hopes flattered.

§ *bottle-nosed*] See note †, p. 157.

M

Abig. Say, knave, why rail'st upon my father thus?

Itha. O, my master has the bravest policy!

Abig. Wherein?

Itha. Why, know you not?

Abig. Why, no.

Itha. Know you not of Mathia[s'] and Don Lodowick['s] disaster?

Abig. No: what was it?

Itha. Why, the devil invented a challenge, my master writ it, and I carried it, first to Lodowick, and *imprimis* to Mathia[s];
And then they met, [and], as the story says,
In doleful wise they ended both their days.

Abig. And was my father furtherer of their deaths?

Itha. Am I Ithamore?

Abig. Yes.

Itha. So sure did your father write, and I carry the challenge.

Abig. Well, Ithamore, let me request thee this;
Go to the new-made nunnery, and inquire
For any of the friars of Saint Jaques,*
And say, I pray them come and speak with me.

Itha. I pray, mistress, will you answer me to one question?

Abig. Well, sirrah, what is't?

Itha. A very feeling one: have not the nuns fine sport with the friars now and then?

Abig. Go to, Sirrah Sauce! is this your question? get ye gone.

Itha. I will, forsooth, mistress. [*Exit.*

Abig. Hard-hearted father, unkind Barabas!
Was this the pursuit of thy policy,
To make me shew them favour severally,
That by my favour they should both be slain?
Admit thou lov'dst not Lodowick for his sire,†
Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee:
But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,
Because the prior dispossess'd thee once,
And couldst not venge it but upon his son;
Nor on his son but by Mathias' means;
Nor on Mathias but by murdering me:
But I perceive there is no love on earth,
Pity in Jews, nor piety in Turks.—
But here comes cursèd Ithamore with the friar.

Re-enter ITHAMORE *with* FRIAR JACOMO.

Friar Jac. Virgo, salve.

Itha. When duck you?

Abig. Welcome, grave friar.—Ithamore, be gone. [*Exit* ITHAMORE.
Know, holy sir, I am bold to solicit thee.

Friar Jac. Wherein?

Abig. To get me be admitted for a nun.

Friar Jac. Why, Abigail, it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admission,
And then thou didst not like that holy life.

Abig. Then were my thoughts so frail and unconfirm'd
As* I was chain'd to follies of the world:
But now experience, purchasèd with grief,
Has made me see the difference of things.
My sinful soul, alas, hath pac'd too long
The fatal labyrinth of misbelief,
Far from the sun that gives eternal life!

Friar Jac. Who taught thee this?

Abig. The abbess of the house,
Whose zealous admonition I embrace:
O, therefore, Jacomo, let me be one,
Although unworthy, of that sisterhood!

Friar Jac. Abigail, I will: but see thou change no more,
For that will be most heavy to thy soul.

Abig. That was my father's fault.

Friar Jac. Thy father's! how?

Abig. Nay, you shall pardon me.—O Barabas,
Though thou deservest hardly at my hands,
Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life! [*Aside.*

Friar Jac. Come, shall we go?

Abig. My duty waits on you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BARABAS,† *reading a letter.*

Bara. What, Abigail become a nun again!
False and unkind! what, hast thou lost thy father?
And, all unknown and unconstrain'd of me,
Art thou again got to the nunnery?
Now here she writes, and wills me to repent:
Repentance! *Spurca!* what pretendeth‡ this?
I fear she knows—'tis so—of my device
In Don Mathias' and Lodovico's deaths:
If so, 'tis time that it be seen into;
For she that varies from me in belief,
Gives great presumption that she loves me not,
Or, loving, doth dislike of something done.—
But who comes here?

* *Jaques*] Old ed. "Jaynes."

† *sire*] Old ed. "sinne" (which, modernised to "sin", the editors retain, among many other equally obvious errors of the old copy).

* *As*] Old ed. "And."

† *Enter Barabas*] The scene is still within the house of Barabas; but some time is supposed to have elapsed since the preceding conference between Abigail and Friar Jacomo.

‡ *pretendeth*] Equivalent to *portendeth;* as in our author's *First Book of Lucan*, "And which (ay me) ever *pretendeth* ill," &c.

Enter ITHAMORE.

O Ithamore, come near;
Come near, my love; come near, thy master's life,
My trusty servant, nay, my second self;*
For I have now no hope but even in thee,
And on that hope my happiness is built.
When saw'st thou Abigail?

Itha. To-day.

Bara. With whom?

Itha. A friar.

Bara. A friar! false villain, he hath done the deed.

Itha. How, sir!

Bara. Why, made mine Abigail a nun.

Itha. That's no lie; for she sent me for him.

Bara. O unhappy day!
False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!
But let 'em go: and, Ithamore, from hence
Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;
Ne'er shall she live to inherit aught of mine,
Be bless'd of me, nor come within my gates,
But perish underneath my bitter curse,
Like Cain by Adam for his brother's death.

Itha. O master—

Bara. Ithamore, entreat not for her; I am mov'd,
And she is hateful to my soul and me:
And, 'less† thou yield to this that I entreat,
I cannot think but that thou hat'st my life.

Itha. Who, I, master? why, I'll run to some rock,
And throw myself headlong into the sea;
Why, I'll do any thing for your sweet sake.

Bara. O trusty Ithamore! no servant, but my friend!
I here adopt thee for mine only heir:
All that I have is thine when I am dead;
And, whilst I live, use half; spend as myself;
Here, take my keys,—I'll give 'em thee anon;
Go buy thee garments; but thou shalt not want:
Only know this, that thus thou art to do—
But first go fetch me in the pot of rice
That for our supper stands upon the fire.

Itha. I hold my head, my master's hungry [*Aside*].—I go, sir. [*Exit.*

Bara. Thus every villain ambles after wealth,
Although he ne'er be richer than in hope.:—
But, husht!

Re-enter ITHAMORE *with the pot.*

Itha. Here 'tis, master.

Bara. Well said,* Ithamore! What, hast thou brought
The ladle with thee too?

Itha. Yes, sir; the proverb says,† he that eats with the devil had need of a long spoon; I have brought you a ladle.

Bara. Very well, Ithamore; then now be secret;
And, for thy sake, whom I so dearly love,
Now shalt thou see the death of Abigail,
That thou mayst freely live to be my heir.

Itha. Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice-porridge? that will preserve life, make her round and plump, and batten‡ more than you are aware.

Bara. Ay, but, Ithamore, seest thou this?
It is a precious powder that I bought
Of an Italian, in Ancona, once,
Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poison deeply, yet not appear
In forty hours after it is ta'en.

Itha. How, master?

Bara. Thus, Ithamore:
This even they use in Malta here,—'tis call'd
Saint Jaques' Even,—and then, I say, they use
To send their alms unto the nunneries:
Among the rest, bear this, and set it there:
There's a dark entry where they take it in,
Where they must neither see the messenger,
Nor make inquiry who hath sent it them.

Itha. How so?

Bara. Belike there is some ceremony in't.
There, Ithamore, must thou go place this pot: §
Stay; let me spice it first.

Itha. Pray, do, and let me help you, master.
Pray, let me taste first.

Bara. Prithee, do. [ITHAMORE *tastes.*] What say'st thou now?

Itha. Troth, master, I'm loath such a pot of pottage should be spoiled.

Bara. Peace, Ithamore! 'tis better so than spar'd. [*Puts the powder into the pot.*
Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye: ‖
My purse, my coffer, and myself is thine.

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* *self*] Old ed. "life" (the compositor's eye having caught "life" in the preceding line).

† *'less*] Old ed. "least."

* *Well said*] See note *, p. 69.

† *the proverb says*, &c.] A proverb as old as Chaucer's time: see the *Squieres Tale*, v. 10916, ed. Tyrwhitt.

‡ *batten*] i.e. fatten.

§ *pot*] Old ed. "plot."

‖ *thou shalt have broth by the eye*] "Perhaps he means —thou shalt *see* how the broth that is designed for thee is made, that no mischievous ingredients enter its composition. The passage is, however, obscure." STEEVENS. (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).—"*By the eye*" seems to be equi-

Itha. Well, master, I go.

Bara. Stay; first let me stir it, Ithamore.
As fatal be it to her as the draught
Of which great Alexander drunk, and died;
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine,
Whereof his sire the Pope was poisonèd!
In few,* the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
The juice of hebon,† and Cocytus' breath,
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool,
Break from the fiery kingdom, and in this
Vomit your venom, and envenom her
That, like a fiend, hath left her father thus!

Itha. What a blessing has he given't! was ever pot of rice-porridge so sauced? [*Aside*].—What shall I do with it?

Bara. O my sweet Ithamore, go set it down;
And come again so soon as thou hast done,
For I have other business for thee.

Itha. Here's a drench to poison a whole stable of Flanders mares: I'll carry't to the nuns with a powder.

Bara. And the horse-pestilence to boot: away!

Itha. I am gone:
Pay me my wages, for my work is done.
[*Exit with the pot.*

Bara. I'll pay thee with a vengeance, Ithamore!
[*Exit.*

Enter FERNEZE, ‡ MARTIN DEL BOSCO, Knights, *and* Basso.

Fern. Welcome, great basso: § how fares Calymath?
What wind drives you thus into Malta-road?

Bas. The wind that bloweth all the world besides,
Desire of gold.

Fern. Desire of gold, great sir!
That's to be gotten in the Western Inde:
In Malta are no golden minerals.

Bas. To you of Malta thus saith Calymath:
The time you took for respite is at hand
For the performance of your promise pass'd;
And for the tribute-money I am sent.

Fern. Basso, in brief, shalt have no tribute here,
Nor shall the heathens live upon our spoil:
First will we raze the city-walls ourselves,
Lay waste the island, hew the temples down,
And, shipping off our goods to Sicily,
Open an entrance for the wasteful sea,
Whose billows, beating the resistless banks,*
Shall overflow it with their refluence.

Bas. Well, governor, since thou hast broke the league
By flat denial of the promis'd tribute,
Talk not of razing down your city-walls;
You shall not need trouble yourselves so far,
For Selim Calymath shall come himself,
And with brass bullets batter down your towers,
And turn proud Malta to a wilderness,
For these intolerable wrongs of yours:
And so, farewell.

Fern. Farewell. [*Exit* Basso.
And now, you men of Malta, look about,
And let's provide to welcome Calymath:
Close your port-cullis, charge your basilisks,†
And, as you profitably take up arms,
So now courageously encounter them,
For by this answer broken is the league,
And naught is to be look'd for now but wars,
And naught to us more welcome is than wars.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter FRIAR JACOMO ‡ *and* FRIAR BARNARDINE.

Friar Jac. O brother, brother, all the nuns are sick,
And physic will not help them! they must die.

Friar Barn. The abbess sent for me to be confess'd:
O, what a sad confession will there be!

Friar Jac. And so did fair Maria send for me:
I'll to her lodging; hereabouts she lies. [*Exit.*

Enter ABIGAIL.

Friar Barn. What, all dead, save only Abigail!

Abig. And I shall die too, for I feel death coming.
Where is the friar that convers'd with me?§

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valent to—in abundance. Compare *The Creed* of Piers Ploughman:

"Grey grete-heded quenes
With gold *by the eighen.*"

v. 167, ed. Wright (who has no note on the expression): and Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act ii. sc. 2; "here's money and gold *by th' eye*, my boy." In Fletcher's *Beggars' Bush*, act iii. sc. 1, we find, "Come, English beer, hostess, English beer *by the belly!*"

* *In few*] i. e. in a few words, in short.

† *hebon*] i.e. ebony, which was formerly supposed to be a deadly poison.

‡ *Enter Ferneze, &c.*] The scene is the interior of the Council-house.

§ *basso*] Old ed. "Bashaws" (the printer having added an *s* by mistake), and in the preceding stage-direction, and in the fifth speech of this scene, "Bashaw": but in an earlier scene (see p. 148, first col.) we have "bassoes" (and see our author's *Tamburlaine, passim*).

* *the resistless banks*] i.e. the banks not able to resist.

† *basilisks*] See note ‡, p. 25.

‡ *Enter Friar Jacomo, &c.*] Scene, the interior of the Nunnery.

§ *convers'd with me*] She alludes to her conversation with Jacomo, p. 162, sec. col.

Friar Barn. O, he is gone to see the other nuns.

Abig. I sent for him; but, seeing you are come,
Be you my ghostly father: and first know,
That in this house I liv'd religiously,
Chaste, and devout, much sorrowing for my sins;
But, ere I came—

Friar Barn. What then?

Abig. I did offend high heaven so grievously
As I am almost desperate for my sins;
And one offence torments me more than all.
You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick?

Friar Barn. Yes; what of them?

Abig. My father did contract me to 'em both;
First to Don Lodowick: him I never lov'd;
Mathias was the man that I held dear,
And for his sake did I become a nun.

Friar Barn. So: say how was their end?

Abig. Both, jealous of my love, envied* each other;
And by my father's practice,† which is there
[*Gives writing.*
Set down at large, the gallants were both slain.

Friar Barn. O, monstrous villany!

Abig. To work my peace, this I confess to thee:
Reveal it not; for then my father dies.

Friar Barn. Know that confession must not be reveal'd;
The canon-law forbids it, and the priest
That makes it known, being degraded first,
Shall be condemn'd, and then sent to the fire.

Abig. So I have heard; pray, therefore, keep it close.
Death seizeth on my heart: ah, gentle friar,
Convert my father that he may be sav'd,
And witness that I die a Christian! [*Dies.*

Friar Barn. Ay, and a virgin too; that grieves me most.
But I must to the Jew, and exclaim on him,
And make him stand in fear of me.

Re-enter FRIAR JACOMO.

Friar Jac. O brother, all the nuns are dead! let's bury them.

Friar Barn. First help to bury this; then go with me,
And help me to exclaim against the Jew.

Friar Jac. Why, what has he done?

Friar Barn. A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.

Friar Jac. What, has he crucified a child?*

Friar Barn. No, but a worse thing: 'twas told me in shrift;
Thou know'st 'tis death, an if it be reveal'd.
Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter BARABAS‡ *and* ITHAMORE. *Bells within.*

Bara. There is no music to§ a Christian's knell:
How sweet the bells ring, now the nuns are dead,
That sound at other times like tinkers' pans!
I was afraid the poison had not wrought,
Or, though it wrought, it would have done no good,
For every year they swell, and yet they live:
Now all are dead, not one remains alive.

Itha. That's brave, master: but think you it will not be known?

Bara. How can it, if we two be secret?

Itha. For my part, fear you not.

Bara. I'd cut thy throat, if I did.

Itha. And reason too.
But here's a royal monastery hard by;
Good master, let me poison all the monks.

Bara. Thou shalt not need; for, now the nuns are dead,
They'll die with grief.

Itha. Do you not sorrow for your daughter's death?

Bara. No, but I grieve because she liv'd so long,

---

* *envied*] i.e. hated.

† *practice*] i.e. artful contrivance, stratagem.

‡ *Enter Barabas, &c.*] Scene a street.

§ *to*] Which the Editor of 1826 delibcrately altered to "like," means—compared to, in comparison of.

* *crucified a child*] A crime with which the Jews were often charged. "Tovey, in his *Anglia Judaica*, has given the several instances which are upon record of these charges against the Jews; which he observes they were never accused of, but at such times as the king was manifestly in great want of money." REED (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

An Hebrew born, and would become a Christian: *Cazzo,* diabolo!*

Itha. Look, look, master; here come two religious caterpillars.

Enter FRIAR JACOMO *and* FRIAR BARNARDINE.

Bara. I smelt 'em ere they came.

Itha. God-a-mercy, nose! † Come, let's begone.

Friar Barn. Stay, wicked Jew; repent, I say, and stay.

Friar Jac. Thou hast offended, therefore must be damn'd.

Bara. I fear they know we sent the poison'd broth.

Itha. And so do I, master; therefore speak 'em fair.

Friar Barn. Barabas, thou hast——

Friar Jac. Ay, that thou hast——

Bara. True, I have money; what though I have?

Friar Barn. Thou art a——

Friar Jac. Ay, that thou art, a——

Bara. What needs all this? I know I am a Jew.

Friar Barn. Thy daughter——

Friar Jac. Ay, thy daughter——

Bara. O, speak not of her! then I die with grief.

Friar Barn. Remember that——

Friar Jac. Ay, remember that——

Bara. I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.

Friar Barn. Thou hast committed——

Bara. Fornication: but that was in another country;

And besides, the wench is dead.

Friar Barn. Ay, but, Barabas,

Remember Mathias and Don Lodowick.

Bara. Why, what of them?

Friar Barn. I will not say that by a forged challenge they met.

Bara. She has confess'd, and we are both undone,

My bosom inmate! ‡ but I must dissemble.—

[*Aside to* ITHAMORE.

O holy friars, the burden of my sins

Lie heavy § on my soul! then, pray you, tell me,

Is't not too late now to turn Christian?

I have been zealous in the Jewish faith,

Hard-hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch,

That would for lucre's sake have sold my soul;

A hundred for a hundred I have ta'en;

And now for store of wealth may I compare

With all the Jews in Malta: but what is wealth?

I am a Jew, and therefore am I lost.

Would penance serve [to atone] for this my sin,

I could afford to whip myself to death,—

Itha. And so could I; but penance will not serve.

Bara. To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,

And on my knees creep to Jerusalem.

Cellars of wine, and sollars* full of wheat,

Warehouses stuff'd with spices and with drugs,

Whole chests of gold in bullion and in coin,

Besides, I know not how much weight in pearl

Orient and round, have I within my house;

At Alexandria merchandize untold; †

But yesterday two ships went from this town,

Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns;

In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville,

Frankfort, Lubeck, Moscow, and where not,

Have I debts owing; and, in most of these,

Great sums of money lying in the banco;

All this I'll give to some religious house,

So I may be baptiz'd, and live therein.

Friar Jac. O good Barabas, come to our house!

Friar Barn. O, no, good Barabas, come to our house!

And, Barabas, you know——

Bara. I know that I have highly sinn'd:

You shall convert me, you shall have all my wealth.

Friar Jac. O Barabas, their laws are strict!

Bara. I know they are; and I will be with you.

Friar Barn. They wear no shirts, and they go bare-foot too.

Bara. Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolv'd

You shall confess me, and have all my goods.

Friar Jac. Good Barabas, come to me.

Bara. You see I answer him, and yet he stays;

Rid him away, and go you home with me.

Friar Jac. I'll be with you to-night.

Bara. Come to my house at one o'clock this night.

---

* *Cazzo*] Old ed. "Catho."—See Florio's *Worlde of Wordes* (Ital. and Engl. Dict.) ed. 1598, in v.—"A petty oath, a cant exclamation, generally expressive, among the Italian populace, who have it constantly in their mouth, of defiance or contempt." Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, ii. 48.

† *nose*] See note †, p. 157.

‡ *inmate*] Old ed. "inmates."

§ *the burden of my sins Lie heavy*, &c.] One of the modern editors altered "*Lie*" to "Lies": but examples of similar phraseology,—of a nominative singular followed by a plural verb when a plural genitive intervenes,—are common in our early writers; see notes on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, vol. v. 7, 94, vol. ix. 185, ed. Dyce.

* *sollars*] "i.e. lofts, garrets." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

† *untold*] i. e. uncounted.—Old ed. "vnsold."

Friar Jac. You hear your answer, and you may be gone.

Friar Barn. Why, go, get you away.

Friar Jac. I will not go for thee.

Friar Barn. Not! then I'll make thee go.

Friar Jac. How! dost call me rogue?

[*They fight.*

Itha. Part 'em, master, part 'em.

Bara. This is mere frailty: brethren, be content.—

Friar Barnardine, go you with Ithamore:
You know my mind; let me alone with him.

Friar Jac. Why does he go to thy house? let him be gone.*

Bara. I'll give him something, and so stop his mouth.

[*Exit* ITHAMORE *with* FRIAR BARNARDINE.

I never heard of any man but he
Malign'd the order of the Jacobins:
But do you think that I believe his words?
Why, brother, you converted Abigail;
And I am bound in charity to requite it,
And so I will. O Jacomo, fail not, but come.

Friar Jac. But, Barabas, who shall be your godfathers?

For presently you shall be shriv'd.

Bara. Marry, the Turk† shall be one of my godfathers,
But not a word to any of your covent.‡

Friar Jac. I warrant thee, Barabas. [*Exit.*

Bara. So, now the fear is past, and I am safe;
For he that shriv'd her is within my house:
What, if I murder'd him ere Jacomo comes?
Now I have such a plot for both their lives,
As never Jew nor Christian knew the like:
One turn'd my daughter, therefore he shall die;
The other knows enough to have my life,
Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live.§
But are not both these wise men, to suppose
That I will leave my house, my goods, and all,
To fast and be well whipt? I'll none of that.
Now, Friar Barnardine, I come to you:
I'll feast you, lodge you, give you fair* words,
And, after that, I and my trusty Turk—
No more, but so: it must and shall be done.†

Enter ITHAMORE.

Ithamore, tell me, is the friar asleep?

Itha. Yes; and I know not what the reason is,
Do what I can, he will not strip himself,
Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes:
I fear me he mistrusts what we intend.

Bara. No; 'tis an order which the friars use:
Yet, if he knew our meanings, could he scape?

Itha. No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so loud.

Bara. Why, true; therefore did I place him there:
The other chambers open towards the street.

Itha. You loiter, master; wherefore stay we thus?
O, how I long to see him shake his heels!

Bara. Come on, sirrah:
Off with your girdle; make a handsome noose.—

[ITHAMORE *takes off his girdle, and ties a noose on it.*

Friar, awake!‡

[*They put the noose round the* Friar's *neck.*

Friar Barn. What, do you mean to strangle me?

Itha. Yes, 'cause you use to confess.

Bara. Blame not us, but the proverb,—Confess and be hanged.—Pull hard.

Friar Barn. What, will you have § my life?

Bara. Pull hard, I say.—You would have had my goods.

Itha. Ay, and our lives too:—therefore pull amain. [*They strangle the* Friar.
'Tis neatly done, sir; here's no print at all.

Bara. Then is it as it should be. Take him up.

Itha. Nay, master, be ruled by me a little. [*Takes the body, sets it upright against the wall, and puts a staff in its hand.*] So, let him lean upon his staff; excellent! he stands as if he were begging of bacon.

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* Bara. *This is mere frailty: brethren, be content.—*
Friar Barnardine, go you with Ithamore:
You know my mind; let me alone with him.
Friar Jac. *Why does he go to thy house? let him be gone*] Old ed. thus;

"*Bar.* This is meere frailty, brethren, be content.
Fryar Barnardine goe you with Ithimore.
Ith. You know my mind, let me alone with him;
Why does he goe to thy house, let him begone."

† *the Turk*] "Meaning Ithamore." COLLIER (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*). Compare the last line but one of Barabas's next speech.

‡ *covent*] i. e. convent.

§ *Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live*] Lest the reader should suspect that the author wrote,

"Therefore 'tis requisite he should not live,"

I may observe that we have had before (p. 152, first col.) a similar form of expression,—

"It is not necessary I be seen."

* *fair*] See note §, p. 15.

† *shall be done*] Here a change of scene is supposed, to the interior of Barabas's house.

‡ *Friar, awake*] Here, most probably, Barabas drew a curtain, and discovered the sleeping Friar.

§ *have*] Old ed. "saue."

Bara. Who would not think but that this friar liv'd!
What time o' night is't now, sweet Ithamore?
Itha. Towards one*.
Bara. Then will not Jacomo be long from hence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRIAR JACOMO.†

Friar Jac. This is the hour wherein I shall proceed;‡
O happy hour, wherein I shall convert
An infidel, and bring his gold into our treasury!
But soft! is not this Barnardine? it is;
And, understanding I should come this way,
Stands here o' purpose, meaning me some wrong,
And intercept my going to the Jew.—
Barnardine!
Wilt thou not speak? thou think'st I see thee not;
Away, I'd wish thee, and let me go by:
No, wilt thou not? nay, then, I'll force my way;
And, see, a staff stands ready for the purpose.
As thou lik'st that, stop me another time!
[*Takes the staff, and strikes down the body.*

Enter BARABAS *and* ITHAMORE.

Bara. Why, how now, Jacomo! what hast thou done?
Friar Jac. Why, stricken him that would have struck at me.
Bara. Who is it? Barnardine! now, out, alas, he is slain!
Itha. Ay, master, he's slain; look how his brains drop out on's§ nose.
Friar Jac. Good sirs, I have done't: but nobody knows it but you two; I may escape.
Bara. So might my man and I hang with you for company.
Itha. No; let us bear him to the magistrates.
Friar Jac. Good Barabas, let me go.
Bara. No, pardon me; the law must have his course:
I must be forc'd to give in evidence,
That, being importun'd by this Barnardine
To be a Christian, I shut him out,
And there he sate: now I, to keep my word,
And give my goods and substance to your house,
Was up thus early, with intent to go
Unto your friary, because you stay'd.
Itha. Fie upon 'em! master, will you turn Christian, when holy friars turn devils and murder one another?
Bara. No; for this example I'll remain a Jew:
Heaven bless me! what, a friar a murderer!
When shall you see a Jew commit the like?
Itha. Why, a Turk could ha' done no more.
Bara. To-morrow is the sessions; you shall to it.—
Come, Ithamore, let's help to take him hence.
Friar Jac. Villains, I am a sacred person; touch me not.
Bara. The law shall touch you; we'll but lead you, we:
'Las, I could weep at your calamity!—
Take in the staff too, for that must be shown:
Law wills that each particular be known.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BELLAMIRA * *and* PILIA-BORZA.

Bell. Pilia-Borza, didst thou meet with Ithamore?
Pilia. I did.
Bell. And didst thou deliver my letter?
Pilia. I did.
Bell. And what thinkest thou? will he come?
Pilia. I think so: and yet I cannot tell; for, at the reading of the letter, he looked like a man of another world.
Bell. Why so?
Pilia. That such a base slave as he should be saluted by such a tall† man as I am, from such a beautiful dame as you.
Bell. And what said he?
Pilia. Not a wise word; only gave me a nod, as who should say, "Is it even so?" and so I left him, being driven to a non-plus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.
Bell. And where didst meet him?
Pilia. Upon mine own free-hold, within forty foot of the gallows, conning his neck-verse,‡ I

* *What time o' night is't now, sweet Ithamore?*
ITHA. *Towards one*] Might be adduced, among other passages, to shew that the modern editors are right when they print in Shakespeare's *King John*, act iii. sc. 3,
"If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound *one* into the drowsy ear of *night*," &c.

† *Enter Friar Jacomo*] The scene is now before Barabas's house,—the audience having had to *suppose* that the body of Barnardine, which Ithamore had set upright, was standing outside the door.

‡ *proceed*] Seems to be used here as equivalent to—succeed.

§ *on's*] i.e. of his.

* *Enter Bellamira*, &c.] The scene, as in p. 160, a veranda or open portico of Bellamira's house.

† *tall*] Which our early dramatists generally use in the sense of—bold, brave (see note †, p. 161), is here perhaps equivalent to—handsome. ("*Tall* or semely." *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499.)

‡ *neck-verse*] i.e. the verse (generally the beginning of the 51st Psalm, *Miserere mei*, &c.) read by a criminal to entitle him to benefit of clergy.

take it, looking of* a friar's execution; whom I saluted with an old hempen proverb, *Hodie tibi, cras mihi*, and so I left him to the mercy of the hangman: but, the exercise† being done, see where he comes.

Enter ITHAMORE.

Itha. I never knew a man take his death so patiently as this friar; he was ready to leap off ere the halter was about his neck; and, when the hangman had put on his hempen tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if he had had another cure to serve. Well, go whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in haste: and, now I think on't, going to the execution, a fellow met me with a muschatoes‡ like a raven's wing, and a dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan; and he gave me a letter from one Madam Bellamira, saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make clean my boots with his lips; the effect was, that I should come to her house: I wonder what the reason is; it may be she sees more in me than I can find in myself; for she writes further, that she loves me ever since she saw me; and who would not requite such love? Here's her house; and here she comes; and now would I were gone! I am not worthy to look upon her.

Pilia. This is the gentleman you writ to.

Itha. Gentleman! he flouts me: what gentry can be in a poor Turk of tenpence?§ I'll be gone. [*Aside.*

Bell. Is't not a sweet-faced youth, Pilia?

Itha. Again, sweet youth! [*Aside.*]—Did not you, sir, bring the sweet youth a letter?

Pilia. I did, sir, and from this gentlewoman, who, as myself and the rest of the family, stand or fall at your service.

Bell. Though woman's modesty should hale me back,
I can withhold no longer: welcome, sweet love.

Itha. Now am I clean, or rather foully, out of the way. [*Aside.*

Bell. Whither so soon?

Itha. I'll go steal some money from my master to make me handsome [*Aside*].—Pray, pardon me; I must go see a ship discharged.

Bell. Canst thou be so unkind to leave me thus?

Pilia. An ye did but know how she loves you, sir!

Itha. Nay, I care not how much she loves me.—Sweet Bellamira, would I had my master's wealth for thy sake!

Pilia. And you can have it, sir, an if you please.

Itha. If 'twere above ground, I could, and would have it; but he hides and buries it up, as partridges do their eggs, under the earth.

Pilia. And is't not possible to find it out?

Itha. By no means possible.

Bell. What shall we do with this base villain, then? [*Aside to* PILIA-BORZA.

Pilia. Let me alone; do but you speak him fair.— [*Aside to her.*
But you know* some secrets of the Jew,
Which, if they were reveal'd, would do him harm.

Itha. Ay, and such as—go to, no more! I'll make him† send me half he has, and glad he scapes so too: I'll write unto him; we'll have money straight.

Pilia. Send for a hundred crowns at least.

Itha. Ten hundred thousand crowns.—[*writing*] *Master Barabas,*—

Pilia. Write not so submissively, but threatening him.

Itha. [*writing*] *Sirrah Barabas, send me a hundred crowns.*

Pilia. Put in two hundred at least.

Itha. [*writing*] *I charge thee send me three hundred by this bearer, and this shall be your warrant: if you do not—no more, but so.*

Pilia. Tell him you will confess.

Itha. [*writing*] *Otherwise I'll confess all.*—Vanish, and return in a twinkle.

Pilia. Let me alone; I'll use him in his kind.

Itha. Hang him, Jew!

[*Exit* PILIA-BORZA *with the letter.*

* *of*] i.e. on.

† *exercise*] i.e. sermon, preaching.

‡ *with a muschatoes*] i.e. with a pair of mustachios. The modern editors print "*with* mustachios," and "*with a* mustachios": but compare,—

"My Tuskes more stiffe than are a Cats *muschatoes*."
S. Rowley's *Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634, sig. C.

"His crow-black *muchatoes*."
The Black Book,—Middleton's *Works*, v. 516, ed. Dyce.

§ *Turk of tenpence*] An expression not unfrequently used by our early writers. So Taylor in some verses on Coriat;

"That if he had *a Turke of tenpence* bin," &c.
Workes, p. 82, ed. 1630.

And see note on Middleton's *Works*, iii. 489, ed. Dyce.

* *you know*] Qy. "*you know*, sir,"?

† *I'll make him*, &c.] Old ed. thus:

"*I'le make him send me half he has, & glad he scapes so too.*
Pen and Inke:
I'le write vnto him, we'le have mony strait."

There can be no doubt that the words "Pen and inke" were a direction to the property-man to have those articles on the stage.

Bell. Now, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.—
Where are my maids? provide a cunning* banquet;
Send to the merchant, bid him bring me silks;
Shall Ithamore, my love, go in such rags?

Itha. And bid the jeweller come hither too.

Bell. I have no husband; sweet, I'll marry thee.

Itha. Content: but we will leave this paltry land,
And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece;—
I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece;—
Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hurl'd,
And Bacchus' vineyards overspread the world;
Where woods and forests go in goodly green;—
I'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Love's Queen;—
The meads, the orchards, and the primrose-lanes,
Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar-canes:
Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me, and be my love.†

Bell. Whither will I not go with gentle Ithamore?

Re-enter PILIA-BORZA.

Itha. How now! hast thou the gold

Pilia. Yes.

Itha. But came it freely? did the cow give down her milk freely?

Pilia. At reading of the letter, he stared and stamped, and turned aside: I took him by the beard,‡ and looked upon him thus; told him he were best to send it: then he hugged and embraced me.

Itha. Rather for fear than love.

Pilia. Then, like a Jew, he laughed and jeered, and told me he loved me for your sake, and said what a faithful servant you had been.

Itha. The more villain he to keep me thus: here's goodly 'parel, is there not?

Pilia. To conclude, he gave me ten crowns.

[*Delivers the money to* ITHAMORE.

Itha. But ten? I'll not leave him worth a grey groat. Give me a ream of paper: we'll have a kingdom of gold for't.§

Pilia. Write for five hundred crowns.

Itha. [*writing*] *Sirrah Jew, as you love your life, send me five hundred crowns, and give the bearer a hundred.*—Tell him I must have't.

Pilia. I warrant, your worship shall have't.

Itha. And, if he ask why I demand so much, tell him I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns.

Pilia. You'd make a rich poet, sir. I am gone. [*Exit with the letter.*

Itha. Take thou the money; spend it for my sake.

Bell. 'Tis not thy money, but thyself I weigh:
Thus Bellamira esteems of gold;

[*Throws it aside.*

But thus of thee. [*Kisses him.*

Itha. That kiss again!—She runs division* of my lips. What an eye she casts on me! it twinkles like a star. [*Aside.*

Bell. Come, my dear love, let's in and sleep together.

Itha. O, that ten thousand nights were put in one, that we might sleep seven years together afore we wake!

Bell. Come, amorous wag, first banquet, and then sleep. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BARABAS,† *reading a letter.*

Bara. Barabas, send me three hundred crowns;—
Plain Barabas! O, that wicked courtezan!
He was not wont to call me Barabas;—
Or else I will confess;—ay, there it goes:
But, if I get him, *coupe de gorge* for that.
He sent a shaggy, tatter'd,‡ staring slave,

---

* *cunning*] i.e. skilfully prepared.—Old ed. "running." (The *maids* are supposed to hear their mistress' orders *within*.)

† *Shalt live with me, and be my love*] A line, slightly varied, of Marlowe's well-known song. In the preceding line, the absurdity of "by Dis *above*" is, of course, intentional.

‡ *beard*] Old ed. "sterd."

§ *Give me a ream of paper: we'll have a kingdom of gold for't*] A quibble. *Realm* was frequently written *ream*: and frequently (as the following passages shew), even when the former spelling was given, the *l* was not sounded;

"Vpon the siluer bosome of the *streame*
First gan faire Themis shake her amber locks,
Whom all the Nimphs that waight on Neptunes *realme*
Attended from the hollowe of the rocks."
Lodge's *Scillaes Metamorphosis*, &c. 1589, Sig. A 2.

"How he may surest stablish his new conquerd *realme*,
How of his glorie fardest to deriue the *streame*."
A Herings Tayle, &c. 1598, Sig. D 3.

"Learchus slew his brother for the crowne;
So did Cambyses fearing much the *dreame*;
Antiochus, of infamous renowne,
His brother slew, to rule alone the *realme*."
Mirour for Magistrates, p. 78, ed. 1610.

* *runs division*] "A musical term [of very common occurrence]." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

† *Enter Barabas*] The scene certainly seems to be now the interior of Barabas's house, notwithstanding what he presently says to Pilia-Borza (p. 171, sec. col.), "Pray, when, sir, shall I see you at my house?"

‡ *tatter'd*] Old ed. "totter'd": but in a passage of our author's *Edward the Second* the two earliest 4tos have "*tatter'd* robes":—and yet Reed in a note on that

That, when he speaks, draws out his grisly beard,
And winds it twice or thrice about his ear;
Whose face has been a grind-stone for men's swords;
His hands are hack'd, some fingers cut quite off;
Who, when he speaks, grunts like a hog, and looks
Like one that is employ'd in catzery*
And cross-biting;† such a rogue
As is the husband to a hundred whores;
And I by him must send three hundred crowns.
Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still;
And, when he comes—O, that he were but here!

Enter PILIA-BORZA.

Pilia. Jew, I must ha' more gold.

Bara. Why, want'st thou any of thy tale?‡

Pilia. No; but three hundred will not serve his turn.

Bara. Not serve his turn, sir'!

Pilia. No, sir; and therefore I must have five hundred more.

Bara. I'll rather———

Pilia. O, good words, sir, and send it you were best! see, there's his letter. [*Gives letter.*

Bara. Might he not as well come as send? pray, bid him come and fetch it: what he writes for you,§ ye shall have straight.

Pilia. Ay, and the rest too, or else———

Bara. I must make this villain away [*Aside*].—Please you dine with me, sir—and you shall be most heartily poisoned. [*Aside.*

Pilia. No, God-a-mercy. Shall I have these crowns?

Bara. I cannot do it; I have lost my keys.

Pilia. O, if that be all, I can pick ope your locks.

Bara. Or climb up to my counting-house window: you know my meaning.

Pilia. I know enough, and therefore talk not to me of your counting-house. The gold! or know, Jew, it is in my power to hang thee.

Bara. I am betray'd.— [*Aside.*
'Tis not five hundred crowns that I esteem;
I am not mov'd at that: this angers me,
That he, who knows I love him as myself,
Should write in this imperious vein. Why, sir,
You know I have no child, and unto whom
Should I leave all, but unto Ithamore?

Pilia. Here's many words, but no crowns: the crowns!

Bara. Commend me to him, sir, most humbly,
And unto your good mistress as unknown.

Pilia. Speak, shall I have 'em, sir?

Bara. Sir, here they are.— [*Gives money.*
O, that I should part* with so much gold!— [*Aside.*
Here, take 'em, fellow, with as good a will——
As I would see thee hang'd [*Aside*]. O, love stops my breath!
Never lov'd man servant as I do Ithamore.

Pilia. I know it, sir.

Bara. Pray, when, sir, shall I see you at my house?

Pilia. Soon enough to your cost, sir. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bara. Nay, to thine own cost, villain, if thou com'st!
Was ever Jew tormented as I am?
To have a shag-rag knave to come [force from me]
Three hundred crowns, and then five hundred crowns!
Well; I must seek a means to rid† 'em all,
And presently; for in his villany
He will tell all he knows, and I shall die for't.
I have it:
I will in some disguise go see the slave,
And how the villain revels with my gold. [*Exit.*

Enter BELLAMIRA,‡ ITHAMORE, *and* PILIA-BORZA.

Bell. I'll pledge thee, love, and therefore drink it off.

Itha. Say'st thou me so? have at it! and do you hear? [*Whispers to her.*

Bell. Go to, it shall be so.

Itha. Of § that condition I will drink it up: Here's to thee.

Bell.‖ Nay, I'll have all or none.

---

passage (apud Dodsley's *Old Plays*, where the reading of the third 4to, "tottered robes", is followed) boldly declares that "in every writer of this period the word was spelt *tottered*"! The truth is, it was spelt sometimes one way, sometimes the other.

* *catzery*] i. e. cheating, roguery. It is formed from *catso* (*cazzo*, see note *, p. 166), which our early writers used, not only as an exclamation, but as an opprobrious term.

† *cross-biting*] i.e. swindling (a cant term).—Something has dropt out here.

‡ *tale*] i.e. reckoning.

§ *what he writes for you*] i.e. the hundred crowns to be given to the bearer: see p. 170, sec. col.

* *I should part*] Qy. "*I e'er should part*"?

† *rid*] i.e. despatch, destroy.

‡ *Enter Bellamira*, &c.] They are supposed to be sitting in a veranda or open portico of Bellamira's house: see note *, p. 168.

§ *Of*] i. e. on.

‖ *Bell.*] Old ed. "Pil."

Itha. There, if thou lov'st me, do not leave a drop.

Bell. Love thee! fill me three glasses.

Itha. Three and fifty dozen: I'll pledge thee.

Pilia. Knavely spoke, and like a knight-at-arms.

Itha. Hey, *Rivo Castiliano!** a man's a man.

Bell. Now to the Jew.

Itha. Ha! to the Jew; and send me money he† were best.

Pilia. What wouldst thou do, if he should send thee none?

Itha. Do nothing: but I know what I know; he's a murderer.

Bell. I had not thought he had been so brave a man.

Itha. You knew Mathias and the governor's son; he and I killed 'em both, and yet never touched 'em.

Pilia. O, bravely done!

Itha. I carried the broth that poisoned the nuns; and he and I, snicle hand too fast, strangled a friar.‡

Bell. You two alone?

Itha. We two; and 'twas never known, nor never shall be for me.

Pilia. This shall with me unto the governor.

[*Aside to* BELLAMIRA.

Bell. And fit it should: but first let's ha' more gold.— [*Aside to* PILIA-BORZA.

Come, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.

Itha. Love me little, love me long: let music rumble,
Whilst I in thy incony* lap do tumble.

Enter BARABAS, *disguised as a French musician, with a lute, and a nosegay in his hat.*

Bell. A French musician!—Come, let's hear your skill.

Bara. Must tuna my lute for sound, twang, twang, first.

Itha. Wilt drink, Frenchman? here's to thee with a——Pox on this drunken hiccup!

Bara. Gramercy, monsieur.

Bell. Prithee, Pilia-Borza, bid the fiddler give me the posy in his hat there.

Pilia. Sirrah, you must give my mistress your posy.

Bara. A votre commandement, madame.

[*Giving nosegay.*

Bell. How sweet, my Ithamore, the flowers smell!

Itha. Like thy breath, sweetheart; no violet like 'em.

Pilia. Foh! methinks they stink like a hollyhock. †

Bara. So, now I am reveng'd upon 'em all:
The scent thereof was death; I poison'd it.

[*Aside.*

Itha. Play, fiddler, or I'll cut your cat's guts into chitterlings.

Bara. Pardonnez moi, be no in tune yet: so, now, now all be in.

Itha. Give him a crown, and fill me out more wine.

Pilia. There's two crowns for thee: play.

[*Giving money.*

Bara. How liberally the villain gives me mine own gold! [*Aside, and then plays.*

Pilia. Methinks he fingers very well.

Bara. So did you when you stole my gold.

[*Aside.*

Pilia. How swift he runs!

Bara. You run swifter when you threw my gold out of my window. [*Aside.*

Bell. Musician, hast been in Malta long?

Bara. Two, three, four month, madam.

Itha. Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas?

Bara. Very mush: monsieur, you no be his man?

Pilia. His man!

Itha. I scorn the peasant: tell him so.

---

* *Rivo Castiliano*] The origin of this Bacchanalian exclamation has not been discovered. *Rivo* generally is used alone; but, among passages parallel to that of our text, is the following one (which has been often cited),—

"And *Ryuo* will he cry and *Castile* too."

Locke about You, 1600, sig. L. 4.

A writer in *The Westminster Review*, vol. xliii. 53, thinks that it "is a misprint for *Rico-castellano*, meaning a Spaniard belonging to the class of *ricos hombres*, and the phrase therefore is—

'Hey, *noble Castilian*, a man's a man!'

'I can pledge like a man and drink like a man, *my worthy Trojan;*' as some of our farce-writers would say." But the frequent occurrence of *Rivo* in various authors proves that it is *not* a misprint.

† *he*] Old ed. "you".

‡ *and he and I, snicle hand too fast, strangled a friar*] There is surely some corruption here. Steevens (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*) proposes to read "*hand* to fist". Gilchrist (*ibid*) observes, "a snicle is a north-country word for a noose, and when a person is hanged, they say he is snicled." See too, in *v. Snickle*, Forby's *Voc. of East Anglia*, and the *Craven Dialect*.—The Rev. J. Mitford proposes the following (very violent) alteration of this passage;

"*Itha.* I carried the broth that poisoned the nuns; and he and I—

Pilia. Two hands snickle-fast—

Itha. Strangled a friar."

* *incony*] i.e. fine, pretty, delicate.—Old ed. "incoomy."

† *they stink like a hollyhock*] "This flower, however, has no offensive smell." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*). Its odour resembles that of the poppy.

Bara. He knows it already. [*Aside.*

Itha. 'Tis a strange thing of that Jew, he lives upon pickled grasshoppers and sauced mushrooms.*

Bara. What a slave's this! the governor feeds not as I do. [*Aside.*

Itha. He never put on clean shirt since he was circumcised.

Bara. O rascal! I change myself twice a-day. [*Aside.*

Itha. The hat he wears, Judas left under the elder when he hanged himself.†

Bara. 'Twas sent me for a present from the Great Cham. [*Aside.*

Pilia. A nasty‡ slave he is.—Whither now, fiddler?

Bara. Pardonnez moi, monsieur; me* be no well.

Pilia. Farewell, fiddler [*Exit* BARABAS.] One letter more to the Jew.

Bell. Prithee, sweet love, one more, and write it sharp.

Itha. No, I'll send by word of mouth now.—Bid him deliver thee a thousand crowns, by the same token that the nuns loved rice, that Friar Barnardine slept in his own clothes; any of 'em will do it.

Pilia. Let me alone to urge it, now I know the meaning.

Itha. The meaning has a meaning. Come, let's in:

To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter FERNEZE,§ Knights, MARTIN DEL BOSCO, *and* Officers.

Fern. Now, gentlemen, betake you to your arms,
And see that Malta be well fortified;
And it behoves you to be resolute;
For Calymath, having hover'd here so long,
Will win the town, or die before the walls.

First Knight. And die he shall; for we will never yield.

Enter BELLAMIRA *and* PILIA-BORZA.

Bell. O, bring us to the governor!

Fern. Away with her! she is a courtezan.

Bell. Whate'er I am, yet, governor, hear me speak:
I bring thee news by whom thy son was slain:
Mathias did it not; it was the Jew.

Pilia. Who, besides the slaughter of these gentlemen,
Poison'd his own daughter and the nuns,
Strangled a friar, and I know not what
Mischief beside.

Fern. Had we but proof of this——

Bell. Strong proof, my lord: his man's now at my lodging,
That was his agent; he'll confess it all.

Fern. Go fetch him† straight [*Exeunt* Officers]. I always fear'd that Jew.

Re-enter Officers *with* BARABAS *and* ITHAMORE.

Bara. I'll go alone; dogs, do not hale me thus.

Itha. Nor me neither; I cannot out-run you, constable.—O, my belly!

Bara. One dram of powder more had made all sure:
What a damn'd slave was I! [*Aside.*

Fern. Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be fetch'd.

First Knight. Nay, stay, my lord; 't may be he will confess.

Bara. Confess! what mean you, lords? who should confess?

---

* *mushrooms*] For this word (as, indeed, for most words) our early writers had no fixed spelling. Here the old ed. has "Mushrumbs": and in our author's *Edward the Second*, the 4tos have "mushrump."

† *under the elder when he hanged himself*] That Judas hanged himself on an elder-tree, was a popular legend. Nay, the very tree was exhibited to the curious in Sir John Mandeville's days: "And faste by, is zit the Tree of Eldre, that Judas henge him self upon, for despeyt that he hadde, whan he solde and betrayed oure Lorde." *Voiage and Travaile*, &c. p. 112. ed. 1725. But, according to Pulci, Judas had recourse to a carob-tree:

"Era di sopra a la fonte *un carrubbio*,
L'arbor, si dice, ove s'impiccò Giuda," &c.
Morgante Mag. C. XXV. st. 77.

‡ *nasty*] Old ed. "masty."

§ *Enter Ferneze*, &c.] Scene, the interior of the Council-house.

* *me*] Old ed. "we".

† *him*] Qy. "'em"?

Fern. Thou and thy Turk; 'twas you that slew my son.

Itha. Guilty, my lord, I confess. Your son and Mathias were both contracted unto Abigail: [he] forged a counterfeit challenge.

Bara. Who carried that challenge?

Itha. I carried it, I confess; but who writ it? marry, even he that strangled Barnardine, poisoned the nuns and his own daughter.

Fern. Away with him! his sight is death to me.

Bara. For what, you men of Malta? hear me speak.
She is a courtezan, and he a thief,
And he my boudman: let me have law;
For none of this can prejudice my life.

Fern. Once more, away with him!—You shall have law.

Bara. Devils, do your worst!—I['ll] live in spite of you.— [*Aside.*
As these have spoke, so be it to their souls!—
I hope the poison'd flowers will work anon.
[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* Officers *with* Barabas *and* Ithamore; Bellamira, *and* Pilia-Borza.

Enter Katharine.

Kath. Was my Mathias murder'd by the Jew?
Ferneze, 'twas thy son that murder'd him.

Fern. Be patient, gentle madam: it was he;
He forg'd the daring challenge made them fight.

Kath. Where is the Jew? where is that murderer?

Fern. In prison, till the law has pass'd on him.

Re-enter First Officer.

First Off. My lord, the courtezan and her man are dead;
So is the Turk and Barabas the Jew.

Fern. Dead!

First Off. Dead, my lord, and here they bring his body.

Bosco. This sudden death of his is very strange.

Re-enter Officers, *carrying* Barabas *as dead.*

Fern. Wonder not at it, sir; the heavens are just;
Their deaths were like their lives; then think not of 'em.—
Since they are dead, let them be buried:
For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,
To be a prey for vultures and wild beasts.—
So, now away and fortify the town.

[*Exeunt all, leaving* Barabas *on the floor.**

Bara. [*rising*] What, all alone! well fare, sleepy drink!
I'll be reveng'd on this accursèd town;
For by my means Calymath shall enter in:
I'll help to slay their children and their wives,
To fire the churches, pull their houses down,
Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands.
I hope to see the governor a slave;
And, rowing in a galley, whipt to death.

Enter Calymath, Bassoes,† *and* Turks.

Caly. Whom have we there? a spy?

Bara. Yes, my good lord, one that can spy a place
Where you may enter, and surprize the town:
My name is Barabas; I am a Jew.

Caly. Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold
For tribute-money?

Bara. The very same, my lord:
And since that time they have hir'd a slave, my man,
To accuse me of a thousand villanies:
I was imprisonèd, but scap'd their hands.

Caly. Didst break prison?

Bara. No, no:
I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice;
And being asleep, belike they thought me dead,
And threw me o'er the walls: so, or how else,
The Jew is here, and rests at your command.

Caly. 'Twas bravely done: but tell me, Barabas,
Canst thou, as thou report'st, make Malta ours?

Bara. Fear not, my lord; for here, against the trench,‡
The rock is hollow, and of purpose digg'd,
To make a passage for the running streams
And common channels§ of the city.
Now, whilst you give assault unto the walls,
I'll lead five hundred soldiers through the vault,
And rise with them i' the middle of the town,

* *Exeunt all, leaving Barabas on the floor*] Here the audience were to suppose that Barabas had been thrown over the walls, and that the stage now represented the outside of the city.

† *Bassoes*] Here old ed. "Bashawes." See note §, p. 164.

‡ *trench*] A doubtful reading.—Old ed. "Truce."—"Query 'sluice'? *'truce'* seems unintelligible." Collier (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).—The Rev. J. Mitford proposes "turret" or "tower."

§ *channels*] i.e. kennels.

Open the gates for you to enter in;
And by this means the city is your own.
Caly. If this be true, I'll make thee governor.
Bara. And, if it be not true, then let me die.
Caly. Thou'st doom'd thyself.—Assault it presently. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums within. *Enter* CALYMATH,* Bassoes, Turks, *and* BARABAS; *with* FERNEZE *and* Knights *prisoners.*

Caly. Now vail† your pride, you captive Christians,
And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe:
Now where's the hope you had of haughty Spain?
Ferneze, speak; had it not been much better
To kept‡ thy promise than be thus surpris'd?
Fern. What should I say? we are captives, and must yield.
Caly. Ay, villains, you must yield, and under Turkish yokes
Shall groaning bear the burden of our ire:—
And, Barabas, as erst we promis'd thee,
For thy desert we make thee governor;
Use them at thy discretion.
Bara. Thanks, my lord.
Fern. O fatal day, to fall into the hands
Of such a traitor and unhallow'd Jew!
What greater misery could heaven inflict?
Caly. 'Tis our command:—and, Barabas, we give,
To guard thy person, these our Janizaries:
Entreat§ them well, as we have usèd thee.—
And now, brave bassoes,‖ come; we'll walk about
The ruin'd town, and see the wreck we made.—
Farewell, brave Jew, farewell, great Barabas!
Bara. May all good fortune follow Calymath!
[*Exeunt* CALYMATH *and* Bassoes.
And now, as entrance to our safety,
To prison with the governor and these
Captains, his consorts and confederates.
Fern. O villain! heaven will be reveng'd on thee.
Bara. Away! no more; let him not trouble me.
[*Exeunt* Turks *with* FERNEZE *and* Knights.
Thus hast thou gotten,¶ by thy policy,
No simple place, no small authority:
I now am governor of Malta; true,—
But Malta hates me, and, in hating me,
My life's in danger; and what boots it thee,
Poor Barabas, to be the governor,
Whenas* thy life shall be at their command?
No, Barabas, this must be look'd into;
And, since by wrong thou gott'st authority,
Maintain it bravely by firm policy;
At least, unprofitably lose it not;
For he that liveth in authority,
And neither gets him friends nor fills his bags,
Lives like the ass that Æsop speaketh of,
That labours with a load of bread and wine,
And leaves it off to snap on thistle-tops:
But Barabas will be more circumspect.
Begin betimes; Occasion's bald behind:
Slip not thine opportunity, for fear too late
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass it.—
Within here! †

Enter FERNEZE, *with a* Guard.

Fern. My lord?
Bara. Ay, *lord;* thus slaves will learn.
Now, governor,—stand by there, wait within,—
[*Exeunt* Guard.
This is the reason that I sent for thee:
Thou seest thy life and Malta's happiness
Are at my arbitrement; and Barabas
At his discretion may dispose of both:
Now tell me, governor, and plainly too,
What think'st thou shall become of it and thee?
Fern. This, Barabas; since things are in thy power,
I see no reason but of Malta's wreck,
Nor hope of thee but extreme cruelty:
Nor fear I death, nor will I flatter thee.
Bara. Governor, good words; be not so furious
'Tis not thy life which can avail me aught;
Yet you do live, and live for me you shall:
And as for Malta's ruin, think you not
'Twere slender policy for Barabas
To dispossess himself of such a place?
For sith,‡ as once you said, within this isle,
In Malta here, that I have got my goods,
And in this city still have had success,
And now at length am grown your governor,
Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot;
For, as a friend not known but in distress,
I'll rear up Malta, now remediless.

* *Enter Calymath,* &c.] Scene, an open place in the city.
† *vail*] i.e. lower, stoop.
‡ *To kept*] i.e. To have kept.
§ *Entreat*] i.e. Treat.
‖ *bassoes*] Here old ed. "Bashawes." See note §, p. 164.
¶ *Thus hast thou gotten,* &c.] A change of scene is supposed here—to the Citadel, the residence of Barabas as governor.

* *Whenas*] i.e. When.
† *Within here*] The usual exclamation is "*Within* there!" but compare *The Hogge hath lost his Pearle* (by R. Tailor), 1614; "What, ho! within *here!*" Sig. E 2.
‡ *sith*] i. e. since.

Fern. Will Barabas recover Malta's loss?
Will Barabas be good to Christians?
Bara. What wilt thou give me, governor, to procure
A dissolution of the slavish bands
Wherein the Turk hath yok'd your land and you?
What will you give me if I render you
The life of Calymath, surprise his men,
And in an out-house of the city shut
His soldiers, till I have consum'd 'em all with fire?
What will you give him that procureth this?
Fern. Do but bring this to pass which thou pretendest,
Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the citizens,
And by my letters privately procure
Great sums of money for thy recompense:
Nay, more, do this, and live thou governor still.
Bara. Nay, do thou this, Ferneze, and be free:
Governor, I enlarge thee; live with me;
Go walk about the city, see thy friends:
Tush, send not letters to 'em; go thyself,
And let me see what money thou canst make:
Here is my hand that I'll set Malta free;
And thus we cast* it: to a solemn feast
I will invite young Selim Calymath,
Where be thou present, only to perform
One stratagem that I'll impart to thee,
Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,
And I will warrant Malta free for ever.
Fern. Here is my hand; believe me, Barabas,
I will be there, and do as thou desirest.
When is the time?
Bara. Governor, presently;
For Calymath, when he hath view'd the town,
Will take his leave, and sail toward Ottoman.
Fern. Then will I, Barabas, about this coin,
And bring it with me to thee in the evening.
Bara. Do so; but fail not: now farewell, Ferneze:— [*Exit* FERNEZE.
And thus far roundly goes the business:
Thus, loving neither, will I live with both,
Making a profit of my policy;
And he from whom my most advantage comes,
Shall be my friend.
This is the life we Jews are us'd to lead;
And reason too, for Christians do the like.
Well, now about effecting this device;
First, to surprise great Selim's soldiers,
And then to make provision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done:
My policy detests prevention.
To what event my secret purpose drives,
I know; and they shall witness with their lives.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CALYMATH *and* Bassoes.*

Caly. Thus have we view'd the city, seen the sack,
And caus'd the ruins to be new-repair'd,
Which with our bombards' shot and basilisk[s]† We rent in sunder at our entry:
And, now I see the situation,
And how secure this conquer'd island stands,
Environ'd with the Mediterranean sea,
Strong-countermin'd with other petty isles,
And, toward Calabria,‡ back'd by Sicily
(Where Syracusian Dionysius reign'd),
Two lofty turrets that command the town,
I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. From Barabas, Malta's governor, I bring
A message unto mighty Calymath:
Hearing his sovereign was bound for sea,
To sail to Turkey, to great Ottoman,
He humbly would entreat your majesty
To come and see his homely citadel,
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle.
Caly. To banquet with him in his citadel!
I fear me, messenger, to feast my train
Within a town of war so lately pillag'd,
Will be too costly and too troublesome:
Yet would I gladly visit Barabas,
For well has Barabas deserv'd of us.
Mess. Selim, for that, thus saith the governor,—
That he hath in [his] store a pearl so big,
So precious, and withal so orient,
As, be it valu'd but indifferently,
The price thereof will serve to entertain
Selim and all his soldiers for a month;
Therefore he humbly would entreat your highness
Not to depart till he has feasted you.
Caly. I cannot feast my men in Malta-walls,
Except he place his tables in the streets.
Mess. Know, Selim, that there is a monastery
Which standeth as an out-house to the town;
There will he banquet them; but thee at home,
With all thy bassoes and brave followers.

* *cast*] i.e. plot, contrive.

* *Bassoes*] Here and afterwards old ed. "Bashawes." See note §, p. 164.—Scene, outside the walls of the city.

† *basilisk[s]* See note ‡, p. 25.

‡ *And, toward Calabria*, &c.] So the Editor of 1826.—Old ed. thus;

"And toward Calabria back'd by Sicily,
Two lofty Turrets that command the Towne.
When Siracusian Dionisius reign'd;
I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus?"

Caly. Well, tell the governor we grant his suit;
We'll in this summer-evening feast with him.
Mess. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
Caly. And now, bold bassoes, let us to our tents,
And meditate how we may grace us best,
To solemnize our governor's great feast. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FERNEZE,* Knights, *and* MARTIN DEL BOSCO.

Fern. In this, my countrymen, be rul'd by me:
Have special care that no man sally forth
Till you shall hear a culverin discharg'd
By him that bears the linstock,† kindled thus;
Then issue out and come to rescue me,
For happily I shall be in distress,
Or you releasèd of this servitude.
First Knight. Rather than thus to live as Turkish thralls,
What will we not adventure?
Fern. On, then; be gone.
Knights. Farewell, grave governor.
[*Exeunt, on one side,* Knights *and* MARTIN DEL BOSCO; *on the other,* FERNEZE.

Enter, above‡, BARABAS, *with a hammer, very busy; and* Carpenters.

Bara. How stand the cords? how hang these hinges? fast?
Are all the cranes and pulleys sure?
First Carp.§ All fast.
Bara. Leave nothing loose, all levell'd to my mind.
Why, now I see that you have art, indeed:
There, carpenters, divide that gold amongst you;
[*Giving money.*
Go, swill in bowls of sack and muscadine;
Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines.
First Carp. We shall, my lord, and thank you.
[*Exeunt* Carpenters.
Bara. And, if you like them, drink your fill and die;
For, so I live, perish may all the world!
Now, Selim Calymath, return me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.

Enter Messenger.

Now, sirrah; what, will he come?
Mess. He will; and has commanded all his men
To come ashore, and march through Malta-streets,
That thou mayst feast them in thy citadel.
Bara. Then now are all things as my wish would have 'em;
There wanteth nothing but the governor's pelf;
And see, he brings it.

Enter FERNEZE.

Now, governor, the sum?
Fern. With free consent, a hundred thousand pounds.
Bara. Pounds say'st thou, governor? well, since it is no more,
I'll satisfy myself with that; nay, keep it still,
For, if I keep not promise, trust not me:
And, governor, now partake my policy.
First, for his army, they are sent before,
Enter'd the monastery, and underneath
In several places are field-pieces pitch'd,
Bombards, whole barrels full of gunpowder,
That on the sudden shall dissever it,
And batter all the stones about their ears,
Whence none can possibly escape alive:
Now, as for Calymath and his consorts,
Here have I made a dainty gallery,
The floor whereof, this cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder, so that it doth sink
Into a deep pit past recovery.
Here, hold that knife; and, when thou seest he comes, [*Throws down a knife.*
And with his bassoes shall be blithely set,
A warning-piece shall be shot off* from the tower,
To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord,
And fire the house. Say, will not this be brave?
Fern. O, excellent! here, hold thee, Barabas;
I trust thy word; take what I promis'd thee.
Bara. No, governor; I'll satisfy thee first;
Thou shalt not live in doubt of any thing.
Stand close, for here they come.
[FERNEZE *retires.*
Why, is not this
A kingly kind of trade, to purchase towns
By treachery, and sell 'em by deceit?
Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun†
If greater falsehood ever has been done?

Enter CALYMATH *and* Bassoes.

Caly. Come, my companion-bassoes: see, I pray,
How busy Barabas is there above

* *Enter Ferneze,* &c.] Scene, a street.

† *linstock*] "i. e. the long match with which cannon are fired." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

‡ *Enter, above,* &c.] Scene, a hall in the Citadel, with a gallery.

§ *First Carp.*] Old ed. here "Serv."; but it gives "*Carp.*" as the prefix to the second speech after this.

* *off*] An interpolation perhaps.

† *sun*] Old ed. "summe."

To entertain us in his gallery:
Let us salute him.—Save thee, Barabas!
Bara. Welcome, great Calymath!
Fern. How the slave jeers at him! [*Aside.*
Bara. Will't please thee, mighty Selim Calymath,
To ascend our homely stairs?
Caly. Ay, Barabas.—
Come, bassoes, ascend.*
Fern. [*coming forward*] Stay, Calymath;
For I will shew thee greater courtesy
Than Barabas would have afforded thee.
Knight. [*within*] Sound a charge there!
[*A charge sounded within:* FERNEZE *cuts the cord; the floor of the gallery gives way, and* BARABAS *falls into a caldron placed in a pit.*

Enter Knights *and* MARTIN DEL BOSCO.†
Caly. How now! what means this?
Bara. Help, help me, Christians, help!
Fern. See, Calymath! this was devis'd for thee.
Caly. Treason, treason! bassoes, fly!
Fern. No, Selim, do not fly:
See his end first, and fly then if thou canst.
Bara. O, help me, Selim! help me, Christians!
Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?
Fern. Should I in pity of thy plaints or thee,
Accursèd Barabas, base Jew, relent?
No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,
But wish thou hadst behav'd thee otherwise.
Bara. You will not help me, then?
Fern. No, villain, no.
Bara. And, villains, know you cannot help me now.—
Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments strive
To end thy life with resolution.—
Know, governor, 'twas I that slew thy son,—
I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet:
Know, Calymath, I aim'd thy overthrow:
And, had I but escap'd this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damn'd Christian‡ dogs, and Turkish infidels!
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs:
Die, life! fly, soul! tongue, curse thy fill, and die!
[*Dies.*
Caly. Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?
Fern. This train* he laid to have entrapp'd thy life;
Now, Selim, note the unhallow'd deeds of Jews;
Thus he determin'd to have handled thee,
But I have rather chose to save thy life.
Caly. Was this the banquet he prepar'd for us?
Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended.†
Fern. Nay, Selim, stay; for, since we have thee here,
We will not let thee part so suddenly:
Besides, if we should let thee go, all's one,
For with thy galleys couldst thou not get hence,
Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.
Caly. Tush, governor, take thou no care for that;
My men are all aboard,
And do attend my coming there by this.
Fern. Why, heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a charge?
Caly. Yes, what of that?
Fern. Why, then the house was fir'd,
Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.
Caly. O, monstrous treason!
Fern. A Jew's courtesy;
For he that did by treason work our fall,
By treason hath deliver'd thee to us:
Know, therefore, till thy father hath made good
The ruins done to Malta and to us,
Thou canst not part; for Malta shall be freed,
Or Selim ne'er return to Ottoman.
Caly. Nay, rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,
In person there to mediate‡ your peace:
To keep me here will naught advantage you.
Fern. Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,
And live in Malta prisoner; for come all§ the world
To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,
As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry,
Than conquer Malta, or endanger us.
So, march away; and let due praise be given
Neither to Fate nor Fortune, but to Heaven.
[*Exeunt.*

---

* *ascend*] Old ed. "attend."

† *A charge sounded within:* FERNEZE *cuts the cord; the floor of the gallery gives way, and* BARABAS *falls into a caldron placed in a pit.*

Enter Knights *and* MARTIN DEL BOSCO] Old ed. has merely "*A charge, the cable cut, A Caldron discouered.*"

‡ *Christian*] Old ed. "Christians."

* *train*] i. e. stratagem.

† *pretended*] i. e. intended.

‡ *mediate*] Old ed. "meditate."

§ *all*] Old ed. "call."

EDWARD THE SECOND.

The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, King of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer: And also the life and death of Peirs Gaueston, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favorite of king Edward the second, as it was publiquely acted by the right honorable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruauntes. Written by Chri. Marlow Gent. Imprinted at London by Richard Bradocke, for William Jones, dwelling neere Holbourne conduit, at the signe of the Gunne, 1598. 4to.

The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, King of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer. And also the life and death of Peirs Gaueston, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty fauorite of King Edward the second, as it was publiquely acted by the right honorable the Earle of Penbrooke his seruants. Written by Christopher Marlow Gent. Printed at London for Roger Barnes, and are to be sould at his shop in Chauncerie Lane ouer against the Rolles, 1612. 4to.

The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, King of England: with the Tragicall fall of proud Mortimer. And also the life and death of Peirs Gauestone, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty Fauorite of King Edward the second. As it was publikely Acted by the late Queenes Maiesties Seruants at the Red Bull in S. Johns streete. Written by Christopher Marlow Gent. London, Printed for Henry Bell, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Lame-hospitall Gate, neere Smithfield, 1622. 4to.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Edward the Second.
Prince Edward, his son, afterwards King Edward the Third.
Kent, brother to King Edward the Second.
Gaveston.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Bishop of Coventry.
Bishop of Winchester.
Warwick.
Lancaster.
Pembroke.
Arundel.
Leicester.
Berkeley.
Mortimer the elder.
Mortimer the younger, his nephew.
Spenser the elder.
Spenser the younger, his son.
Baldock.
Beaumont.
Trussel.
Gurney.
Matrevis.
Lightborn.
Sir John of Hainault.
Levune.
Rice ap Howel.
Abbot.
Monks.
Herald.
Lords, Poor Men, James, Mower, Champion, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Queen Isabella, wife to King Edward the Second.
Niece to King Edward the Second, daughter to the Duke of Glocester.
Ladies.

EDWARD THE SECOND.

Enter GAVESTON,* *reading a letter.*

Gav. My father is deceas'd. Come, Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.
Ah, words that make me surfeit with delight!
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston
Than live and be the favourite of a king!
Sweet prince, I come! these, these thy amorous lines
Might have enforc'd me to have swum from France,
And, like Leander, gasp'd upon the sand,
So thou wouldst smile, and take me in thine arms.
The sight of London to my exil'd eyes
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul:
Not that I love the city or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold so dear,—
The king, upon whose bosom let me lie,†
And with the world be still at enmity.
What need the arctic people love star-light,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
As for the multitude, that are but sparks,
Rak'd up in embers of their poverty,—
Tanti,‡—I'll fawn§ first on the wind,
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.

Enter three Poor Men.

But how now! what are these?

Poor Men. Such as desire your worship's service.

Gav. What canst thou do?

First P. Man. I can ride.

Gav. But I have no horse.—What art thou?

Sec. P. Man. A traveller.

Gav. Let me see: thou wouldst do well
To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time;
And, as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.—
And what art thou?

Third P. Man. A soldier, that hath serv'd against the Scot.

Gav. Why, there are hospitals for such as you:
I have no war; and therefore, sir, be gone.

Third P. Man. Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
That wouldst reward them with an hospital!

Gav. Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much
As if a goose should play the porcupine,
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope.—
[*Aside.*
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not view'd my lord the king:
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

All. We thank your worship.

Gav. I have some business: leave me to myself.

All. We will wait here about the court.

Gav. Do. [*Exeunt* Poor Men.
These are not men for me;
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please:
Music and poetry* is his delight;

* *Enter Gaveston*, &c.] Scene, a street, in London (see line 10).

† *lie*] Old eds. "die."

‡ *Tanti*] Compare *Fuimus Troes*, 1603;

"No kingly menace or censorious frowne
Doe I regard. *Tanti* for all your power." Sig. F 3.

§ *fawn*] Old eds. "fanne." Something has dropt out from this line.

* *Music and poetry*, &c.] "How exactly the author, as the learned Dr. Hurd observes, has painted the humour of the times which esteemed masks and shows as the highest indulgence that could be provided for a luxurious

Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan* nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay;
Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there, hard by,
One like Actæon, peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,
And running in the likeness of an hart,
By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall† seem to die:
Such things as these best please his majesty.—
Here comes my lord the king,‡ and the nobles,
From the parliament. I'll stand aside.

[*Retires.*

Enter KING EDWARD, KENT, LANCASTER, *the elder* MORTIMER, *the younger* MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *and* Attendants.

K. Edw. Lancaster!

Lan. My lord?

Gav. That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Will you not grant me this?—In spite of them
I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.

[*Aside.*

E. Mor. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.

Gav. That villain Mortimer! I'll be his death.

[*Aside.*

Y. Mor. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,
Were sworn to§ your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realm:
And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

Gav. Mort dieu! [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words:
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?
The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.
I will have Gaveston; and you shall know
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.

Gav. Well done, Ned! [*Aside.*

Lan. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honour you,
But for that base and obscure Gaveston?
Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster,—
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester;
These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm:
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.

Kent. Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute;
But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Percy of the North, being highly mov'd,
Brav'd Mowbray* in presence of the king;
For which, had not his highness lov'd him well,
He should have lost his head; but with his look
Th' undaunted spirit of Percy was appeas'd,
And Mowbray and he were reconcil'd:
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face.—
Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.

War. O, our heads!

K. Edw. Ay, yours; and therefore I would wish you grant.

War. Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.

Y. Mor. I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak.—
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.—
Come, uncle, let us leave the brain-sick king,
And henceforth parley with our naked swords.

E. Mor. Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.

War. All Warwickshire will leave† him for my sake.

---

and happy monarch, we may see from the entertainment provided, not many years after, for the reception of King James at Althorp in Northamptonshire; where this very design of *Sylvan Nymphs, Satyrs,* and *Actæon,* was executed in a Masque by Ben Jonson. [Hurd's] *Moral and Political Dialogues,* vol. 1, p. 194." REED (apud Dodsley's O. P.).

* *sylvan*] Old eds. "Siluian."

† *shall*] Old eds. "and."

‡ *Here comes my lord the king,* &c.] Old eds. "My Lord, *here comes the king,*" &c.

§ *sworn to*] The modern editors print "*sworn* unto": but "sworn" was often used as a dissyllable.

* *Mowbray*] A trisyllable here (and, indeed, in 4to 1598, it is spelt "Mowbery").

† *leave*] Old eds. "loue."

Lan. And northward Lancaster* hath many friends.—
Adieu, my lord; and either change your mind,
Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood, and at thy wanton head
The glozing head of thy base minion thrown.

[*Exeunt all except* KING EDWARD, KENT, GAVESTON, *and* Attendants.

K. Edw. I cannot brook these haughty menaces:
Am I a king, and must be over-rul'd?—
Brother, display my ensigns in the field:
I'll bandy† with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.

Gav. I can no longer keep me from my lord.

[*Comes forward.*

K. Edw. What, Gaveston! welcome! Kiss not my hand:
Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.
Why shouldst thou kneel? know'st thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston:
Not Hylas was more mournèd for of‡ Hercules
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.

Gav. And, since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

K. Edw. I know it.—Brother, welcome home my friend.—
Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster:
I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight;
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.
I here create thee Lord High-chamberlain,
Chief Secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man.

Gav. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

Kent. Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

K. Edw. Cease, brother, for I cannot brook these words.—
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts:
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart.
If for these dignities thou be envièd,§
I'll give thee more; for, but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleas'd with kingly regiment.*
Fear'st thou thy person?† thou shalt have a guard:
Wantest thou gold? go to my treasury:
Wouldst thou be lov'd and fear'd? receive my seal,
Save or condemn, and in our name command
What so thy mind affects, or fancy likes.

Gav. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love;
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the BISHOP OF COVENTRY.

K. Edw. Whither goes my Lord of Coventry so fast?

Bish. of Cov. To celebrate your father's exequies.
But is that wicked Gaveston return'd?

K. Edw. Ay, priest, and lives to be reveng'd on thee,
That wert the only cause of his exile.

Gav. 'Tis true; and, but for reverence of these robes,
Thou shouldst not plod one foot beyond this place.

Bish. of Cov. I did no more than I was bound to do:
And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaim'd,
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

Gav.‡ Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

K. Edw. Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
And in the channel § christen him anew.

Kent. Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him!
For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.

Gav. Let him complain unto the see of hell:
I'll be reveng'd on him for my exile.

K. Edw. No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods:
Be thou lord bishop, and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain:
I give him thee; here, use him as thou wilt.

Gav. He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

---

* *Lancaster*] Old eds. "Gaueston."

† *bandy*] i. e. "oppose with all my force; *totis viribus se opponere*, says Skinner, voce *bandy*." REED (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

‡ *of*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—Not in 4to 1598.

§ *envièd*] "i. e. hated." REED (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

* *regiment*] i. e. rule, government.

† *Fear'st thou thy person?*] i. e. Fearest thou *for* thy person?

‡ *Gav.*, &c.] "He 'lays violent hands' upon the bishop. See p. 186, sec. col." REED (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

§ *channel*] i. e. kennel.

K. Edw. Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.

Bish. of Cov. For this offence be thou accurs'd of God!

K. Edw. Who's there? Convey this priest to the Tower.

Bish. of Cov. True, true.*

K. Edw. But, in the mean time, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

Gav. What should a priest do with so fair a house?
A prison may beseem † his holiness. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on one side, the elder MORTIMER,‡ *and the younger* MORTIMER; *on the other,* WARWICK, *and* LANCASTER.

War. 'Tis true, the bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.

Lan. What, will they tyrannize upon the church?
Ah, wicked king! accursèd Gaveston!
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless sepulchre or mine.

Y. Mor. Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure;
Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.

E. Mor. How now! why droops the Earl of Lancaster?

Y. Mor. Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent?

Lan. That villain Gaveston is made an earl.

E. Mor. An earl!

War. Ay, and besides Lord-chamberlain of the realm,
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.

E. Mor. We may not nor we will not suffer this.

Y. Mor. Why post we not from hence to levy men?

Lan. "My Lord of Cornwall" now at every word;
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing § of his bonnet, one good look.
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march:
Nay, more, the guard upon his lordship waits,
And all the court begins to flatter him.

War. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.

E. Mor. Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

Lan. All stomach him,* but none dare speak a word.

Y. Mor. Ah, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster!
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'd † hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up,
Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

War. Here comes my Lord of Canterbury's grace.

Lan. His countenance bewrays he is displeas'd.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, *and an* Attendant.

Archb. of Cant. First, were his sacred garments rent and torn;
Then laid they violent hands upon him; next,
Himself imprisou'd, and his goods asseiz'd:
This certify the Pope: away, take horse.
[*Exit* Attendant.

Lan. My lord, will you take arms against the king?

Archb. of Cant. What need I? God himself is up in arms
When violence is offer'd to the church.

Y. Mor. Then will you join with us, that be his peers,
To banish or behead that Gaveston?

Archb. of Cant. What else, my lords? for it concerns me near;
The bishoprick of Coventry is his.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA.

Y. Mor. Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?

Q. Isab. Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now my lord the king regards me not,
But dotes upon the love of Gaveston:
He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,

---

* *True, true*] Altered by one of the modern editors to "Do, do".—Qy. "Prut, prut" (an exclamation of contempt)?

† *may beseem*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "*may* best *beseeme*."

‡ *Enter, on one side, the elder Mortimer,* &c.] Qy. where is this scene supposed to pass?—The words of the Queen (next col.), "Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer," would lead us to fix it at Windsor; but, as the Archbishop (p. 187, first col.) begs the nobles "to cross to Lambeth," it would seem to take place in London.

§ *vailing*] i. e. lowering.

* *stomach him*] i. e. think of him with anger and ill will. So afterwards in this play Gaveston says,

"I know, my lord, many will *stomach* me,
But I respect neither their love nor hate."

† *We'd*] Old eds. "Weele."

Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
And, when I come, he frowns, as who should say,
"Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston."

E. Mor. Is it not strange that he is thus bewitch'd?

Y. Mor. Madam, return unto the court again:
That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
Or lose our lives; and yet, ere that day come,
The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,
And courage too, to be reveng'd at full.

Archb. of Cant. But yet lift not your swords against the king.

Lan. No; but we will lift Gaveston from hence.

War. And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

Q. Isab. Then let him stay; for, rather than my lord
Shall be oppress'd with civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolic with his minion.

Archb. of Cant. My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak:
We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.

Lan. What we confirm the king will frustrate.*

Y. Mor. Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

War. But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?

Archb. of Cant. At the New Temple.

Y. Mor. Content.

Archb. of Cant.† And, in the mean time, I'll entreat you all
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

Lan. Come, then, let's away.

Y. Mor. Madam, farewell.

Q. Isab. Farewell, sweet Mortimer; and, for my sake,
Forbear to levy arms against the king.

Y. Mor. Ay, if words will serve; if not, I must.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GAVESTON‡ *and* KENT.

Gav. Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth: there let them remain. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LANCASTER,* WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *the elder* MORTIMER, *the younger* MORTIMER, *the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, *and* Attendants.

Lan. Here is the form of Gaveston's exile;
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.

Archb. of Cant. Give me the paper.

[*He subscribes, as the others do after him.*

Lan. Quick, quick, my lord; I long to write my name.

War. But I long more to see him banish'd hence.

Y. Mor. The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,
Unless he be declin'd from† that base peasant.

Enter KING EDWARD, GAVESTON, *and* KENT.

K. Edw. What, are you mov'd that Gaveston sits here?
It is our pleasure; we will have it so.

Lan. Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
For no where else the new earl is so safe.

E. Mor. What man of noble birth can brook this sight?
Quam male conveniunt!‡—
See, what a scornful look the peasant casts!

Pem. Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?

War. Ignoble vassal, that, like Phaeton,
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun!

Y. Mor. Their downfall is at hand, their forces down:
We will not thus be fac'd and over-peer'd.

K. Edw. Lay hands on § that traitor Mortimer!

E. Mor. Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston!

Kent. Is this the duty that you owe your king?

War. We know our duties: let him know his peers.

K. Edw. Whither will you bear him? stay, or ye shall die.

E. Mor. We are no traitors; therefore threaten not.

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* *frustrate*] Is a trisyllable here.

† *Archb. of Cant.*] This prefix is wanting in the old eds.

‡ *Enter Gaveston, &c.*] Scene, a street perhaps.

* *Enter Lancaster, &c.*] Qy. Scene, "the New Temple" (see the preceding col.), though the king exclaims, "Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne" (p. 188, first col.)? Perhaps a change of scene is supposed at p. 189, first col.

† *declin'd from*] i. e. turned away from.

‡ *Quam male conveniunt*] Was the poet thinking of Ovid,—"Non bene *conveniunt*," &c, *Met.* ii. 846?

§ *on*] "Here and elsewhere the measure is defective, often from the omission of otherwise unimportant syllables. We ought to read 'upon' instead of 'on.'" COLLIER (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

Gav. No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home.
Were I a king—
Y. Mor. Thou, villain! wherefore talk'st thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?
K. Edw. Were he a peasant, being my minion,
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.
Lan. My lord, you may not thus disparage us.—
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston!
E. Mor. And with the Earl of Kent that favours him.
[Attendants *remove* GAVESTON *and* KENT.
K. Edw. Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king:
Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne;
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown.
Was ever king thus over-rul'd as I?
Lan. Learn, then, to rule us better, and the realm.
Y. Mor. What we have done, our heart-blood shall maintain.
War. Think you that we can brook this upstart[']s pride?
K. Edw. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.
Archb. of Cant. Why are you mov'd? be patient, my lord,
And see what we your counsellors have done.
Y. Mor. My lords, now let us all be resolute,
And either have our wills, or lose our lives.
K. Edw. Meet you for this, proud over-daring peers?
Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
This isle shall fleet * upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.
Archb. of Cant. You know that I am legate to the Pope:
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.
Y. Mor. Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
Depose him, and elect another king.
K. Edw. Ay, there it goes! but yet I will not yield:
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.
Lan. Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.
Archb. of Cant. Remember how the bishop was abus'd:
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presently discharge these lords *
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.
K. Edw. It boots me not to threat; I must speak fair:
The legate of the Pope will be obey'd.— [*Aside.*
My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm;
Thou, Lancaster, High-Admiral of our fleet;
Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;
And you, Lord Warwick, President of the North;
And thou of Wales. If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left,
To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.
Archb. of Cant. Nothing shall alter us; we are resolv'd.
Lan. Come, come, subscribe.
Y. Mor. Why should you love him whom the world hates so?
K. Edw. Because he loves me more than all the world.
Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston!
You that be† noble-born should pity him.
War. You that are princely-born should shake him off:
For shame, subscribe, and let the lown ‡ depart.
E. Mor. Urge him, my lord.
Archb. of Cant. Are you content to banish him the realm?
K. Edw. I see I must, and therefore am content:
Instead of ink, I'll write it with my tears.
[*Subscribes.*
Y. Mor. The king is love-sick for his minion.
K. Edw. 'Tis done: and now, accursèd hand, fall off!
Lan. Give it me: I'll have it publish'd in the streets.
Y. Mor. I'll see him presently despatch'd away.
Arch. of Cant. Now is my heart at ease.
War. And so is mine.
Pem. This will be good news to the common sort.
E. Mor. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.
[*Exeunt all except* KING EDWARD.
K. Edw. How fast they run to banish him I love!
They would not stir, were it to do me good.
Why should a king be subject to a priest?

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* *fleet*] i. e. float.

* *lords*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "Lord."
† *be*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "are."
‡ *lown*] Or *loon*,—i. e. base low fellow.

Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperial grooms,
With these thy superstitious taper-lights,
Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
I'll fire thy crazèd buildings, and enforce
The papal towers* to kiss the lowly ground,
With slaughter'd priests make† Tiber's channel swell,
And banks rais'd higher with their sepulchres!
As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

Re-enter GAVESTON.‡

Gav. My lord, I hear it whisper'd every where,
That I am banish'd and must fly the land.
K. Edw. 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston: O, were it§ false!
The legate of the Pope will have it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd.
But I will reign to be reveng'd of them;
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough;
And long thou shalt not stay; or, if thou dost,
I'll come to thee: my love shall ne'er decline.
Gav. Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief?
K. Edw. Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing words:
Thou from this land, I from myself am banish'd.
Gav. To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston;
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of Gaveston remains;
For no where else seeks he felicity.
K. Edw. And only this torments my wretched soul,
That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.
Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here, take my picture, and let me wear thine:
[*They exchange pictures.*
O, might I keep thee here, as I do this,
Happy were I! but now most miserable.
Gav. 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.
K. Edw. Thou shalt not hence; I'll hide thee, Gaveston.
Gav. I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.
K. Edw. Kind words and mutual talk makes our grief greater:
Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part.
Stay, Gaveston; I cannot leave thee thus.
Gav. For every look, my love drops* down a tear:
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.
K. Edw. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill.
But, come, sweet friend; I'll bear thee on thy way.
Gav. The peers will frown.
K. Edw. I pass† not for their anger. Come, let's go:
O, that we might as well return as go!

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA.‡

Q. Isab. Whither goes my lord?
K. Edw. Fawn not on me, French strumpet; get thee gone!
Q. Isab. On whom but on my husband should I fawn?
Gav. On Mortimer; with whom, ungentle queen,—
I say no more—judge you the rest, my lord.
Q. Isab. In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston:
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?
Gav. I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.
K. Edw. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveston exil'd:
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconcil'd to me.
Q. Isab. Your highness knows, it lies not in my power.
K. Edw. Away, then! touch me not.—Come, Gaveston.
Q. Isab. Villain, 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord.
Gav. Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.

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* *The papal towers*, &c.] The modern editors print "Thy *papal* towers," &c: but, towards the end of *The Massacre at Paris*, Marlowe has,—
"*I'll fire* his *crazèd buildings, and* incense
The papal towers to kiss the holy [read "*lowly*"] earth."

† *make*] Old eds. "may."

‡ *Re-enter Gaveston*] Qy. "Enter *Gaveston*,"—a change of place being supposed here?

§ *were it*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "*were it* were it."

* *my love drops*] Old eds. "*my* lord *drops*."

† *pass*] i. e. care.

‡ *Enter Queen Isabella*] Old eds. "*Enter* Edmund [i. e. Kent] *and Queene Isabell*": but the entrance of Kent seems to have been marked here by mistake.

K. Edw. Speak not unto her: let her droop and pine.

Q. Isab. Wherein, my lord, have I deserv'd these words?
Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,
Witness this heart, that, sighing for thee, breaks,
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel!

K. Edw. And witness heaven how dear thou art to me!
There weep; for, till my Gaveston be repeal'd,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD *and* GAVESTON.

Q. Isab. O miserable and distressèd queen!
Would, when I left sweet France, and was embark'd,
That charming Circe,* walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape! or at† the marriage-day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison!
Or with those arms, that twin'd about my neck,
I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me!
Like frantic Juno, will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;
For never doted Jove on Ganymede
So much as he on cursèd Gaveston:
But that will more exasperate his wrath;
I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,
And be a means to call home Gaveston:
And yet he'll ever dote on Gaveston;
And so am I for ever miserable.

Re-enter LANCASTER,‡ WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *the elder* MORTIMER, *and the younger* MORTIMER.

Lan. Look, where the sister of the king of France §
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!

War. The king, I fear, hath ill-entreated her.

Pem. Hard is the heart that injures such a saint.

Y. Mor. I know 'tis 'long of Gaveston she weeps.

E. Mor. Why, he is gone.

Y. Mor. Madam, how fares your grace?

Q. Isab. Ah, Mortimer, now breaks the king's hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loves me not!

Y. Mor. Cry quittance, madam, then, and love not him.

Q. Isab. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths:
And yet I love in vain; he'll ne'er love me.

Lan. Fear ye not, madam; now his minion's gone,
His wanton humour will be quickly left.

Q. Isab. O, never, Lancaster! I am enjoin'd
To sue unto you all for his repeal:
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banish'd from his highness' presence.

Lan. For his repeal, madam! he comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwreck'd body.

War. And to behold so sweet a sight as that,
There's none here but would run his horse to death.

Y. Mor. But, madam, would you have us call him home?

Q. Isab. Ay, Mortimer; for, till he be restor'd,
The angry king hath banish'd me the court;
And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tender'st me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

Y. Mor. What, would you have me plead for Gaveston?

E. Mor. Plead for him that will, I am resolv'd.

Lan. And so am I, my lord: dissuade the queen.

Q. Isab O, Lancaster, let him dissuade the king!
For 'tis against my will he should return.

War. Then speak not for him; let the peasant go.

Q. Isab. 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.

Pem. No speaking will prevail;* and therefore cease.

Y. Mor. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;
I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,
That now, I hope, floats on the Irish seas.

Q. Isab. Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me a while,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.

Y. Mor. It is impossible: but speak your mind.

Q. Isab. Then thus;—but none shall hear it but ourselves. [*Talks to* Y. MOR. *apart.*

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* *Circe*] Old eds. "Circes" (the genitive of proper names being formerly often put for the nominative).

† *at*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "that."

‡ *Re-enter Lancaster*, &c.] Perhaps it should be merely "Enter *Lancaster*," &c: see note ‡, p. 189.

§ *the sister of the king of France*] Gilchrist (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*) queries "*the* daughter *of the king of France*"? but we find afterwards in this play,—

"The gentle queen, sole *sister to Valois*," &c.

and,—

"sith th' ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms
To this distressèd queen, *his sister*, here," &c.

* *prevail*] i. e. avail.

Lan. My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer,
Will you be resolute, and hold with me?

E. Mor. Not I, against my nephew.

Pem. Fear not; the queen's words cannot alter him.

War. No? do but mark how earnestly she pleads!

Lan. And see how coldly his looks make denial!

War. She smiles: now, for my life, his mind is chang'd!

Lan. I'll rather lose his friendship, I, than grant.

Y. Mor. Well, of necessity it must be so.—
My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston
I hope your honours make no question,
And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail;
Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.

Lan. Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself!
Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?
And is this true, to call him home again?
Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.

Y. Mor. My Lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.*

Lan. In no respect can contraries be true.

Q. Isab. Yet, good my lord, hear what he can allege.

War. All that he speaks is nothing; we are resolv'd.

Y. Mor. Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?

Pem. I would he were!

Y. Mor. Why, then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.

E. Mor. But, nephew, do not play the sophister.

Y. Mor. This which I urge is of a burning zeal
To mend the king and do our country good.
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends
As he will front the mightiest of us all?
And whereas† he shall live and be belov'd,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

War. Mark you but that, my Lord of Lancaster.

Y. Mor. But, were he here, detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be suborn'd
To greet his lordship with a poniard,
And none so much as blame the murderer,‡
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name
For purging of the realm of such a plague!

Pem. He saith true.

Lan. Ay, but how chance this was not done before?

Y. Mor. Because, my lords, it was not thought upon.
Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home,
'Twill make him vail* the top-flag of his pride,
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.

E. Mor. But how if he do not, nephew?

Y. Mor. Then may we with some colour rise in arms;
For, howsoever we have borne it out,
'Tis treason to be up against the king;
So shall we have the people of† our side,
Which, for his father's sake, lean to the king,
But cannot brook a night-grown mushroom,‡
Such a one as my Lord of Cornwall is,
Should bear us down of the nobility:
And, when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston;
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.
My lords, if to perform this I be slack,
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

Lan. On that condition Lancaster will grant.

War. And so will Pembroke and I.

E. Mor. And I.

Y. Mor. In this I count me highly gratified,
And Mortimer will rest at your command.

Q. Isab. And when this favour Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn.—
But see, in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way,
Is new§ return'd. This news will glad him much:
Yet not so much as me; I love him more
Than he can Gaveston: would he lov'd me
But half so much! then were I treble-blest.

Re-enter KING EDWARD, *mourning.*

K. Edw. He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn:
Did never sorrow go so near my heart
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston;
And, could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gain'd, having bought so dear a friend.

---

* *respect*] i. e. consideration.

† *whereas*] i. e. where.

‡ *murderer*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "murther."

* *vail*] i. e. lower.

† *of*] i. e. on. So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "on."

‡ *mushroom*] See note *, p. 173.—Here the word is a trisyllable.

§ *new*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "news" and "newes."

Q. Isab. Hark, how he harps upon his minion!
K. Edw. My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.
Ah, had some bloodless Fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveston!
Lan. Diablo, what passions call you these?
Q. Isab. My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.
K. Edw. That you have parled* with your Mortimer?
Q. Isab. That Gaveston, my lord, shall* be repeal'd.
K. Edw. Repeal'd! the news is too sweet to be true.
Q. Isab. But will you love me, if you find it so?
K. Edw. If it be so, what will not Edward do?
Q. Isab. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.
K. Edw. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Gaveston;
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy† neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.
Q. Isab. No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord; nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from this rich treasury.
O, how a kiss revives poor Isabel!
K. Edw. Once more receive my hand; and let this be
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.
Q. Isab. And may it prove more happy than the first!
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.
K. Edw. Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king;
And, as gross vapours perish by the sun,
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's‡ smile:
Live thou with me as my companion.
Lan. This salutation overjoys my heart.
K. Edw. Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court
Than gaudy silks or rich embroidery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.
War. Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.
K. Edw. In solemn triumphs and in public shows
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.
Pem. And with this sword Pembroke will fight for you.
K. Edw. But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or, if that lofty office like thee not,
I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm.
Y. Mor. My lord, I'll marshal so* your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.
K. Edw. And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke,†
Whose great achievements in our foreign war
Deserve no common place nor mean reward,
Be you the general of the levied troops
That now are ready to assail the Scots.
E. Mor. In this your grace hath highly honour'd me,
For with my nature war doth best agree.
Q. Isab. Now is the king of England rich and strong,
Having the love of his renowmèd‡ peers.
K. Edw. Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.—
Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth,
For Gaveston, to Ireland!

Enter BEAUMONT§ *with warrant.*

Beaumont, fly
As fast as Iris or Jove's Mercury.
Beau. It shall be done, my gracious lord. [*Exit.*
K. Edw. Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.
Now let us in, and feast it royally.
Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemniz'd;

* *parled*] From *parle* (not from *parley*).
† *thy*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "my."
‡ *sovereign's*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "soueraigne."

* *so*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "all."
† *Chirke*] "Or Werke." GILCHRIST (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*
‡ *renowmèd*] Old eds. "renowned": but afterwards in this play 4to 1598 has,—
"*Renowmèd* Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston!"
And see note ‖, p. 11.
§ *Enter Beaumont*, &c.] This entrance is not marked in the old eds; and I am by no means sure that I have given here the right stage-direction: it is at least certain that, in our early dramas, letters and papers of all sorts are sometimes supposed to be got ready with astonishing quickness.

For wot* you not that I have made him sure†
Unto our cousin,‡ the Earl of Glocester's heir?

Lan. Such news we hear, my lord.

K. Edw. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the§ triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost; we will requite your love.

War. In this or aught your highness shall command us.

K. Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick. Come, let's in and revel.

[*Exeunt all except the elder* MORTIMER *and the younger* MORTIMER.

E. Mor. Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stay'st here.
Leave now to oppose thyself against the king:
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm;
And, seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions;
Great Alexander lov'd Hephæstion,
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept,‖
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd:
And not kings only, but the wisest men;
The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius,
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain light-headed earl;
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

Y. Mor. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me;
But this I scorn, that one so basely-born
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot it with the treasure of the realm,
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay.
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,¶
And, Midas-like, he jets** it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions†† at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd.
I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk:
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and in his Tuscan cap
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others* walk below, the king and he,
From out a window, laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.
Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

E. Mor. But, nephew, now you see the king is chaug'd.

Y. Mor. Then so am I, and live to do him service:
But, whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.
You know my mind: come, uncle, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the younger SPENSER† *and* BALDOCK.

Bald. Spenser,
Seeing that our lord the Earl of Glocester's dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?

Y. Spen. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,
Because the king and he are enemies.
Baldock, learn this of me: a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;
But he that hath the favour of a king
May with one word advance us while we live.
The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man
On whose good fortune Spenser's hope depends.

Bald. What, mean you, then, to be his follower?

Y. Spen. No, his companion; for he loves me well,
And would have once preferr'd me to the king.

Bald. But he is banish'd; there's small hope of him.

Y. Spen. Ay, for a while; but, Baldock, mark the end.
A friend of mine told me in secrecy
That he's repeal'd and sent for back again;
And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king;
And, as she read, she smil'd; which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.

Bald. 'Tis like enough; for, since he was exil'd,
She neither walks abroad nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off,
And that his banishment had chang'd her mind.

Y. Spen. Our lady's first love is not wavering;
My life for thine, she will have Gaveston.

---

* *wot*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2to 1622 "wrote."

† *made him sure*] i. e. affianced him.

‡ *cousin*] Equivalent here to niece. (So in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, the King calls his nephew Hamlet "cousin").

§ *the*] So 4to 1598.—Not in 4tos 1612, 1622.

‖ *The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept*] 2tos 1598, 1612, "*The conquering* Hector, *for Hilas wept.*"—2to 1622, "*The conquering* Hector did *for Hilas weepe.*"

¶ *He wears a lord's revenue on his back*] So in Shakespeare's *Sec. Part of King Henry VI*, act 1. sc. 3,—

"She bears a duke's *revenues on her back*,"—

a line, be it observed, which Shakespeare did not find in the original,—*The First Part of the Contention*, &c.

** *jets*] i. e. struts.

†† *cullions*] i. e. abject fellows,—scoundrels.

* *others*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "other."

† *Enter the younger Spenser*, &c.] Scene, a hall in the mansion of the Duke of Glocester.

Bald. Then hope I by her means to be preferr'd,
Having read unto her since she was a child.
Y. Spen. Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,
And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet-cap'd cloak, fac'd before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
Or making low legs* to a nobleman,
Or looking downward, with your eye-lids close,
And saying, "Truly, an't may please your honour,"
Can get you any favour with great men:
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then stab, as occasion serves.
Bald. Spenser, thou know'st I hate such formal† toys,
And use them but of mere hypocrisy.
Mine old lord, whiles he liv'd, was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And, being like pins' heads, blame me for the bigness;
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kind of villany.
I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod.*
Y. Spen. But one of those that saith *quando-quidem,*
And hath a special gift to form a verb.
Bald. Leave off this jesting; here my lady comes.

Enter KING EDWARD'S Niece.

Niece. The grief for his exile was not so much
As is the joy of his returning home.
This letter came from my sweet Gaveston:
What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?
I know thou couldst not come and visit me.
[*Reads.*
I will not long be from thee, though I die;—
This argues the entire love of my lord;—
[*Reads.*
When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart!—
But stay‡ thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.
[*Puts the letter into her bosom.*
Now to the letter of my lord the king:
He wills me to repair unto the court,
And meet my Gaveston: why do I stay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?—
Who's there? Baldock!
See that my coach* be ready; I must hence.
Bald. It shall be done, madam.
Niece. And meet me at the park-pale presently.
[*Exit* BALDOCK.
Spenser, stay you, and bear me company,
For I have joyful news to tell thee of;
My Lord of Cornwall is a-coming over,
And will be at the court as soon as we.
Y. Spen. I knew the king would have him home again.
Niece. If all things sort out,† as I hope they will,
Thy service, Spenser, shall be thought upon.
Y. Spen. I humbly thank your ladyship.
Niece. Come, lead the way: I long till I am there.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD,‡ QUEEN ISABELLA, KENT, LANCASTER, *the younger* MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *and* Attendants.

K. Edw. The wind is good; I wonder why he stays:
I fear me he is wreck'd upon the sea.
Q. Isab. Look, Lancaster, how passionate§ he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion!
Lan. My lord,—
K. Edw. How now! what news? is Gaveston arriv'd?
Y. Mor. Nothing but Gaveston! what means your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon:
The king of France sets foot in Normandy.
K. Edw. A trifle! we'll expel him when we please.
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device
Against the stately triumph we decreed?
Y. Mor. A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.

---

* *legs*] i. e. bows.
† *formal*] So 4to 1598.—Not in 4tos 1612, 1622.
‡ *stay*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—Not in 4to 1598.

* *coach*] "'The reign of Elizabeth is generally cited as the period when coaches were introduced into England, and under that term carriages of every kind have been considered as included; but long anterior to that reign vehicles with wheels under the denomination of chairs, cars, chariots, caroches, and whirlicotes were used in England.' Mr. Markland on Carriages in England. See *Archæologia*, vol. xx." COLLIER (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).
† *sort out*] "i. e. succeed, or take effect. *Sortir effect.* Cotgrave." REED (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).
‡ *Enter King Edward*, &c.] Scene, before Tynmouth Castle.
§ *passionate*] i. e. sorrowful.

K. Edw. Pray thee, let me know it.

Y. Mor. But, seeing you are so desirous, thus it is;

A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets unto the highest bough of all;
The motto, *Æque tandem.*

K. Edw. And what is yours, my Lord of Lancaster?

Lan. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.

Pliny reports, there is a* flying-fish†
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore, being pursu'd, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it: this fish, my lord, I bear;
The motto this, *Undique mors est.*

Kent.‡ Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconcilement bears?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds?
What call you this but private libelling
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother?

Q. Isab. Sweet husband, be content; they all love you.

K. Edw. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.

I am that cedar; shake me not too much;
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the jesses§ that will pull you down;
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.
Though thou compar'st him to a flying-fish,
And threaten'st death whether he rise or fall,
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest harpy, that shall swallow him.

Y. Mor. If in his absence thus he favours him,
What will he do whenas‖ he shall be present?

Lan. That shall we see: look, where his lordship comes!

Enter GAVESTON.

K. Edw. My Gaveston!
Welcome to Tynmouth! welcome to thy friend!
Thy absence made me droop and pine away;
For, as the lovers of fair Danaë,
When she was lock'd up in a brazen tower,
Desir'd her more, and wax'd outrageous,
So did it fare* with me: and now thy sight
Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

Gav. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth† mine;

Yet have I words left to express my joy:
The shepherd, nipt with biting winter's rage,
Frolics not more to see the painted spring
Than I do to behold your majesty.

K. Edw. Will none of you salute my Gaveston?

Lan. Salute him! yes.—Welcome, Lord Chamberlain!

Y. Mor. Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall!

War. Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of Man!

Pem. Welcome, Master Secretary!

Kent. Brother, do you hear them?

K. Edw. Still will these earls and barons use me thus?

Gav. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.

Q. Isab. Ay me, poor soul, when these begin to jar! [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Return it to their throats; I'll be thy warrant.

Gav. Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home, and eat your tenants' beef;
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low
As to bestow a look on such as you.

Lan. Yet I disdain not to do this for you.

[*Draws his sword, and offers to stab* GAVESTON.

K. Edw. Treason! treason! where's the traitor?

Pem. Here, here!

K. Edw. Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him.‡

---

* *a*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—Not in 4to 1598.

† *flying-fish*] "The *Exocœtus.* See Plinii *Nat. Hist.* lib. ix. 19." REED (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

‡ *Kent*] Old eds. "Edw." (a mistake for "*Edm.*", which is generally the prefix in the old eds. to Kent's speeches). That the present speech belongs to Kent, is proved by the last line of it,—"Against the Earl of Cornwall and *my brother.*"

§ *jesses*] i. e. the short straps round the legs of the hawk, having small rings (called the varvels), to which was fastened the falconer's leash.—Old eds. "gresses" (a mistake for "gesses").

‖ *whenas*] i. e. when.

* *fare*] So 4to 1622.—2tos 1598, 1612, "sure."

† *preventeth*] i. e. anticipateth.

‡ Pem. *Here, here!*
K. Edw. *Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him*] Old eds. (with various pointing),—
"*Pen.* Here here King: conucy hence Gaueston, thail murder him."
(The word "King" is evidently a prefix which has crept by mistake into the text, though elsewhere in this play the speeches of Edward have the prefix "*Edw.*")

Gav. The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.

Y. Mor. Villain, thy life! unless I miss mine aim. [*Wounds* GAVESTON.

Q. Isab. Ah, furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?

Y. Mor. No more than I would answer, were he slain. [*Exit* GAVESTON *with* Attendants.

K. Edw. Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live:

Dear shall you both abide this riotous deed:
Out of my presence! come not near the court.

Y. Mor. I'll not be barr'd the court for Gaveston.

Lan. We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

K. Edw. Look to your own heads; his is sure enough.

War. Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

Kent. Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.

K. Edw. Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus:

But, if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.
Come, Edmund, let's away, and levy men:
'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, QUEEN ISABELLA, *and* KENT.

War. Let's to our castles, for the king is mov'd.

Y. Mor. Mov'd may he be, and perish in his wrath!

Lan. Cousin, it is no dealing with him now;
He means to make us stoop by force of arms;
And therefore let us jointly here protest
To prosecute that Gaveston to the death.

Y. Mor. By heaven, the abject villain shall not live!

War. I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.

Pem. The like oath Pembroke takes.

Lan. And so doth Lancaster.
Now send our heralds to defy the king;
And make the people swear to put him down.

Enter a Messenger.

Y. Mor. Letters! from whence?

Mes. From Scotland, my lord.

[*Giving letters to* MORTIMER.

Lan. Why, how now, cousin! how fare all our friends?

Y. Mor. My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

Lan. We'll have him ransom'd, man: be of good cheer.

Y. Mor. They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.

Who should defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?
I'll to the king.

Lan. Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.

War. Meantime my Lord of Pembroke and myself
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.

Y. Mor. About it, then, and we will follow you.

Lan. Be resolute and full of secrecy.

War. I warrant you. [*Exit with* PEMBROKE.

Y. Mor. Cousin, an if he will not ransom him,
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears
As never subject did unto his king.

Lan. Content; I'll bear my part.—Holla! who's there?

Enter Guard.

Y. Mor. Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well.

Lan. Lead on the way.

Guard. Whither will your lordships?

Y. Mor. Whither else but to the king?

Guard. His highness is dispos'd to be alone.

Lan. Why, so he may; but we will speak to him.

Guard. You may not in, my lord.

Y. Mor. May we not?

Enter KING EDWARD *and* KENT.*

K. Edw. How now!
What noise is this? who have we there? is't you? [*Going.*

Y. Mor. Nay, stay, my lord; I come to bring you news;
Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

K. Edw. Then ransom him.

Lan. 'Twas in your wars; you should ransom him.

Y. Mor. And you shall ransom him, or else—

Kent. What, Mortimer, you will not threaten him?

K. Edw. Quiet yourself; you shall have the broad seal,
To gather for him th[o]roughout the realm.

* *Enter King Edward and Kent*] A change of scene is supposed here—to the interior of Tynmouth-Castle.

Lan. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.

Y. Mor. My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,
'Twould* levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

K. Edw. Shall I still be haunted † thus?

Y. Mor. Nay, now you are here alone, I'll speak my mind.

Lan. And so will I; and then, my lord, farewell.

Y. Mor. The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak; ‡
The murmuring commons, overstretchèd, break. §

Lan. Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd:
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates;
The wild Oneil, with swarms of Irish kerns, ‖
Lives uncontroll'd within the English pale;
Unto the walls of York the Scots make ¶ road,**
And, unresisted, drive away rich spoils.

Y. Mor. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,††
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigg'd.

Lan. What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?

Y. Mor. Who loves thee, but a sort ‡‡ of flatterers?

Lan. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Y. Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make a king seem glorious to the world,
I mean the peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love;
Libels are cast again §§ thee in the street;
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

Lan. The northern borderers, seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Y. Mor. When wert thou in the field with banner * spread,
But once? and then thy soldiers march'd like players,
With garish robes, not armour; and thyself,
Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down.

Lan. And thereof came it that the fleering Scots,
To England's high disgrace, have made this jig; †
Maids of England,‡ sore may you mourn,
For your lemans § you have lost at Bannocksbourn,—
With a heave and a ho! ‖
What weeneth the king of England
So soon to have won Scotland?—
With a rombelow!

Y. Mor. Wigmore¶ shall fly, to set my uncle free.

Lan. And, when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.
If you be mov'd, revenge it as ** you can:
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

[*Exit with* Y. Mortimer.

K. Edw. My swelling heart for †† very anger breaks:
How oft have I been baited by these peers,
And dare not be reveng'd, for their power is great!
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,
And let their lives'-blood slake thy fury's hunger.
If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.

Kent. My lord, I see your love to Gaveston

---

* *'Twould*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "Would."

† *haunted*] One modern editor prints "taunted."—But compare, in our author's *Faustus*, 4to, 1616, "*shall I be haunted* still?" see p. 126, sec. col.

‡ *thy treasury dry, and made thee weak*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "*thy* treasure *drie, and made* the *weake.*"

§ *break*] So the modern editors.—Old eds. "hath."

‖ *Irish kerns*] i. e. Irish foot-soldiers of the lowest description.

¶ *make*] Old eds. "made," and in the next line "draue"; but the present tense is obviously necessary here.

** *road*] i. e. inroad.

†† *The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas*] So in *The Third Part of K. Henry VI*, act i, sc. i,—"Stern Faulconbridge *commands the narrow seas*,"—a line retained by Shakespeare from *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of York.*

‡‡ *sort*] i. e. set.

§§ *again*] i. e. against. So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "against."

* *banner*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2to 1622 "banners."

† *jig*] i. e. ballad.

‡ *Maids of England*, &c.] Taken (with very slight variations) from Fabyan's *Chron.* vol. ii. fol. 169, ed. 1559.

§ *lemans*] i. e. lovers.

‖ *With a heave and a ho!*

. . . . . .

With a rombelow!] Common burdens to songs: see Skelton's *Works*, ii. 110, ed. Dyce.

¶ *Wigmore*] "Mortimer junior was of Wigmore." Gilchrist (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

** *as*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2to 1622 "if."

†† *for*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2to 1622 "with."

Will be the ruin of the realm and you,
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars;
And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.

K. Edw. Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?

Kent. Ay; and it grieves me that I favour'd him.

K. Edw. Traitor, be gone! whine thou with Mortimer.

Kent. So will I, rather than with Gaveston.

K. Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more!

Kent. No marvel though thou scorn thy noble peers,
When I thy brother am rejected thus.

K. Edw. Away! [*Exit* KENT.

Poor Gaveston, that hast no friend but me!
Do what they can, we'll live in Tynmouth here;
And, so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the earls begirt us round?
Here comes she that is cause of all these jars.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, *with* EDWARD'S Niece, *two* Ladies, GAVESTON, BALDOCK, *and the younger* SPENSER.

Q. Isab. My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.

K. Edw. Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favour 'em.*

Q. Isab. Thus do you still suspect me without cause.

Niece. Sweet uncle, speak more kindly to the queen.

Gav. My lord, dissemble with her; speak her fair.

K. Edw. Pardon me, sweet; I forgot myself.

Q. Isab. Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel.

K. Edw. The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.

Gav. Why do you not commit him to the Tower?

K. Edw. I dare not, for the people love him well.

Gav. Why, then, we'll have him privily made away.

K. Edw. Would Lancaster and he had both carous'd
A bowl of poison to each other's health!
But let them go, and tell me what are these.

Niece. Two of my father's servants whilst he liv'd:
May't please your grace to entertain them now.

K. Edw. Tell me, where wast thou born? what is thine arms?

Bald. My name is Baldock, and my gentry
I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry.

K. Edw. The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.

Bald. I humbly thank your majesty.

K. Edw. Knowest thou him, Gaveston?

Gav. Ay, my lord;
His name is Spenser; he is well allied:
For my sake let him wait upon your grace;
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

K. Edw. Then, Spenser, wait upon me for his sake:
I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.

Y. Spen. No greater titles happen unto me
Than to be favour'd of your majesty!

K. Edw. Cousin, this day shall be your marriage-feast:—
And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well,
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir
Unto the Earl of Glocester late deceas'd.

Gav. I know, my lord, many will stomach me;*
But I respect neither their love nor hate.

K. Edw. The headstrong barons shall not limit me;
He that I list to favour shall be great.
Come, let's away; and, when the marriage ends,
Have at the rebels and their complices! [*Exeunt.*

Enter KENT,† LANCASTER, *the younger* MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *and others.*

Kent. My lords, of love to this our native land,
I come to join with you, and leave the king;
And in your quarrel, and the realm's behoof,
Will be the first that shall adventure life.

Lan. I fear me, you are sent of policy,
To undermine us with a show of love.

War. He is your brother; therefore have we cause
To cast‡ the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

Kent. Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth:
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords.

Y. Mor. Stay, Edmund: never was Plantagenet
False of his word; and therefore trust we thee.

Pem. But what's the reason you should leave him now?

** 'em*] Old eds. "him."

* *stomach me*] See note *, p. 186.

† *Enter Kent*, &c.] Scene, near Tynmouth Castle.

‡ *cast*] i. e. conjecture.

Kent. I have inform'd the Earl of Lancaster.
Lan. And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,
That Gaveston is secretly arriv'd,
And here in Tynmouth frolics with the king.
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
And suddenly surprise them unawares.
Y. Mor. I'll give the onset.
War. And I'll follow thee.
Y. Mor. This tatter'd* ensign of my ancestors,
Which swept the desert shore of that Dead Sea
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,
Will I advance upon this castle['s] walls.—
Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston!
Lan. None be so hardy as to† touch the king;
But neither spare you Gaveston nor his friends.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter, severally, KING EDWARD‡ *and the younger* SPENSER.

K. Edw. O, tell me, Spenser, where is Gaveston?
Y. Spen. I fear me he is slain, my gracious lord.
K. Edw. No, here he comes: now let them spoil and kill.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, KING EDWARD'S Niece, GAVESTON, *and* Nobles.

Fly, fly, my lords; the earls have got the hold;
Take shipping, and away to Scarborough:
Spenser and I will post away by land.
Gav. O, stay, my lord! they will not injure you.
K. Edw. I will not trust them. Gaveston, away!
Gav. Farewell, my lord.
K. Edw. Lady, farewell.
Nicce. Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again.
K. Edw. Farewell, sweet Gaveston; and farewell, niece.
Q. Isab. No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen?
K. Edw. Yes, yes, for Mortimer your lover's sake.
Q. Isab. Heavens can witness, I love none but you.
[*Exeunt all except* QUEEN ISABELLA.
From my embracements thus he breaks away.
O, that mine arms could close this isle about,
That I might pull him to me where I would!
Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine eyes,
Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That, when I had him, we might never part!

Enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, *the younger* MORTIMER, *and others. Alarums within.*

Lan. I wonder how he scap'd.
Y. Mor. Who's this? the queen!
Q. Isab. Ay, Mortimer, the miserable queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted:
These hands are tir'd with haling of my lord
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston;
And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.
Y. Mor. Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king?
Q. Isab. What would you with the king? is't him you seek?
Lan. No, madam, but that cursèd Gaveston:
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster
To offer violence to his sovereign!
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston:
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.
Q. Isab. He's gone by water unto Scarborough:
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.
War. Forslow* no time, sweet Lancaster; let's march.
Y. Mor. How comes it that the king and he is parted?
Q. Isab. That thus† your army, going several ways,
Might be of lesser force, and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppress'd: therefore‡ be gone.
Y. Mor. Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy:
Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.
Lan. The wind that bears him hence will fill our sails:
Come, come, aboard! 'tis but an hour's sailing.
Y. Mor. Madam, stay you within this castle here.

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* *tatter'd*] Old eds. "tottered": but towards the end of this play the two carliest 4tos have,—
"As doth this water from my *tattered* robes."
And see note ‡, p. 170.

† *to*] So 4to 1622.—Not in 4tos 1598, 1612.

‡ *Enter, severally King Edward,* &c.] Scene, within Tynmouth Castle.

* *Forslow*] i. e. delay.

† *thus*] Old eds. "this."

‡ *suppress'd: therefore*] So 4to 1622.—2tos 1598, 1612, "*suppress: and therefore.*"

Q. Isab. No, Mortimer; I'll to my lord the king.

Y. Mor. Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

Q. Isab. You know the king is so suspicious
As, if he hear I have but talk'd with you,
Mine honour will be call'd in question;
And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.

Y. Mor. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you:
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

[*Exeunt all except* QUEEN ISABELLA.

Q. Isab. So well hast thou deserv'd, sweet Mortimer,
As Isabel could live with thee for ever.
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fix'd on none but Gaveston.
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer:
If he be strange, and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain
How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love:
But yet, I hope, my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessèd day be slain. [*Exit.*

Enter GAVESTON,* *pursued.*

Gav. Yet, lusty lords, I have escap'd your hands,
Your threats, your 'larums, and your hot pursuits;
And, though divorcèd from King Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurpris'd,
Breathing in hope (malgrado* all your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To see† his royal sovereign once again.

Enter WARWICK, LANCASTER, PEMBROKE, *the younger* MORTIMER, Soldiers, JAMES *and other* Attendants *of* PEMBROKE.

War. Upon him, soldiers! take away his weapons!

Y. Mor. Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield! and, were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.

Lan. Monster of men,
That, like the Greekish strumpet, train'd to arms
And bloody wars so many valiant knights,
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death!
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

War. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave?—
Go, soldiers, take him hence; for, by my sword,
His head shall off.—Gaveston, short warning
Shall serve thy turn: it is our country's cause
That here severely we will execute
Upon thy person.—Hang him at a bough.

Gav. My lord,—

War. Soldiers, have him away.—
But, for thou wert the favourite of a king,
Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands.‡

Gav. I thank you all, my lords: then I perceive
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

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* *Enter Gaveston,* &c.] There is such uncertainty about the location of this scene, that I can only mark it—an open country.

It may not be amiss to state the real circumstances which attended the close of Gaveston's career.—The king and Gaveston fled by sea from Tynmouth to Scarborough; the king then repaired to York, while Gaveston remained in Scarborough Castle, to which the Earls of Surrey and Pembroke, commissioned by the Earl of Lancaster, laid siege. "It was in vain that Edward sent them a mandate to retire. The unfortunate Gaveston finding the place untenable, surrendered with the king's consent to the Earl of Pembroke, on condition, that if no accommodation were effected before the first of August, he should be reinstated in the possession of Scarborough. It had been agreed that the prisoner should be confined in his own castle of Wallingford: and the earl and the lord Henry Percy bound themselves for his safety to the king, under the forfeiture of their lands, limbs, and lives. From Scarborough Gaveston proceeded under their protection towards Wallingford; at Dedington, Pembroke left him in the custody of his servants, and departed to spend the night with his countess in the neighbourhood. The captive retired to rest without any suspicion of danger: but 'the Black Dog [Warwick] had sworn that the favourite should feel his teeth'; and before dawn he received a peremptory order to dress himself and leave his chamber. At the gate, instead of his former guards, he found, to his astonishment, his enemy the earl of Warwick, with a numerous force. He was immediately placed on a mule, and conducted to the castle of Warwick, where his arrival was announced by martial music and shouts of triumph. There the chiefs of the party sat in council over the fate of their prisoner. To a proposal to save his life, a voice replied, 'You have caught the fox: if you let him go, you will have to hunt him again': and it was ultimately resolved to disregard the capitulation, and to put him to death in conformity with one of the ordinances. When his doom was announced, Gaveston threw himself at the feet of the earl of Lancaster; and implored, but in vain, the pity and protection of his 'gentle lord.' He was hurried to Blacklow-hill (now Gaversike), and beheaded in the presence of the earls of Lancaster, Hereford, and Surrey." Lingard's *Hist. of England*, vol. iii. 15, ed. 1849.

* *malgrado*] i. e. in spite of (Ital.).

† *see*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "these."

‡ *our hands*] After these words, a line in which Warwick said something about Gaveston's being *beheaded*, has dropt out.

Enter ARUNDEL.

Lan. How now, my Lord of Arundel!

Arun. My lords, King Edward greets you all by me.

War. Arundel, say your message.

Arun. His majesty, hearing that you had taken Gaveston,*
Entreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies; for why,† he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall;
And, if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

War. How now!

Gav. Renowmèd‡ Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston!

War. No, it needeth not:
Arundel, we will gratify the king
In other matters; he must pardon us in this.—
Soldiers, away with him!

Gav. Why, my Lord of Warwick,
Will now these short delays beget my hopes?§
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at:
Yet grant King Edward this.

Y. Mor. Shalt thou appoint
What we shall grant?—Soldiers, away with him!—
Thus we'll gratify the king;
We'll send his head by thee: let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.

Lan. Not so, my lord, lest he bestow more cost
In burying him than he hath ever earn'd.

Arun. My lords, it is his majesty's request,
And in‖ the honour of a king he swears,
He will but talk with him, and send him back.

War. When, can you tell? Arundel, no; we wot,
He that the care of his realm remits,¶
And drives his nobles to these exigents
For Gaveston, will, if he seize him once,
Violate any promise to possess him.

Arun. Then, if you will not trust his grace in keep,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.

Y. Mor. 'Tis honourable in thee to offer this;
But, for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so,
To make away a true* man for a thief.

Gav. How mean'st thou, Mortimer? that is over-base.

Y. Mor. Away, base groom, robber of king's renown!
Question with thy companions and mates.

Pem. My Lord Mortimer, and you, my lords, each one,
To gratify the king's request therein,
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will upon mine honour undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again;
Provided this, that you, my Lord of Arundel,
Will join with me.

War. Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloodshed? is it not enough
That we have taken him, but must we now
Leave him on "Had I wist,"† and let him go?

Pem. My lords, I will not over-woo your honours:
But, if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,
Upon mine oath, I will return him back.

Arun. My Lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?

Lan. Why, I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.

Pem. And you, Lord Mortimer?

Y. Mor. How say you, my Lord of Warwick?

War. Nay, do your pleasures: I know how 'twill prove.

Pem. Then give him me.

Gav. Sweet sovereign, yet I come
To see thee ere I die!

War. Yet not perhaps,
If Warwick's wit and policy prevail. [*Aside.*

---

* *hearing that you had taken Gaveston*] Qy. either "*hearing you had taken Gaveston*"? or "*hearing that you had* ta'en *Gaveston*"?

† *for why*] i.e. because, for this reason that.

‡ *Renowmèd*] See note ‖, p. 11. So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "Renowned."

§ *Will now these short delays beget my hopes*] Old eds., "*Will* not *these delaies beget my hopes?*" The modern editors print,
"*Will these delays beget* me any *hopes?*"

‖ *in*] i. e. on. See note †, p. 17.

¶ *He that the care of his realm remits*] Here "*care*" is a dissyllable,—as in a later line of the play,—
"My lord, be going: *care* not for these".
(So, too, we presently have "*spare*" as a dissyllable,—
"And, Spenser, *spare* them not, lay it on.")
2to 1598,—
"*He that the care of realme remits.*"
2tos 1612, 1622,—
"*He that* hath *the care of Realme-remits.*"

* *true*] i. e. honest.

† *Had I wist*] i. e. had I known,—the exclamation of those who repent of what they have rashly done.

Y. Mor. My Lord of Pembroke, we deliver him you:
Return him on your honour.—Sound, away!

[*Exeunt all except* PEMBROKE, ARUNDEL,* GAVESTON, JAMES *and other* Attendants *of* PEMBROKE.

Pem. My lord, you† shall go with me:
My house is not far hence; out of the way
A little; but our men shall go along.
We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
Sir, must not come so near to balk their lips.

Arun. 'Tis very kindly spoke, my Lord of Pembroke:
Your honour hath an adamant of power
To draw a prince.

Pem. So, my lord.—Come hither, James:
I do commit this Gaveston to thee;
Be thou this night his keeper; in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge: be gone.

Gav. Unhappy Gaveston, whither go'st thou now?

[*Exit with* JAMES *and other* Attendants *of* PEMBROKE.

Horse-boy. My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GAVESTON ‡ *mourning,* JAMES *and other* Attendants *of* PEMBROKE.

Gav. O treacherous Warwick, thus to wrong thy friend!

James. I see it is your life these arms pursue.§

Gav. Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?
O, must this day be period of my life,
Centre of all‖ my bliss? An ye be men,
Speed to the king.

Enter WARWICK *and* Soldiers.

War. My Lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no longer: I will have that Gaveston.

James. Your lordship doth dishonour to yourself,
And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.

War. No, James; it is my country's cause I follow.—
Go, take the villain: soldiers, come away;
We'll make quick work.—Commend me to your master,
My friend, and tell him that I watch'd it well.—
Come, let thy shadow parley with King Edward.

Gav. Treacherous earl, shall not I see the king?

War. The king of heaven perhaps, no other king.—
Away!

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* Soldiers *with* GAVESTON.

James. Come, fellows: it booted* not for us to strive:
We will in haste go certify our lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD,† *the younger* SPENSER, BALDOCK, Noblemen *of the king's side, and* Soldiers *with drums and fifes.*

K. Edw. I long to hear an answer from the barons
Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
Ah, Spenser, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him! ah, he is mark'd to die!
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer;
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable; and I shall never see
My lovely Pierce of Gaveston again:
The barons overbear me with their pride.

Y. Spen. Were I King Edward, England's sovereign,
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longshanks' issue, would I bear
These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontroll'd
These barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech:
Did you retain your father's magnanimity,
Did you regard the honour of your name,
You would not suffer thus your majesty
Be counterbuff'd of your nobility.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles:
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.

K. Edw. Yea, gentle Spenser, we have been too mild,

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* *Arundel*] Old eds. "Mat." and "Matreuis." See note *, p. 203.

† *My lord, you*] Qy. "*My Lord* of Arundel, *you*"?

‡ *Enter Gaveston,* &c.] Scene, another part of the country. See note *, p. 200.

§ *it is your life these arms pursue*] The words "arms" and "aims" are very frequently confounded by our old printers; but that "arms" is the right reading here is proved by a later passage of this play,—

"And all the land, I know, is up in *arms*,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate."

‖ *all*] So 4to 1598.—Not in 4tos 1612, 1622.

* *booted*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "booteth."

† *Enter King Edward,* &c.] Edward had retired to Berwick when he first heard the news of Gaveston's death, which is announced to him at p. 204, first col.: but, as the great defeat of the barons, which presently takes place, p. 205, sec. col., was at Borowbridge, this scene may be supposed to pass in Yorkshire. The reader must have already perceived how little Marlowe thought about the location of the scenes.

Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword,
And, if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it on their crest[s], and poll their tops.
Bald. This haught* resolve becomes your majesty,
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highness were a school-boy still,
And must be aw'd and govern'd like a child.

Enter the elder SPENSER† *with his truncheon, and* Soldiers.

E. Spen. Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!
K. Edw. Welcome, old man: com'st thou in Edward's aid?
Then tell thy‡ prince of whence and what thou art.
E. Spen. Lo, with a band of bow-men and of pikes,
Brown bills and targeteers, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spenser, the father of Hugh Spenser there,
Bound to your highness everlastingly
For favour done, in him, unto us all.
K. Edw. Thy father, Spenser?
Y. Spen. True, an it like your grace,
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.
K. Edw. Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again!
Spenser, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spenser, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,
That, as the sun-shine, shall reflect o'er thee.
Beside, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us t'outbid the barons;
And, Spenser, spare§ them not, lay it on.—
Soldiers, a largess, and thrice-welcome all!
Y. Spen. My lord, here comes‖ the queen.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, *and* LEVUNE.

K. Edw. Madam, what news?
Q. Isab. News of dishonour, lord, and discontent.
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That Lord Valois our brother, king of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seizèd Normandy into his hands:
These be the letters, this the messenger.
K. Edw. Welcome, Levune.—Tush, Sib, if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again.—
But to my Gaveston: shall I never see,
Never behold thee now?—Madam, in this matter
We will employ you and your little son;
You shall go parley with the king of France.—
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.
P. Edw. Commit not to my youth things of more weight
Than fits a prince so young as I to bear;
And fear not, lord and father,—heaven's great beams
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.
Q. Isab. Ah, boy, this towardness makes thy mother fear
Thou art not mark'd to many days on earth!
K. Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipp'd,
And this our son: Levune shall follow you
With all the haste we can despatch him hence.
Choose of our lords to bear you company;
And go in peace; leave us in wars at home.
Q. Isab. Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king:
God end them once! My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.
[*Exit with* PRINCE EDWARD.

Enter ARUNDEL.*

K. Edw. What, Lord Arundel, dost thou come alone?

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* *haught*] i. e. high.

† *the elder Spenser*] Old eds. "Hugh Spencer, an old man, father to the young Spencer."

‡ *thy*] Old eds. "the."

§ *spare*] See note ¶, p. 201.

‖ *comes*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "come."

* *Arundel*] Old eds. "Lord Matre." and "Lord Matreuis"; and so in all the other places of this scene, both in the dialogue and the prefixes, where I have substituted "Arundel" and "*Arun.*": compare the scene, p. 201, first col., in which Arundel delivers the king's message to the barons. This mistake (which has occurred before in the old eds., see note *, p. 202, and is afterwards repeated, see note *, p. 208) was occasioned most probably by the parts of Arundel and Matrevis having been played by one and the same actor.

Arun. Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.

K. Edw. Ah, traitors, have they put my friend to death?

Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

Arun. Neither, my lord; for, as he was surpris'd,
Begirt with weapons and with enemies round,
I did your highness' message to them all,
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honour of my name,
That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.

K. Edw. And, tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

Y. Spen. Proud recreants!

K. Edw. Yea, Spenser, traitors all!

Arun. I found them at the first inexorable;
The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly; Pembroke and Lancaster
Spake least; and when they flatly had denied,
Refusing to receive me* pledge for him,
The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake;
"My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe return'd,
I will this undertake, to have him hence,
And see him re-deliver'd to your hands."

K. Edw. Well, and how fortunes [it] that he came not?

Y. Spen. Some treason or some villany was cause.

Arun. The Earl of Warwick seiz'd him on his way;
For, being deliver'd unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home, thinking his prisoner safe;
But, ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bare him to his death; and in a trench
Strake † off his head, and march'd unto the camp.

Y. Spen. A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of arms!

K. Edw. O, shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die!

Y. Spen. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword
Upon these barons; hearten up your men;
Let them not unreveng'd murder your friends:
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting-holes.

K. Edw. [*kneeling.*] By earth, the common mother of us all,
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof,
By this right hand, and by my father's sword,
And all the honours 'longing to my crown,
I will have heads and lives for him as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers!—
[*Rises.*
Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colours may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally
On your accursèd traitorous progeny,
You villains that have slain my Gaveston!—
And in this place of honour and of trust,
Spenser, sweet Spenser, I adopt thee here;
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Glocester and Lord Chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

Y. Spen. My lord, here's* a messenger from the barons
Desires access unto your majesty.

K. Edw. Admit him near.

Enter Herald *with his coat of arms.*

Her. Long live King Edward, England's lawful lord!

K. Edw. So wish not they, I wis, that sent thee hither:
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his complices:
A ranker rout† of rebels never was.
Well, say thy message.

Her. The barons, up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;
And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood
You will this grief have ease and remedy,
That from your princely person you remove
This Spenser, as a putrifying branch
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves‡
Empale your princely head, your diadem;
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they, and lovingly advise your grace
To cherish virtue and nobility,
And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:

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* *me*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2tos 1622 "my."—Compare, "My lords, *I will be pledge* for his return," p. 201, sec. col.

† *Strake*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "Stroke."

* *here's*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "*heres* is."

† *rout*] i. e. crew. So 4to 1622.—2tos 1598, 1612, "roote."

‡ *leaves*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "leaue."

This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate.
Y. Spen. Ah, traitors, will they still display their pride?
K. Edw. Away! tarry no answer, but be gone!—
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?—
Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce
[*Embraces Young* SPENSER.
Spenser from me. Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murdering Gaveston: hie thee, get thee gone!
Edward, with fire and sword, follows at thy heels. [*Exit* Herald.
My lord[s], perceive you how these rebels swell?—
Soldiers, good hearts! defend your sovereign's right,
For, now, even now, we march to make them stoop.
Away!
[*Exeunt. Alarums, excursions, a great fight, and a retreat sounded, within.*

Re-enter KING EDWARD, *the elder* SPENSER, *the younger* SPENSER, BALDOCK, *and* Noblemen *of the king's side.*

K. Edw. Why do we sound retreat? upon them, lords!
This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are up in arms,
And do confront and countermand their king.
Y. Spen. I doubt it not, my lord; right will prevail.
E. Spen. 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part
To breathe a while; our men, with sweat and dust
All chok'd well near, begin to faint for heat;
And this retire refresheth horse and man.
Y. Spen. Here come the rebels.

Enter the younger MORTIMER, LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *and others.*

Y. Mor. Look, Lancaster, yonder is Edward
Among his flatterers.
Lan. And there let him be,
Till he pay dearly for their company.
War. And shall, or Warwick's sword shall smite in vain.
K. Edw. What, rebels, do you shrink and sound retreat?
Y. Mor. No, Edward, no; thy flatterers faint and fly.
Lan. They'd best betimes forsake thee and their trains,*
For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.
Y. Spen. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster!
Pem. Away, base upstart! brav'st thou nobles thus?
E. Spen. A noble attempt and honourable deed,
Is it† not, trow ye, to assemble aid
And levy arms against your lawful king?
K. Edw. For which, ere long, their heads shall satisfy
T' appease the wrath of their offended king.
Y. Mor. Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood
Than banish that pernicious company?
K. Edw. Ay, traitors all, rather than thus be brav'd,
Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones,
And ploughs to go about our palace-gates.
War. A desperate and unnatural resolution!—
Alarum to the fight!
Saint George for England, and the barons' right!
K. Edw. Saint George for England, and King Edward's right!
[*Alarums. Exeunt the two parties severally.*

Enter KING EDWARD‡ *and his followers, with the* Barons *and* KENT *captive.*

K. Edw. Now, lusty lords, now not by chance of war,
But justice of the quarrel and the cause,
Vail'd§ is your pride: methinks you hang the heads;
But we'll advance them, traitors: now 'tis time
To be aveng'd on you for all your braves,
And for the murder of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favourite:
Ah, rebels, recreants, you made him away!
Kent. Brother, in regard of thee and of thy land,
Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.
K. Edw. So, sir, you have spoke: away, avoid our presence! [*Exit Kent.*
Accursèd wretches, was't in regard of us,

**trains*] i. e. stratagems.
† *Is it*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "It is."
‡ *Enter King Edward, &c.*] Another part of the field.
§ *Vail'd*] i. e. lowered.

When we had sent our messenger * to request
He might be spar'd to come to speak with us,
And Pembroke undertook for his return,
That thou, proud Warwick, watch'd the prisoner,
Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainst law of arms?
For which thy head shall overlook the rest
As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest.

War. Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces;
It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.

Lan. The worst is death; and better die to live
Than live in infamy under such a king.

K. Edw. Away with them, my Lord of Winchester!
These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly, off with both their heads!
Away!

War. Farewell, vain world!

Lan. Sweet Mortimer, farewell!

Y. Mor. England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief! behold how thou art maim'd!

K. Edw. Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower;
There see him safe bestow'd; and, for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all.
Be gone!

Y. Mor. What, Mortimer, can ragged stony walls
Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?
No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be;
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.

[*The captive* Barons *are led off.*

K. Edw. Sound, drums and trumpets! March with me, my friends.
Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew.

[*Exeunt all except the younger* Spenser, Levune, *and* Baldock.

Y. Spen. Levune, the trust that we repose in thee
Begets the quiet of King Edward's land:
Therefore be gone in haste, and with advice
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suffer'd Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danaë, all aid may be denied
To Isabel the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
And step into his father's regiment.†

Levune. That's it these barons and the subtle queen
Long levell'd * at.

Bal. Yea, but, Levune, thou seest,
These barons lay their heads on blocks together:
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.

Levune. Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll clap so † close
Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

Y. Spen. Then make for France amain; Levune, away!
Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Kent.‡

Kent. Fair blows the wind for France: blow, gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arriv'd for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this!
A brother? no, a butcher of thy friends!
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?
But I'll to France, and cheer the wrongèd queen,
And certify what Edward's looseness is.
Unnatural king, to slaughter noblemen
And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay
Thy sweet escape. Stand gracious, gloomy night,
To his device!

Enter the younger Mortimer *disguised.*

Y. Mor. Holla! who walketh there?
Is't you, my lord?

Kent. Mortimer, 'tis I.
But hath thy potion wrought so happily? §

Y. Mor. It hath, my lord: the warders all asleep,
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?

Kent. Fear it not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen Isabella ‖ *and* Prince Edward.

Q. Isab. Ah, boy, our friends do fail us all in France!
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind.
What shall we do? ¶

---

* *messenger*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "messengers."
† *regiment*] i. e. rule, government.

* *levell'd*] Old eds. "leuied."
† *clap so*] Old eds. "claps."
‡ *Enter Kent*] Scene, London, near the Tower.
§ *But hath thy potion wrought so happily?*] For a highly poetical description of Mortimer's escape from the Tower, see the Third Book of *The Barons' Wars* by Drayton (who makes the Queen furnish Mortimer with the potion and watch his flight).
‖ *Enter Queen Isabella*, &c.] Scene, Paris.
¶ *do*] So 4tos 1598, 1622.—2to 1612 "goe."

P. Edw. Madam, return to England,
And please my father well; and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendship here in France!
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly;
'A loves me better than a thousand Spensers.
Q. Isab. Ah, boy, thou art deceiv'd, at least in this,
To think that we can yet be tun'd together!
No, no, we jar too far.—Unkind Valois!
Unhappy Isabel, when France rejects,
Whither, O, whither dost* thou bend thy steps?

Enter SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.

Sir J. Madam, what cheer?
Q. Isab. Ah, good Sir John of Hainault,
Never so cheerless nor so far distrest!
Sir J. I hear, sweet lady, of the king's unkindness:
But droop not, madam; noble minds contemn
Despair. Will your grace with me to Hainault,
And there stay time's advantage with your son?—
How say you, my lord? will you go with your friends,
And shake off all our fortunes equally?
P. Edw. So pleaseth the queen my mother, me it likes:
The king of England, nor the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff;
And then have at the proudest Spenser's head!
Sir J. Well said, my lord!
Q. Isab. O my sweet heart, how do I moan thy wrongs,
Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy!—
Ah, sweet Sir John, even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, on† the shore of Tanais,
Will we with thee to Hainault—so we will:
The marquis is a noble gentleman;
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.—
But who are these?

Enter KENT *and the younger* MORTIMER.

Kent. Madam, long may you live
Much happier than your friends in England do!
Q. Isab. Lord Edmund, and Lord Mortimer alive!
Welcome to France! the news was here, my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.
Y. Mor. Lady, the last was truest of the twain:
But Mortimer, reserv'd for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the Tower,
And lives t' advance your standard, good my lord.
P. Edw. How mean you, and the king my father lives?
No, my Lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.
Q. Isab. Not, son! why not? I would it were no worse!—
But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.
Y. Mor. Monsieur Le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Told us, at our arrival, all the news,—
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath shew'd himself: but, madam, right makes room
Where weapons want; and, though a many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our part* and faction,
Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England,
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there, appointed† for our foes.
Kent. Would all were well, and Edward well reclaim'd,
For England's honour, peace, and quietness!
Y. Mor. But by the sword, my lord, 't must be deserv'd:‡
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.
Sir J. My lords of England, sith§ th' ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms
To this distressèd queen, his sister, here,
Go you with her to Hainault: doubt ye not
We will find comfort, money, men, and friends,
Ere long to bid the English king a base.||—
How say'st,¶ young prince, what think you** of the match?
P. Edw. I think King Edward will outrun us all.
Q. Isab. Nay, son, not so; and you must not discourage
Your friends, that are so forward in your aid.

---

* *dost*] Qy. "must"?

† *on*] Old eds. "or." The meaning seems to be,—We will with thee to Hainault, even if it were situated on the utmost verge of Europe, &c.

* *part*] Old eds. "partie" and "party."

† *appointed*] i.e. accoutred, furnished with necessaries.

‡ *deserv'd*] Equivalent here to—earned. In p. 201, first col., we have had "earn'd" in the sense of "deserved."

§ *sith*] i. e. since.

|| *to bid the English king a base*] To *bid a base* is—to run fast, challenging another to pursue,—in allusion to the game of *Prison-base* or *Prison-bars*.

¶ *say'st*] Old eds. "say" (which might stand, if "How" were altered to "Now").

** *you*] So 4tos 1598, 1622.—Not in 4to 1612.

Kent. Sir John of Hainault, pardon us, I pray:
These comforts that you give our woful queen
Bind us in kindness all at your command.

Q. Isab. Yea, gentle brother:—and the God of heaven
Prosper your happy motion, good Sir John!

Y. Mor. This noble gentleman, forward in arms,
Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.—
Sir John of Hainault, be it thy renown,
That England's queen and nobles in distress
Have been by thee restor'd and comforted.

Sir J. Madam, along; and you, my lord[s], with me,
That England's peers may Hainault's welcome see. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD *, ARUNDEL, *the elder* SPENSER, *the younger* SPENSER, *and others.*

K. Edw. Thus, after many threats of wrathful war,
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends,
And triumph Edward with his friends uncontroll'd!—
My Lord of Glocester, do you hear the news?

Y. Spen. What news, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realm.—My Lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not?

Arun. From the Lieutenant of the Tower, my lord.

K. Edw. I pray, let us see it. [*Takes the note from* ARUN.]—What have we there?—
Read it, Spenser.

[*Gives the note to young* SPENSER, *who reads their names.*†

Why, so: they bark'd apace a month‡ ago;
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite.
Now, sirs, the news from France? Glocester, I trow,
The lords of France love England's gold so well
As Isabella § gets no aid from thence.
What now remains? have you proclaim'd, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?

Y. Spen. My lord, we have; and, if he be in England,
'A will be had ere long, I doubt it not.

K. Edw. If, dost thou say? Spenser, as true as death,
He is in * England's ground: our port-masters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news with thee? from whence come these?

Mes. Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of France;—
To you, my Lord of Glocester, from Levune.

[*Gives letters to* Y. SPENSER.

K. Edw. Read.

Y. Spen. [reading.] *My duty in your honour premised, &c., I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the King of France his lords, and effected that the queen, all discontented and discomforted, is gone: whither, if you ask, with Sir John of Hainault, brother to the marquis, into Flanders. With them are gone Lord Edmund and the Lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others; and, as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for them. This is all the news of import.*

Your honour's in all service, Levune.

K. Edw. Ah, villains, hath that Mortimer escap'd?
With him is Edmund gone associate?
And will Sir John of Hainault lead the round?
Welcome, o' God's name, madam, and your son!
England shall welcome you and all your rout.†
Gallop apace, bright Phœbus,‡ through the sky;
And, dusky Night, in rusty iron car,
Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desirèd day,
When we may meet these traitors in the field!
Ah, nothing grieves me, but my little boy
Is thus misled to countenance their ills!

---

* *Enter King Edward,* &c.] Scene, an apartment in the royal palace.—Old eds. have here "*Enter the king,* Matr. (and "Matreuis"), *the two Spencers, with others,*" and prefix "Matr." to the fourth speech of this scene. See note *, p. 203.

† *their names*] i. e. the names of those executed.—It must be remembered that this play, like most of the early dramas which we possess, was first printed from the prompter's copy.

‡ *a month*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "not long."

§ *Isabella*] Old eds. "Isabell."

* *in*] i. e. on. See note †, p. 17.

† *rout*] i. e. rabble.

‡ *Gallop apace, bright Phœbus,* &c.] A recollection of this passage may be traced in the following lines of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet,* act iii. sc. 2;

"*Gallop apace,* you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in *cloudy night* immediately."

Come, friends, to Bristow, there to make us strong:
And, winds, as equal be to bring them in,
As you injurious were to bear them forth!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA,* PRINCE EDWARD, KENT, *the younger* MORTIMER, *and* SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.

Q. Isab. Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds!
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope with friends at home; a heavy case
When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive
In civil broils make kin and countrymen
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gor'd! But what's the help?
Misgovern'd kings are cause of all this wreck;
And, Edward, thou art one among them all,
Whose looseness hath betray'd thy land to spoil,
Who made the channel† overflow with blood
Of thine own people: patron shouldst thou be;
But thou—

Y. Mor. Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,
You must not grow so passionate in speeches.—
Lords, sith‡ that we are, by sufferance of heaven,
Arriv'd and armèd in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him
All homage, fealty, and forwardness;
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen, and land,
We come in arms to wreak it with the sword;
That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honours; and withal
We may remove these§ flatterers from the king
That havock England's wealth and treasury.

Sir J. Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward let us march.
Edward will think we come to flatter him.

Kent. I would he never had been flatter'd more!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD,‖ BALDOCK, *and the younger* SPENSER.¶

Y. Spen. Fly, fly, my lord! the queen is overstrong;
Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.

K. Edw. What, was I born to fly and run away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?
Give me my horse, and let's reinforce* our troops,
And in this bed of honour die with fame.

Bald. O, no, my lord! this princely resolution
Fits not the time: away! we are pursu'd.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter KENT, *with a sword and target.*

Kent. This way he fled; but I am come too late.
Edward, alas, my heart relents for thee!
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?
Vile† wretch, and why hast thou, of all unkind,
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursèd head,
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
To punish this unnatural revolt!
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life:
O, fly him, then! But, Edmund, calm this rage;
Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire:
And yet she bears a face of love, forsooth:
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away! Bristow to Longshanks' blood
Is false; be not found single for suspect:
Proud Mortimer pries near into thy walks.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, *the younger* MORTIMER, *and* SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.

Q. Isab. Successful‡ battle gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right, and fear his wrath.
Since, then, successfully we have prevail'd,
Thankèd be heaven's great architect, and you!
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
We here create our well-belovèd son,
Of love and care unto his royal person,
Lord Warden of the realm; and, sith§ the Fates
Have made his father so infortunate,‖

---

* *Enter Queen Isabella*, &c.] Scene, near Harwich.

† *channel*] i.e. kennel.

‡ *sith*] i. e. since. The following "that" should perhaps be omitted.

§ *these*] Altered by the modern editors to "those": but formerly the words were frequently confounded.

‖ *Enter King Edward*, &c.] Scene, near Bristol.

¶ *Spenser*] The old eds. add, "flying about the stage."

* *reinforce*] Spelt in the old eds. "re'nforce" (which shews how it was intended to be pronounced).

† *Vile*] Old eds. "Vilde." See note ‖, p. 68.

‡ *Successful*] So 4to 1622.—2tos 1598, 1612, "Successfulls."

§ *sith*] i. e. since.

‖ *infortunate*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2to 1622 "vnfortunate."

Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.
Kent. Madam, without offence if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?
P. Edw. Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you mean?
Kent. Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.
Y. Mor. My Lord of Kent, what needs these questions?
'Tis not in her controlment nor in ours;
But as the realm and parliament shall please,
So shall your brother be disposèd of.—
I like not this relenting mood in Edmund:
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.
[*Aside to the* Queen.
Q. Isab. My lord, the Mayor of Bristow knows our mind.
Y. Mor. Yea, madam; and they scape* not easily
That fled the field.
Q. Isab. Baldock is with the king:
A goodly chancellor, is he not, my lord?
Sir J. So are the Spensers, the father and the son.
Y. Mor.† This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

Enter ‡ RICE AP HOWEL *with the elder* SPENSER *prisoner, and* Attendants.

Rice. God save Queen Isabel and her princely son!
Madam, the Mayor and citizens of Bristow,
In sign of love and duty to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spenser, the father to that wanton Spenser,
That, like the lawless Catiline of Rome,
Revell'd in England's wealth and treasury.
Q. Isab. We thank you all.
Y. Mor. Your loving care in this
Deserveth princely favours and rewards.
But where's the king and the other Spenser fled?
Rice. Spenser the son, created Earl of Glocester,
Is with that smooth-tongu'd scholar Baldock gone,
And shipp'd but late for Ireland with the king.
Y. Mor. Some whirlwind fetch them back, or sink them all!— [*Aside.*
They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.

P. Edw. Shall I not see the king my father yet?
Kent. Unhappy* Edward, chas'd from England's bounds! [*Aside.*
Sir J. Madam, what resteth? why stand you in a muse?
Q. Isab. I rue my lord's ill-fortune: but, alas,
Care of my country call'd me to this war!
Y. Mor. Madam, have done with care and sad complaint:
Your king hath wrong'd your country and himself,
And we must seek to right it as we may.—
Meanwhile have hence this rebel to the block.
E. Spen. Rebel is he that fights against the prince:
So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.
Y. Mor. Take him away; he prates.
[*Exeunt* Attendants *with the elder* SPENSER.
You, Rice ap Howel,
Shall do good service to her majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runagates.—
We in mean while, madam, must take advice
How Baldock, Spenser, and their complices,
May in their fall be follow'd to their end.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Abbot,† Monks, KING EDWARD, *the younger* SPENSER, *and* BALDOCK (*the three latter disguised*).

Abbot. Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear:
As silent and as careful we will be
To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from suspect, and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase,
Yourself, and those your chosen company,
As danger of this stormy time requires.
K. Edw. Father, thy face should harbour no deceit.
O, hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierc'd deeply with sense‡ of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state!
Stately and proud in riches and in train,
Whilom I was, powerful and full of pomp:
But what is he whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miserable?—

* *scape*] So 4tos 1598, 1622.—2to 1612 "scapt."
† *Y. Mor.*] Old eds. "Edm." (i. e. Kent.)
‡ *Enter*, &c.] The old eds. have "*Enter Rice ap Howell*, and the Maior of Bristow," &c.: but the following speech shews that the Mayor is not present.

* *Unhappy*] Old eds. "Vnhappies" and "Vnhappi's."
† *Enter the Abbot*, &c.] Scene, within the Abbey of Neath.
‡ *deeply with sense*] The modern editors print "*deeply with a sense:*" but "*deeply*" is sometimes used as a trisyllable.

Come, Spenser,—come, Baldock,—come, sit down by me;
Make trial now of that* philosophy
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle.—
Father, this life contemplative is heaven:
O, that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas, are chas'd!—and you, my friends,
Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.—
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold, nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.

First Monk. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we
Do wot of your abode.

Y. Spen. Not one alive: but shrewdly I suspect
A gloomy fellow in a mead below;
'A gave a long look after us, my lord;
And all the land, I know, is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

Bald. We were embark'd for Ireland; wretched we,
With awkward winds and with† sore tempests driven,
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear
Of Mortimer and his confederates!

K. Edw. Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,
That bloody man?—Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
O, might I never ope‡ these eyes again,
Never again lift up this drooping head,
O, never more lift up this dying heart!

Y. Spen. Look up, my lord.—Baldock, this drowsiness
Betides no good: here even we are betray'd.

Enter, with Welsh hooks, RICE AP HOWEL, *a* Mower, *and* LEICESTER.

Mow. Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.

Rice. Fellow, enough.—My lord, I pray, be short;
A fair commission warrants what we do.

Leices. The queen's commission, urg'd by Mortimer:
What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen?§—
Alas, see where he sits, and hopes unseen
T'escape their hands that seek to reave his life!
Too true it is, *Quem dies vidit* veniens superbum,*
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.
But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate.—
Spenser and Baldock, by no other names,
I arrest† you of high treason here.
Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest:
'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.—
My lord, why droop you thus?

K. Edw. O day, the last of all my bliss on earth!
Centre of all misfortune! O my stars,
Why do you lour unkindly on a king?
Comes‡ Leicester, then, in Isabella's name,
To take my life, my company from me?
Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,
And take my heart in rescue of my friends.

Rice. Away with them!

Y. Spen. It may become thee yet
To let us take our farewell of his grace.

Abbot. My heart with pity earns§ to see this sight;
A king to bear these words and proud commands! [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Spenser, ah,‖ sweet Spenser, thus, then, must we part?

Y. Spen. We must, my lord; so will the angry heavens.

K. Edw. Nay, so will hell and cruel Mortimer:
The gentle heavens have not to do in this.

Bald. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves:
Our lots are cast; I fear me, so is thine.

K. Edw. In heaven we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet:—
And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us?

Leices. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.¶

K. Edw. Must! it is somewhat hard when kings must go.

Leices. Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.

Rice. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

---

* *that*] So 4to 1598.—2to 1612 omits the word.—2to 1622 "thy."

† *with*] So 4to 1622.—Not in 4tos 1598, 1612.

‡ *ope*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "open."

§ *What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen?*] So 4to 1598.—2to 1612,—
"*What cannot Mortimer with the Qucene?*"
2to 1622,—
"*What cannot Mortimer doe with the Queene?*"

* *Quem dies vidit*, &c.] Seneca,—*Thyestes*, 613.

† *I arrest*] The modern editors print "*I* do *arrest*;" and so most probably the author wrote.

‡ *Comes*] 2to 1598 "Come."—2tos 1612, 1622, "Came."

§ *earns*] i. e. yearns.

‖ *ah*] Omitted by the modern editors,—rightly perhaps.

Killingworth] i. e. Kenilworth.

K. Edw. A litter hast thou? lay me in* a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore;
For friends hath Edward none† but these,
And these must die under a tyrant's sword.

Rice. My lord, be going: care‡ not for these;
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

K. Edw. Well, that shall be shall be: part we must;
Sweet Spenser, gentle Baldock, part we must.—
Hence, feignèd weeds! unfeignèd are my woes.—
[*Throwing off his disguise.*
Father, farewell.—Leicester, thou stay'st for me;
And go I must.—Life, farewell, with my friends!
[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD *and* LEICESTER.

Y. Spen. O, is he gone? is noble Edward gone?
Parted from hence, never to see us more?
Rent, sphere of heaven! and, fire, forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! gone is my sovereign,
Gone, gone, alas, never to make return!

Bald. Spenser, I see our souls are fleeting hence;
We are depriv'd the sunshine of our life.
Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes
And heart and hand to heaven's immortal throne;
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance:
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,—
To die, sweet Spenser, therefore live we all;
Spenser, all live to die, and rise to fall.

Rice. Come, come, keep these preachments till you come to the place appointed. You, and such as you are, have made wise work in England. Will your lordships away?

Mow. Your lordship I trust will remember me?

Rice. Remember thee, fellow! what else? Follow me to the town. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD,§ LEICESTER, *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, *and* TRUSSEL.

Leices. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament;
Imagine Killingworth-Castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.

K. Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows,
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd;
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,*
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds:
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
[And], highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air:
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison;
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As with the wings of rancour and disdain
Full oft[ten] am I soaring up to heaven,
To plain† me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment‡ is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule; I bear the name of king;
I wear the crown; but am controll'd by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;
Whilst I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

Bish. of Win. Your grace mistakes; it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right, we crave the crown.

K. Edw. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, encompassèd by wolves,

---

* *in*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "on."

† *For friends hath Edward none*, &c.] Old eds., *For friendes hath Edward none, but these*, and these, "*And these must die under a tyrants sword.*"
An epithet ("hapless" or something equivalent) prefixed to "Edward" seems to have dropt out. I can hardly believe that the poet wrote "——*none but* this *and* this" (scil. Y. Spenser and Baldock).

‡ *care*] A disyllable.—as before: see note ¶, p. 201.

§ *Enter King Edward*, &c.] Scene, an apartment in Killingworth (Kenilworth) Castle.

* *The forest deer, being struck*, &c.]—
"But I suppose not that the earth doth yeeld
In Hill or Dale, in Forrest or in Field,
A rarer Plant then Candian Dittanie;
Which wounded Deer eating, immediately
Not onely cures their wounds exceeding well,
But 'gainst the Shooter doth the shaft repell."
Sylvester's *Du Bartas,—The Third Day of the First Week*, p. 27, ed. 1641.

† *plain*] i. e. complain.

‡ *regiment*] i. e. rule, government.

Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But, if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!*
Or, like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head!
So shall not England's vine† be perishèd,
But Edward's name survive,‡ though Edward dies.

Leices. My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer: will you yield your crown?

K. Edw. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That, like a mountain, overwhelms my bliss;
In which extreme§ my mind here murder'd is!
But that the heavens appoint I must obey.—
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too:

[*Taking off the crown.*

Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay a while: let me be‖ king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wishèd right.
Continue ever, thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime;
Stand still, you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king!
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wishèd crown.
Inhuman creatures, nurs'd with tiger's milk,
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow?
My diadem, I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see! I'll wear my crown again.

[*Putting on the crown.*

What, fear you not the fury of your king?—
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly¶ led;
They pass** not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyrèd with endless torments;
And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head;
And therefore let me wear it yet a while.

*Trus.** My lord, the parliament must have present news;
And therefore say, will you resign or no?

[*The* King *rageth.*

K. Edw. I'll not resign, but, whilst I live,† [be king].
Traitors, be gone, and join you‡ with Mortimer
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will:
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries.

Bish. of Win. This answer we'll return; and so, farewell. [*Going with* TRUSSEL.

Leices. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair;
For, if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

K. Edw. Call thou them back; I have no power to speak.

Leices. My lord, the king is willing to resign.

Bish. of Win. If he be not, let him choose.

K. Edw. O, would I might! but heavens and earth conspire
To make me miserable. Here, receive my crown.
Receive it? no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime:
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be call'd the murderer of a king,
Take it. What, are you mov'd? pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes being turn'd to steel
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay; for, rather than I'll look on them,
Here, here! [*Gives the crown.*]—Now, sweet God of heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for aye enthronizèd in heaven!
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or, if I live, let me forget myself!

Bish. of Win. My lord, §—

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* *a blaze of quenchless fire*] "Alluding to the crown presented by Medea to Creusa: see Euripides, *Medea*, A. 5." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O.P.*).

† *vine*] Old eds. "vines."

‡ *survive*] So 4to 1622.—2tos 1598, 1612, "suruiues" and "suruies."

§ *extreme*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "extreams" and "extreames."

‖ *be*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—Not in 4to 1598.

¶ *fondly*] i. e. foolishly, vainly

** *pass*] i. e. care.

* *Trus.*] The old eds. mark the presence of Trussel only by prefixing to his speeches "Tru.",—which one modern editor extended into "Trusty," and another altered to "Bishop"!!

† *but, whilst I live*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "not *whilst I live*."

‡ *you*] Thrown out by the modern editors,—rightly perhaps.

§ ——————*forget myself!*
Bish. of Win. *My lord,*—] Old eds.,—
"——————*forget myselfe.*
Enter Bartley.
Bartley. *My Lorde.*"
But Berkeley (who in the old eds. is called *Bartley*) certainly does not enter so soon.

K. Edw. Call me not lord; away, out of my sight!
Ah, pardon me! grief makes me lunatic.
Let not that Mortimer protect my son;
More safety there is in a tiger's jaws
Than his embracements. Bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs:
[*Gives a handkerchief.*
If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,
Return it back, and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I: yet how have I transgress'd,
Unless it be with too much clemency?

Trus. And thus, most humbly do we take our leave.

K. Edw. Farewell.

[*Exeunt the* Bishop of Winchester *and* Trussel *with the crown.*

I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be:
To wretched men death is felicity.

Leices. Another post! what news brings he?

Enter Berkeley, *who gives a paper to* Leicester.

K. Edw. Such news as I expect. — Come, Berkeley, come,
And tell thy message to my naked breast.

Berk. My lord, think not a thought so villanous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die.

Leices. My lord, the council of* the queen commands
That I resign my charge.

K. Edw. And who must keep me now? Must you, my lord?

Berk. Ay, my most gracious lord; so 'tis decreed.

K. Edw. [*Taking the paper.*] By Mortimer, whose name is written here!
Well may I rent his name that rends my heart.
[*Tears it.*
This poor revenge hath something eas'd my mind:
So may his limbs be torn as is this paper!
Hear me, immortal Jove,† and grant it too!

Berk. Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley straight.

K. Edw. Whither you will: all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.

Leices. Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.

Berk. Even so betide my soul as I use him!

K. Edw. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now remov'd.

Berk. And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel?

K. Edw. I know not; but of this am I assur'd,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.—
Leicester, farewell.

Leices. Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen Isabella * *and the younger* Mortimer.

Y. Mor. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire;
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.
Be rul'd by me, and we will rule the realm:
In any case take heed of childish fear,
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That, if he slip, will seize upon us both,
And gripe the sorer, being grip'd himself.
Think therefore, madam, that imports† us‡ much
To erect your son with all the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him:
For our behoof, 'twill § bear the greater sway
Whenas ‖ a king's name shall be under-writ.

Q. Isab. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well;
And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I myself will willingly subscribe.

Y. Mor. First would I hear news he were depos'd,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Messenger.

Letters! from whence?

Mess. From Killingworth, my lord.

Q. Isab. How fares my lord the king?

Mess. In health, madam, but full of pensiveness.

Q. Isab. Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his grief!

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* *of*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "and."

† *Jove*] See note ‡, p. 80.

* *Enter Queen Isabella*, &c.] Scene, an apartment in the royal palace.

† *that imports*] i. e. that *it* imports.

‡ *us*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "as."

§ *'twill*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "will."

‖ *Whenas*] i. e. When.

Enter the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER *with the crown.*

Thanks, gentle Winchester.—
Sirrah, be gone. [*Exit* Messenger.

Bish. of Win. The king hath willingly resign'd his crown.

Q. Isab. O, happy news! send for the prince my son.

Bish. of Win. Further, or this letter * was seal'd, Lord Berkeley came,
So that he now is gone from Killingworth;
And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot
To set his brother free; no more but so.
The Lord of Berkeley is so † pitiful
As Leicester that had charge of him before.

Q. Isab. Then let some other be his guardian.

Y. Mor. Let me alone; here is the privy-seal.—
[*Exit the* BISH. OF WIN.‡
Who's there? Call hither Gurney and Matrevis.—
[*To* Attendants *within.*
To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,
Berkeley shall be discharg'd, the king remov'd,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

Q. Isab. But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
What safety rests for us or for my son?

Y. Mor. Speak, shall he presently be despatch'd and die?

Q. Isab. I would he were, so 'twere not by my means!

Enter MATREVIS § *and* GURNEY.

Y. Mor. Enough.—Matrevis, write a letter presently
Unto the Lord of Berkeley from ourself,
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;
And, when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.

Mat. It shall be done, my lord. [*Writes.*

Y. Mor. Gurney,—

Gur. My lord?

Y. Mor. As thou intend'st to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,
And neither give him kind word nor good look.

Gur. I warrant you, my lord.

Y. Mor. And this above the rest: because we hear
That Edmund casts * to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Berkeley back again;
And by the way, to make him fret the more,
Speak curstly † to him; and in any case
Let no man comfort him, if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.

Mat. Fear not, my lord; we'll do as you command.

Y. Mor. So, now away! post thitherwards amain.

Q. Isab. Whither goes this letter? to my lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his majesty,
And tell him that I labour all in vain
To ease his grief and work his liberty;
And bear him this as witness of my love.
[*Gives ring.*

Mat. I will, madam. [*Exit with* GURNEY.

Y. Mor. Finely dissembled! do so still, sweet queen.
Here comes the young prince with the Earl of Kent.

Q. Isab. Something he whispers in his childish ears.

Y. Mor. If he have such access unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dash'd.

Q. Isab. Use Edmund friendly, as if all were well.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD, *and* KENT *talking with him.*

Y. Mor. How fares my honourable Lord of Kent?

Kent. In health, sweet Mortimer.—How fares your grace?

Q. Isab. Well, if my lord your brother were enlarg'd.

Kent. I hear of late he hath depos'd himself.

Q. Isab. The more my grief.

Y. Mor. And mine.

Kent. Ah, they do dissemble! [*Aside.*

Q. Isab. Sweet son, come hither; I must talk with thee.

Y. Mor. You, being his uncle and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector o'er the prince.

---

* *letter*] Should perhaps be thrown out.

† *so*] The modern editors print "as",—and perhaps rightly, the original compositor having caught "*so*" from the preceding line. (Old eds. here, as elsewhere, "Bartley" and "Bartly.")

‡ *Exit the Bish. of Win.*] The old eds. do not mark the exit (nor indeed the entrance) of the Bishop. But it seems necessary that he should quit the stage here.

§ *Matrevis*] i. e. Sir John Maltravers.

* *casts*] i. e. plans, plots.

† *curstly*] i. e. crossly.

Kent. Not I, my lord: who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life? I mean the queen.
P. Edw. Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown:
Let him be king; I am too young to reign.
Q. Isab. But be content, seeing 'tis * his highness' pleasure.
P. Edw. Let me but see him first, and then I will.
Kent. Ay, do, sweet nephew.
Q. Isab. Brother, you know it is impossible.
P. Edw. Why, is he dead?
Q. Isab. No, God forbid!
Kent. I would those words proceeded from your heart!
Y. Mor. Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour him,
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?
Kent. The more cause have I now to make amends.
Y. Mor. [*aside to* Q. Isab.] I tell thee, 'tis not meet that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince.—
My lord, he hath betray'd the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.
P. Edw. But he repents, and sorrows for it now.
Q. Isab. Come, son, and go with this gentle lord and me.
P. Edw. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.
Y. Mor. Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away.
P. Edw. Help, uncle Kent! Mortimer will wrong me.
Q. Isab. Brother Edmund, strive not; we are his friends;
Isabel is nearer than the Earl of Kent.
Kent. Sister, Edward is my charge; redeem him.
Q. Isab. Edward is my son, and I will keep him.
Kent. Mortimer shall know that he hath wrongèd me.
Hence will I haste to Killingworth-Castle,
And rescue agèd Edward from his foes,
To be reveng'd on Mortimer and thee. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt, on one side,* Queen Isabella, Prince Edward, *and the younger* Mortimer; *on the other,* Kent.

* *'tis*] 2to 1598 "it."—2tos 1612, 1622, "*it* is."

Enter Matrevis,* Gurney, *and* Soldiers, *with* King Edward.

Mat. My lord, be not pensive; we are your friends:
Men are ordain'd to live in misery;
Therefore, come; dalliance dangereth our lives.
K. Edw. Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexèd like the nightly bird,
Whose sight is loathsome to all wingèd fowls?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,
And give my heart to Isabel and him:
It is the chiefest mark they level at.
Gur. Not so, my liege: the queen hath given this charge,
To keep† your grace in safety:
Your passions make your dolours to‡ increase.
K. Edw. This usage makes my misery increase.
But can my air of life § continue long,
When all my senses are annoy'd with stench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starv'd for want of sustenance;
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,
That almost rent the closet of my heart:
Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any,
And so must die, though pitièd by many.
O, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,
And clear my body from foul excrements!
Mat. Here's channel-water,‖ as our charge is given:
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.
K. Edw. Traitors, away! what, will you murder me,
Or choke your sovereign with puddle-water?
Gur. No, but wash your face, and shave away your beard,
Lest you be known, and so be rescuèd.
Mat. Why strive you thus? your labour is in vain.
K. Edw. The wren may strive against the lion's strength,
But all in vain: so vainly do I strive
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

[*They wash him with puddle-water, and shave his beard away.*

* *Enter Matrevis, &c.*] Before Killingworth (Kenilworth) Castle.
† *To keep*] Qy. "Only *to keep*"?
‡ *to*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—Not in 4to 1622.
§ *air of life*] A Latinism,—*aura vitæ.*
‖ *channel-water*] i. e. kennel-water.

Immortal powers, that know the painful cares
That wait upon my poor distressèd soul,
O, level all * your looks upon these daring men
That wrong their liege and sovereign, England's king!
O Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wrong'd!
For me both thou and both the Spensers died;
And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take.
The Spensers' ghosts, wherever they remain,
Wish well to mine; then, tush, for them I'll die.

Mat. 'Twixt their's and yours shall be no enmity.

Come, come, away! Now put the torches out:
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.†

Gur. How now! who comes there?

Enter KENT.

Mat. Guard the king sure: it is the Earl of Kent.

K. Edw. O gentle brother, help to rescue me!

Mat. Keep them asunder; thrust in the king.

Kent. Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

Gur. Lay hands upon the carl for his assault.

Kent. Lay down your weapons, traitors! yield the king!

Mat. Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.

Kent. Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus?

Gur. Bind him, and so convey him to the court.

Kent. Where is the court but here? here is the king;
And I will visit him: why stay you me?

Mat. The court is where Lord Mortimer remains:
Thither shall your honour go; and so, farewell.

[*Exeunt* MATREVIS *and* GURNEY *with* KING EDWARD.

Kent. O, miserable is that common-weal,
Where lords keep courts, and kings are lock'd in prison!

First Sold. Wherefore stay we? on, sirs, to the court!

Kent. Ay, lead me whither you will, even to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be releas'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the younger MORTIMER.*

Y. Mor. The king must die, or Mortimer goes down;
The commons now begin to pity him:
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.
This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life;

[*Reads.*

Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est,
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die:
But read it thus, and that's another sense;
Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est,
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst.
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,
That, being dead, if it chance to be found,
Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,
And we be quit that caus'd it to be done.
Within this room is lock'd the messenger
That shall convey it, and perform the rest;
And, by a secret token that he bears,
Shall he be murder'd when the deed is done.—
Lightborn, come forth!

Enter LIGHTBORN.

Art thou so resolute as thou wast?

Light. What else, my lord? and far more resolute.

Y. Mor. And hast thou cast† how to accomplish it?

Light. Ay, ay; and none shall know which way he died.

Y. Mor. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.

Light. Relent! ha, ha! I use much to relent.

Y. Mor. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

Light. You shall not need to give instructions;
'Tis not the first time I have kill'd a man:
I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers;
To strangle with a lawn thrust down‡ the throat;
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needle's point;
Or, whilst one is asleep, to take a quill,
And blow a little powder in his ears;
Or open his mouth, and pour quick-silver down.
But yet I have a braver way than these.

Y. Mor. What's that?

---

* *all*] Perhaps an interpolation.

† *Killingworth*] Lest any reader should hastily imagine that this is a mistake for "Berkeley", I refer him to Mortimer's first speech, p. 215, scc. col., and to the second speech of First Soldier, p. 218, scc. col.

* *Enter the younger Mortimer*] Scene, an apartment in the royal palace.

† *cast*] i. e. planned, contrived.

‡ *down*] So 4tos 1612, 1622.—2to 1598 "through."

Light. Nay, you shall pardon me; none shall know my tricks.

Y. Mor. I care not how it is, so it be not spied. Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis:

[*Gives letter.*

At every ten-mile end * thou hast a horse:
Take this [*Gives money*]: away, and never see me more!

Light. No?

Y. Mor. No; unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.

Light. That will I quickly do. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Y. Mor. The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
And with a lowly congè to the ground
The proudest lords salute me as I pass;
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will.
Fear'd am I more than lov'd;—let me be fear'd,
And, when I frown, make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching † to a boy.
They thrust upon me the protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I desire;
While at the council-table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful puritan,
First I complain of imbecility,
Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum;*
Till, being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam,* as they term it;
And, to conclude, I am Protector now.
Now is all sure: the queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rule ‡ us.
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance;
And what I list command who dare control?
Major sum § *quàm cui possit fortuna nocere:*
And that this be the coronation-day,
It pleaseth me and Isabel the queen.

[*Trumpets within.*

The trumpets sound; I must go take my place.‖

Enter KING EDWARD THE THIRD, QUEEN ISABELLA, *the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,¶ Champion, *and* Nobles.

Archb. of Cant. Long live King Edward, by the grace of God
King of England and Lord of Ireland!

Cham. If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dares but affirm that Edward's not true king,
And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the Champion that will combat him.

Y. Mor. None comes: sound, trumpets!

[*Trumpets.*

K. Edw. Third. Champion, here's to thee.

[*Gives purse.*

Q. Isab. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Enter Soldiers *with* KENT *prisoner.*

Y. Mor. What traitor have we there with blades and bills?

First Sold. Edmund the Earl of Kent.

K. Edw. Third. What hath he done?

First Sold. 'A would have taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

Y. Mor. Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund? speak.

Kent. Mortimer, I did: he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.

Y. Mor. Strike off his head: he shall have martial law.

Kent. Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee!

K. Edw. Third. My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

Y. Mor. My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

Kent. Stay, villains!

K. Edw. Third. Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my Lord Protector for his life.

Q. Isab. Son, be content: I dare not speak a word.

K. Edw. Third. Nor I; and yet methinks I should command:
But, seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him.—
My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.

Y. Mor. 'Tis for your highness' good and for the realm's.—
How often shall I bid you bear him hence?

Kent. Art thou king? * must I die at thy command?

Y. Mor. At our command.—Once more, away with him!

---

* *mile end*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2to 1622 "miles *end.*"

† *breeching*] i. e. whipping.

‡ *rule*] Old eds. "rules."

§ *Major sum,* &c.] Ovid,—*Met.* vi. 195.

‖ *I must go take my place*] Surely, a change of scene is supposed here.

¶ *the Archbishop of Canterbury*] Old eds. "Bishop." (So in an early scene of the play, p. 186, the old eds. have "*Enter the* Bishop *of Canterburie.*")

* *thou king*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "*thou a king.*"

Kent. Let me but stay and speak; I will not go:
Either my brother or his son is king,
And none of both them * thirst for Edmund's blood:
And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?
[Soldiers *hale* KENT *away, and carry him to be beheaded.*

K. Edw. Third. What safety may I look for at his hands,
If that my uncle shall be murder'd thus?

Q. Isab. Fear not, sweet boy; I'll guard thee from thy foes:
Had Edmund liv'd, he would have sought thy death.
Come, son, we'll ride a-hunting in the park.

K. Edw. Third. And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?

Q. Isab. He is a traitor; think not on him: come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MATREVIS † *and* GURNEY.

Mat. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels ‡ of the castle run,§
From whence a damp continually ariseth,
That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king, brought up so tenderly.

Gur. And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
I open'd but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled with the savour.

Mat. He hath a body able to endure
More than we can inflict: and therefore now
Let us assail his mind another while.

Gur. Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

Mat. But stay; who's this?

Enter LIGHTBORN.

Light. My Lord Protector greets you. [*Gives letter.*

Gur. What's here? I know not how to construe it.

Mat. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce; ‖
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
That's his meaning.

Light. Know you this token? I must have the king. [*Gives token.**

Mat. Ay, stay a while; thou shalt have answer straight.—
This villain's sent to make away the king.

Gur. I thought as much.

Mat. And, when the murder's done,
See how he must be handled for his labour,—
Pereat iste! Let him have the king;
What else?—Here is the keys, this is the lake:
Do as you are commanded by my lord.

Light. I know what I must do. Get you away:
Yet be not far off; I shall need your help:
See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red-hot.

Mat. Very well.

Gur. Need you any thing besides?

Light. What else? a table and a feather-bed.

Gur. That's all?

Light. Ay, ay: so, when I call you, bring it in.

Mat. Fear not thou that.

Gur. Here's a light to go into the dungeon.
[*Gives light to* LIGHTBORN, *and then exit with* MATREVIS.

Light. So, now †
Must I about this gear: ne'er was there any
So finely handled as this king shall be.—
Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart!

K. Edw. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?

Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

K. Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks:
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were us'd,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?

K. Edw. Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light. O villains!

---

* *them*] So 4tos 1598, 1622.—2to 1612 "then."

† *Enter Matrevis*, &c.] Scene, a hall in Berkeley-Castle (Lightborn presently speaks of "the next room").

‡ *channels*] i. e. kennels.

§ *castle run*] So 4to 1598.—2to 1612 "Bastell *runne.*"—2to 1622 "Bastell runs."

‖ *for the nonce*] i. e. for the occasion.

* *Gives token*] See p. 217, sec. col, v. 19.

† *So, now*, &c.] Here a change of scene is supposed,—to the dungeon in which Edward is confined. The actor who personated Lightborn most probably drew a curtain, and discovered the captive king.

K. Edw. And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood
This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum;
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
O, would my blood dropp'd out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tatter'd * robes!
Tell Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the Duke of Cleremont.

Light. O, speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed,† and rest yourself a while.

K. Edw. These looks of thine can harbour naught but death;
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while; forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then ‡ when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

K. Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light. These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

K. Edw. Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left; receive thou this:
[*Giving jewel.*
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know that I am a king: O, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I [still] remain alive?§

Light. You're overwatch'd, my lord: lie down and rest.

K. Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eye-lids* clos'd.
Now, as I speak, they fall; and yet with fear
Open again. O, wherefore sitt'st thou here?

Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

K. Edw. No, no; for, if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.
[*Sleeps.*

Light. He sleeps.

K. Edw. [*waking*] O, let me not die yet! O, stay a while!†

Light. How now, my lord!

K. Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake:
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus;
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Light. To rid thee of thy life.—Matrevis, come!

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

K. Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist.—
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!

Light. Run for the table.

K. Edw. O, spare me, or despatch me in a trice!

[MATREVIS *brings in a table.* KING EDWARD *is murdered* ‡ *by holding him down on the bed with the table, and stamping on it.*

Light. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

Mat. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.

Light. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?

Gur. Excellent well: take this for thy reward.
[*Stabs* LIGHTBORN, *who dies.*
Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord:
Away! [*Exeunt with the bodies.*

Enter the younger MORTIMER § *and* MATREVIS.

Y. Mor. Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?

---

* *tatter'd*] So 4tos 1598, 1612.—2to 1622 "tottered." See note ‡, p. 170.

† *Lie on this bed*] From the account which the king has just given of his dungeon, we may certainly conclude that a bed was not part of its furniture. Therefore "this bed" must be the "feather-bed" which has been mentioned at p. 219, sec. col., and which is presently used in murdering the king. It was, no doubt, thrust upon the stage from the wing, after the exit of Gurney and Matrevis.

‡ *That even then*] Old eds. "*That* and *euen then.*"

§ *alive*] So 4to 1598.—Not in 4tos 1612, 1622.

* *eye-lids*] So 4to 1622.—2tos 1598, 1612, "eies *lids.*"

† *O, let me not die yet! O, stay a while!*] So 4to 1622.—2tos 1598, 1612, "*O let me not die, yet* stay, *O stay a while.*"

‡ *King Edward is murdered,* &c.] See note †, preceding col. The "red-hot spit," mentioned in p. 219, sec. col., would seem not to have been produced before the audience.

§ *Enter the younger Mortimer,* &c.] Scene, an apartment in the royal palace.

Mat. Ay, my good lord: I would it were undone!

Y. Mor. Matrevis, if thou now* grow'st penitent,
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore choose,
Whether thou wilt be secret† in this,
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

Mat. Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both; therefore let me fly.

Y. Mor. Fly to the savages!

Mat. I humbly thank your honour. [*Exit.*

Y. Mor. As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree,
And others are but shrubs compar'd to me:
All tremble at my name, and I fear none:
Let's see who dare impeach me for his death!

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA.

Q. Isab. Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news,
His father's dead, and we have murder'd him!

Y. Mor. What if he have? the king is yet a child.

Q. Isab. Ay, but‡ he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,
And vows to be reveng'd upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succour of his peers.
Ay me, see where he comes, and they with him!
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Enter KING EDWARD THE THIRD, Lords, *and* Attendants.

First Lord. Fear not, my lord; know that you are a king.

K. Edw. Third. Villain!——

Y. Mor. Ho,§ now, my lord!

K. Edw. Third. Think not that I am frighted with thy words:
My father's murder'd through thy treachery;
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursèd head shall lie,
To witness to the world that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interr'd.

Q. Isab. Weep not, sweet son.

K. Edw. Third. Forbid not me to weep; he was my father;
And, had you lov'd him half so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently:
But you, I fear, conspir'd with Mortimer.

First Lord. Why speak you not unto my lord the king?

Y. Mor. Because I think scorn* to be accus'd.
Who is the man dares say I murder'd him?

K. Edw. Third. Traitor, in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murder'dst him.

Y. Mor. But hath your grace no other proof than this?

K. Edw. Third. Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer. [*Shewing letter.*

Y. Mor. False Gurney hath betray'd me and himself. [*Aside to* QUEEN ISABELLA.

Q. Isab. I fear'd as much: murder can not be hid.

Y. Mor. It is my hand; what gather you by this?

K. Edw. Third. That thither thou didst send a murderer.

Y. Mor. What murderer? bring forth the man I sent.

K. Edw. Third. Ah, Mortimer, thou know'st that he is slain!
And so shalt thou be too. — Why stays he here?
Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth;
Hang him, I say, and set his quarters up:
But bring his head back presently to me.

Q. Isab. For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer!

Y. Mor. Madam, 'entreat not: I will rather die
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.

K. Edw. Third. Hence with the traitor, with the murderer!

Y. Mor. Base Fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down: that point I touch'd,
And, seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?—
Farewell, fair queen: weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

---

* *now*] So 4to 1598.—Not in 4tos 1612, 1622.

† *secret*] Is a trisyllable here.

‡ *Ay, but*] Old eds. "*I*, I [i. e. *Ay*, ay], *but*."

§ *Ho*] i. e. Stop, hold. (compare Shakespeare and Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*:

"Lie with her, if she ask you.
Jailer. Ho, there, doctor!"

Act v. sc. 2,—Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, xi. 422, ed. Dyce.)

So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "How."

* *think scorn*] Qy. "*think* it *scorn*"?

K. Edw. Third. What, suffer you the traitor to delay?

[*Exit the younger* MORTIMER *with* First Lord *and some of the* Attendants.

Q. Isab. As thou receivèdest thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer!

K. Edw. Third. This argues that you spilt my father's blood,
Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.

Q. Isab. I spill his blood! no.*

K. Edw. Third. Ay, madam, you; for so the rumour runs.

Q. Isab. That rumour is untrue: for loving thee,
Is this report rais'd on poor Isabel.

K. Edw. Third. I do not think her so unnatural.

Sec. Lord. My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.

K. Edw. Third. Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till further trial may be made thereof.
If you be guilty, though I be your son,
Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

Q. Isab. Nay, to my death; for too long have I liv'd,
Whenas† my son thinks to abridge my days.

K. Edw. Third. Away with her! her words enforce these tears,
And I shall pity her, if she speak again.

Q. Isab. Shall I not mourn for my belovèd lord?
And with the rest accompany him to his* grave?

Sec. Lord. Thus,† madam, 'tis the king's will you shall hence.

Q. Isab. He hath forgotten me: stay; I am his mother.

Sec. Lord. That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.

Q. Isab. Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief!

[*Exit with* Second Lord *and some of the* Attendants.

Re-enter First Lord, *with the head of the younger* MORTIMER.

First Lord. My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

K. Edw. Third. Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie;
And bring my funeral robes.

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Accursèd head,
Could I have rul'd thee then, as I do now,
Thou hadst not hatch'd this monstrous treachery!—
Here comes the hearse: help me to mourn, my lords.

Re-enter Attendants, *with the hearse and funeral robes.*

Sweet father, here unto thy murder'd ghost
I offer up this wicked traitor's head;
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocency. [*Exeunt.*

* *no*] So 4to 1598.—Not in 4tos 1612, 1622.
† *Whenas*] i. e. when.

* *his*] So 4to 1598.—2tos 1612, 1622, "the."
† *Thus*] Qy. "Tush"?

THE MASSACRE AT PARIS.

The Massacre at Paris: With the Death of the Duke of Guise. As it was plaide by the right honourable the Lord high Admirall his Seruants. Written by Christopher Marlow. At London Printed by E. A. for Edward White, dwelling neere the little North doore of S. Paules Church at the signe of the Gun. n. d. 8vo.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARLES THE NINTH, king of France.
DUKE OF ANJOU, his brother, afterwards KING HENRY THE THIRD.
KING OF NAVARRE.
PRINCE OF CONDE, his cousin.
DUKE OF GUISE,
CARDINAL OF LORRAINE, } brothers.
DUKE DUMAINE,
SON TO THE DUKE OF GUISE, a boy.
THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.
DUKE JOYEUX.
EPERNOUN.
PLESHÉ.
BARTUS.
TWO LORDS OF POLAND.
GONZAGO.
RETES.
MOUNTSORRELL.
MUGEROUN.
The Cutpurse.
LOREINE, a preacher.
SEROUNE.
RAMUS.
TALÆUS.
Friar.
Surgeon.
English Agent.
Apothecary.
Captain of the Guard, Protestants, Schoolmasters, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, &c.

CATHERINE, the Queen-Mother of France.
MARGARET, her daughter, wife to the KING OF NAVARRE.
THE OLD QUEEN OF NAVARRE.
DUCHESS OF GUISE.
Wife to SEROUNE.
Maid to the DUCHESS OF GUISE.

THE MASSACRE AT PARIS.

Enter CHARLES,* *the French king;* CATHERINE, *the Queen-Mother;* *the* KING OF NAVARRE; MARGARET, *Queen of Navarre;* *the* PRINCE OF CONDÉ; *the* LORD HIGH ADMIRAL; *the* OLD QUEEN OF NAVARRE; *with others.*

Char. Prince of Navarre, my honourable brother,
Prince Condé, and my good Lord Admiral,
I wish this union and religious league,
Knit in these hands, thus join'd in nuptial rites,
May not dissolve till death dissolve our lives;
And that the native sparks of princely love,
That kindled first this motion in our hearts,
May still be fuell'd in our progeny.

Nav. The many favours which your grace hath shewn,
From time to time, but specially in this,
Shall bind me ever to your highness' will,
In what Queen-Mother or your grace commands.

Cath. Thanks, son Navarre. You see we love you well,
That link you in marriage with our daughter here;
And, as you know, our difference in religion
Might be a means to cross you in your love,—

Char. Well, madam, let that rest.—
And now, my lords, the marriage-rites perform'd,
We think it good to go and cònsummate
The rest with hearing of a holy mass.—
Sister, I think yourself will bear us company.

Mar. I will, my good lord.

Char. The rest that will not go, my lords, may stay.—
Come, mother,
Let us go to honour this solemnity.

Cath. Which I'll dissolve with blood and cruelty. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt all except the* KING OF NAVARRE, CONDÉ, *and the* ADMIRAL.

Nav. Prince Condé, and my good Lord Admiral,
Now Guise may storm, but do us little hurt,
Having the king, Queen-Mother on our sides,*
To stop the malice of his envious heart,
That seeks to murder all the protestants.
Have you not heard of late how he decreed
(If that the king had given consent thereto)
That all the protestants that are in Paris
Should have been murderèd the other night?

Adm. My lord, I marvel that th' aspiring Guise
Dares once adventure, without the king's consent,
To meddle or attempt such dangerous things.

Con. My lord, you need not marvel at the Guise,
For what he doth, the Pope will ratify,
In murder, mischief, or in tyranny.

Nav. But he that sits and rules above the clouds
Doth hear and see the prayers of the just,
And will revenge the blood of innocents,
That Guise hath slain by treason of his heart,
And brought by murder to their timeless ends.

Adm. My lord, but did you mark the Cardinal,
The Guise's brother, and the Duke Dumaine,
How they did storm at these your nuptial rites,
Because the house of Bourbon now comes in,
And joins your lineage to the crown of France?

Nav. And that's the cause that Guise so frowns at us,
And beats his brains to catch us in his trap,
Which he hath pitch'd within his deadly toil.
Come, my lords, let's go to the church, and pray
That God may still defend the right of France,
And make his Gospel flourish in this land.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GUISE.†

Guise. If ever Hymen lour'd at marriage-rites,

* *Enter Charles, &c.*] Scene, an apartment in the Louvre.

* *sides*] Altered by the modern editors to "side,"—unnecessarily. — "Upon our *sides* it never shall be broken." Shakespeare's *King John*, act v. sc. 2.

† *Enter Guise*] Scene, an apartment (not in the house of Guise: see note ‡, p. 228).

And had his altars deck'd with dusky lights;-
If ever sun stain'd heaven with bloody clouds,
And made it look with terror on the world;
If ever day were turn'd to ugly night,
And night made semblance of the hue of hell;
This day,* this hour, this fatal night,
Shall fully shew the fury of them all.—
Apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Apoth. My lord?

Guise. Now shall I prove, and guerdon to the full,
The love thou bear'st unto the house of Guise.
Where are those perfum'd gloves which I sent †
To be poison'd? hast thou done them? speak;
Will every savour breed a pang of death?

Apoth. See where they be, my good lord; and he that smells
But to them, dies.

Guise. Then thou remain'st resolute?

Apoth. I am, my lord, in what your grace commands,
Till death.

Guise. Thanks, my good friend: I will requite thy love.
Go, then, present them to the Queen Navarre;
For she is that huge blemish in our eye,
That makes these upstart heresies in France:
Be gone, my friend, present them to her straight.
[*Exit* Apothecary.
Soldier!

Enter a Soldier.‡

Sold. My lord?

Guise. Now come thou forth, and play thy tragic part:
Stand in some window, opening near the street,
And when thou see'st the Admiral ride by,
Discharge thy musket, and perform his death;
And then I'll guerdon thee with store of crowns.

Sold. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Guise. Now, Guise, begin those deep-engender'd thoughts
To burst abroad those never-dying flames
Which cannot be extinguish'd but by blood.
Oft have I levell'd, and at last have learn'd
That peril is the chiefest way to happiness,
And resolution honour's fairest aim.
What glory is there in a common good,
That hangs for every peasant to achieve?
That like I best, that flies beyond my reach.
Set me to scale the high Pyramides,
And thereon set the diadem of France;
I'll either rend it with my nails to naught,
Or mount the top with my aspiring wings,
Although my downfall be the deepest hell.
For this I wake, when others think I sleep;
For this I wait, that scorn attendance else;
For this, my quenchless thirst, whereon I build,
Hath often pleaded kindred to the king;
For this, this head, this heart, this hand, and sword,
Contrives, imagines, and fully executes,
Matters of import aimèd at by many,
Yet understood by none;
For this, hath heaven engender'd me of earth;
For this, this earth sustains my body's weight,
And with this weight I'll counterpoise a crown,
Or with seditions weary all the world;
For this, from Spain the stately Catholics
Send Indian gold to coin me French ecues;*
For this, have I a largess from the Pope,
A pension, and a dispensation too;
And by that privilege to work upon,
My policy hath fram'd religion.
Religion! *O Diabole!*
Fie, I am asham'd, however that I seem,
To think a word of such a simple sound,
Of so great matter should be made the ground!
The gentle king, whose pleasure uncontroll'd
Weakeneth his body, and will waste his realm,
If I repair not what he ruinates,—
Him, as a child, I daily win with words,
So that for proof he barely bears the name;
I execute, and he sustains the blame.
The Mother-Queen works wonders for my sake,
And in my love entombs the hope of France,
Rifling the bowels of her treasury,
To supply my wants and necessity.
Paris hath full five hundred colleges,
As monasteries, priories, abbeys, and halls,
Wherein are thirty thousand able men,
Besides a thousand sturdy student Catholics;
And more,—of my knowledge, in one cloister keep †
Five hundred fat Franciscan friars and priests:

---

* *This day,* &c.] Something wanting in this line. Qy. "and *this fatal night*,"—"*hour*" being, as it very often is, a dissyllable?

† *which I sent*] The modern editors, for the metre, print, "*which* late *I sent.*"

‡ *Enter a Soldier,* &c.] "L'assassin fut bientôt trouvé. On choisit le fameux Maurevel, qui se cacha dans une maison devant laquelle l'amiral passoit tous les jours en revenant du Louvre," &c. Anquetil,—*Hist. de France*, t. v. 226, ed. 1817.

* *ecues*] i. e. crowns.

† *keep*] i. e. dwell.

All this, and more, if more may be compris'd,
To bring the will of our desires to end.
Then, Guise,
Since thou hast all the cards within thy hands,
To shuffle or cut, take this as surest thing,
That, right or wrong, thou deal thyself a king.—
Ay, but, Navarre,*—'tis but a nook of France,
Sufficient yet for such a petty king,
That, with a rabblement of his heretics,
Blinds Europe's eyes, and troubleth our estate.
Him will we—[*Pointing to his sword.*] but first
let's follow those in France
That hinder our possession to the crown.
As Cæsar to his soldiers, so say I,—
Those that hate me will I learn to loathe.
Give me a look, that, when I bend the brows,
Pale death may walk in furrows of my face;
A hand, that with a grasp may gripe the world;
An ear to hear what my detractors say;
A royal seat, a sceptre, and a crown;
That those which do behold them † may become
As men that stand and gaze against the sun.
The plot is laid, and things shall come to pass
Where resolution strives for victory. [*Exit.*

Enter the KING OF NAVARRE,‡ QUEEN MARGARET, *the* OLD QUEEN OF NAVARRE, *the* PRINCE OF CONDÉ, *and the* ADMIRAL; *they are met by the* Apothecary *with the gloves, which he gives to the* OLD QUEEN.

Apoth. Madam,
I beseech your grace to accept this simple gift.
Old Q. of Nav. Thanks, my good friend. Hold, take thou this reward. [*Gives a purse.*
Apoth. I humbly thank your majesty. [*Exit.*
Old Q. of Nav. Methinks the gloves have a very strong perfume,
The scent whereof doth make my head to ache.
Nav. Doth not your grace know the man that gave them you?
Old Q. of Nav. Not well; but do remember such a man.
Adm. Your grace was ill-advis'd to take them, then,
Considering of these dangerous times.
Old Q. of Nav. Help, son Navarre! I am poison'd!
Mar. The heavens forbid your highness such mishap!
Nav. The late suspicion of the Duke of Guise
Might well have mov'd your highness to beware
How you did meddle with such dangerous gifts.

* *Navarre*] Old ed. "*Nauarre*, Nauarre."
† *them*] Old ed. "they."
‡ *Enter the King of Navarre*, &c.] Scene, a street.

Mar. Too late it is, my lord, if that be true,
To blame her highness; but I hope it be
Only some natural passion makes her sick.
Old Q. of Nav. O, no, sweet Margaret! the fatal poison
Works* within my head; my brain-pan breaks;
My heart doth faint; I die! [*Dies.*
Nav. My mother poison'd here before my face!
O gracious God, what times are these!
O, grant, sweet God, my days may end with hers,
That I with her may die and live again!
Mar. Let not this heavy chance, my dearest lord,
(For whose effects my soul is massacrèd,)
Infect thy gracious breast with fresh supply
To aggravate our sudden misery.
Adm. Come, my lords, let us bear her body hence,
And see it honourèd with just solemnity.
[*As they are going out, the* Soldier *discharged his musket at the* ADMIRAL.
Con. What, are you hurt, my Lord High Admiral?
Adm. Ay, my good lord, shot through the arm.
Nav. We are betray'd! Come, my lords,
And let us go tell the king of this.
Adm. These are
The cursèd Guisians, that do seek our death.
O, fatal was this marriage to us all!
[*Exeunt, bearing out the body of the* OLD QUEEN OF NAVARRE.†

Enter KING CHARLES,‡ CATHERINE *the Queen-Mother*, GUISE, ANJOU, *and* DUMAINE.

Cath. My noble son, and princely Duke of Guise,
Now have we got the fatal, straggling deer
Within the compass of a deadly toil,
And, as we late decreed, we may perform.
Char. Madam, it will be noted through the world
An action bloody and tyrannical;
Chiefly, since under safety of our word
They justly challenge their protection:

* *Works*] The modern editors print, for the metre, "Doth *work*."—Qy. "Worketh"?
† *the body of the Old Queen of Navarre*] "La reine de Navarre arriva à la cour au milieu du mois de mai [1572], et le 9 juin elle étoit morte. Un cri se fit entendre par toute la France qu'elle avoit été empoisonnée; cependant, malgré les recherches les plus exactes, on ne lui trouva aucune trace de poison. Mais que ne pouvoit-on pas présumer, après les exemples trop sûrs qu'on avoit des morts aussi nécessaires, procurées par différents moyens?" Anquetil,—*Hist. de France*, t. v. 220, ed. 1817.
‡ *Enter King Charles*, &c.] Scene, an apartment in the Louvre.

Besides, my heart relents that noblemen,
Only corrupted in religion,
Ladies of honour, knights, and gentlemen,
Should, for their conscience, taste such ruthless ends.

Anj. Though gentle minds should pity others' pains,
Yet will the wisest note their proper * griefs,
And rather seek to scourge their enemies
Than be themselves base subjects to the whip.

Guise. Methinks my Lord Anjou hath well advis'd
Your highness to consider of the thing,
And rather choose to seek your country's good
Than pity or relieve these upstart heretics.

Cath. I hope these reasons may serve my princely son
To have some care for fear of enemies.

Char. Well, madam, I refer it to your majesty,
And to my nephew here, the Duke of Guise:
What you determine, I will ratify.

Cath. Thanks to my princely son.—Then tell me, Guise,
What order will you set down for the massacre?

Guise. Thus, madam. They
That shall be actors in this massacre,
Shall wear white crosses on their burgonets,†
And tie white linen scarfs about their arms:
He that wants these, and is suspect ‡ of heresy,
Shall die, be he king or emperor. Then I'll have
A peal of ordnance shot from the tower, at which
They all shall issue out, and set § the streets;
And then,
The watch-word being given, a bell shall ring,
Which when they hear, they shall begin to kill,
And never cease until that bell shall cease;
Then breathe a while.

Enter the Admiral's Serving-Man.

Char. How now, fellow! what news?

Serv.-M. An it please your grace, the Lord High Admiral,
Riding the streets, was traitorously shot;
And most humbly ‖ entreats your majesty
To visit him, sick in his bed.

Char. Messenger, tell him I will see him straight. [*Exit* Serv-M.
What shall we do now with the Admiral?

Cath. Your majesty were best go visit him,
And make a show as if all were well.

Char. Content; I will go visit the Admiral.

Guise. And I will go take order for his death.

[*Exeunt* Catherine *and* Guise.

The Admiral *discovered in bed.**

Char. How fares it with my Lord High Admiral?
Hath he been hurt with villains in the street?
I vow and swear, as I am king of France,
To find and to repay the man with death,
With death delay'd and torments never us'd,
That durst presume, for hope of any gain,
To hurt the nobleman his † sovereign loves.

Adm. Ah, my good lord, these are the Guisians,
That seek to massacre our guiltless lives!

Char. Assure yourself, my good Lord Admiral,
I deeply sorrow for your treacherous wrong;
And that I am not more secure myself
Than I am careful you should be preserv'd.—
Cousin, take twenty of our strongest guard,
And, under your direction, see they keep
All treacherous violence from our noble friend;
Repaying all attempts with present death
Upon the cursèd breakers of our peace.—
And so be patient, good Lord Admiral,
And every hour I will visit you.

Adm. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

[*Exeunt* Charles, *&c. Scene closes.*

Enter Guise, ‡ Anjou, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes, § Mountsorrell, *and* Soldiers, *to the massacre.*

Guise. Anjou, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes, swear,
By the argent crosses in your burgonets,
To kill all that you suspect of heresy.

Dum. I swear by this, to be unmerciful.

---

* *proper*] i. e. own.
† *burgonets*] i. e. helmets.
‡ *suspect*] Old ed. "suspected."
§ *set*] i. e. beset.
‖ *humbly*] Old ed. "humble."

* *The Admiral discovered in bed*] Old ed. "Enter the Admirall in his bed." Sometimes such stage-directions meant that a bed, containing the sleeper, was to be thrust upon the stage; but we may conclude from a subsequent scene (p. 231, first col.) that here, a curtain having been drawn, the Admiral was discovered on a bed, upon what was called the upper-stage. The audience were now to suppose that they beheld the Admiral's sleeping apartment. The old ed. does not mark the *exit* of Catherine; but it is evident that our poet intended her to go out here. We are told, however, by historians that she accompanied the king when he visited the wounded Admiral: see note on *Mem. de Sully*, t. i. 48, ed. 1747, Londres.
† *his*] Old ed. "their."
‡ *Enter Guise*, &c.] Scene, a street.
§ *Gonzago, Retes*] i. e. Louis de Gonzague, Duc de Nevers; and Albert de Gondi, Duc de Retz.

Anj. I am disguis'd, and none knows who I am,
And therefore mean to murder all I meet.
Gon. And so will I.
Retes. And I.
Guise. Away, then! break into the Admiral's house.
Retes. Ay, let the Admiral be first despatch'd.
Guise. The Admiral,
Chief standard-bearer to the Lutherans,
Shall in the entrance * of this massacre
Be murder'd in his bed.
Gonzago, conduct them thither; and then
Beset his house, that not a man may live.
Anj. That charge is mine.—Switzers, keep you the streets;
And at each corner shall the king's guard stand.
Gon. Come, sirs, follow me.
[*Exit* GONZAGO *with others.*
Anj. Cousin, the captain of the Admiral's guard,
Plac'd by my brother, will betray his lord.
Now, Guise, shall Catholics flourish once again;
The head being off, the members cannot stand.
Retes. But look, my lord, there's some in the Admiral's house.
[*The* ADMIRAL *discovered in bed;* GONZAGO *and others in the house.*†
Anj. In lucky time: come, let us keep this lane,
And slay his servants that shall issue out.
Gon. Where is the Admiral?
Adm. O, let me pray before I die!
Gon. Then pray unto our Lady; kiss this cross. [*Stabs him.*
Adm. O God, forgive my sins! [*Dies.*
Guise. Gonzago, what, is he dead?
Gon. Ay, my lord.
Guise. Then throw him down.
[*The body of the* ADMIRAL *is thrown down.*
Anj. Now, cousin, view him well:
It may be 'tis some other, and he escap'd.
Guise. Cousin, 'tis he; I know him by his look:
See where my soldier shot him through the arm;
He miss'd him near, but we have struck him now.—
Ah, base Chatillon and degenerate,
Chief standard-bearer to the Lutherans,
Thus, in despite of thy religion,
The Duke of Guise stamps on thy lifeless bulk!
Anj. Away with him! cut off his head and hands,*
And send them for a present to the Pope;
And, when this just revenge is finishèd,
Unto Mount Faucon † will we drag his corse;
And he, that living hated so the Cross,
Shall, being dead, be hang'd thereon in chains.
Guise. Anjou, Gonzago, Retes, if that you three
Will be as resolute as I and Dumaine,
There shall not a Huguenot breathe in France.

---

* *entrance*] i. e. commencement. So in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*, the Soldier, having captured Robert and Charles, says,—

"Take them to guard: this *entrance* to our warres
Is full of spirit, and begets much hope."
Sig. G. 4. ed. 1615.

† *The Admiral discovered in bed: Gonzago and others in the house*] Old ed. "Enter into the Admirals house, and he in his bed." Here, we must suppose that, a curtain having been drawn (as before, p. 230, sec. col.), the Admiral was discovered in bed,—on the upper-stage, as it appears from what Guise presently says, "Then throw him down."—The Admiral's body was thrown out of the window: see Mezeray's *Hist. de France*, t. iii. 1095, ed. 1646.—It would seem that the audience were now to suppose that they saw at once both the interior of the Admiral's dwelling, and the street or court before it!—"L'Amiral étoit logé dans la rue Betify, dans une Auberge qui est aujourd'hui l'Hôtel S. Pierre." Note on *Mem. de Sully*, t. i. 55, ed. 1747, Londres.

* *cut off his head and hands, &c.*] "Vn Italien de sa garde [of the Chevalier's guard] luy coupa la teste, et la porta incontinent à la Reyne mere, qui l'ayant enbaumée, à ce que disent les Huguenots, l'enuoya à Rome." Mezeray, *ubi supra.*

† *Mount Faucon*] So the old ed.; and so indeed our early authors usually wrote the name;

"O, may they once as high as Haman mount,
And from *Mount Faulcon* give a sad account," &c.
Sylvester's *Du Bartas's Works* (*A Hymn of Alms*), p. 517, ed. 1641.

"La populace s'attache à ce malheureux corps sans teste, et lui fait toutes les indignitez imaginables: premierement ils luy coupent les mains et les parties honteuses, et le laissent sur le fumier d'vne escurie; puis l'apredisnée, ils le reprennent, le traisnent trois iours durant par ces bouës, et le iettent dans l'eau; après l'en ayant retiré, ils le portent à Montfaucon, où le pendant les pieds en haut auec vne chaisne de fer, ils allument du feu dessous pour le brusler: mais il n'en est que grillé seulement, et non pas consumé. Ainsi leur vengeance s'acharnant sur celuy qu'ils auoient tant apprehendé viuant, le tourmenta par tous les elemens, iusqu'à tant que le Mareschal de Montmorency fit desrober durant vne nuit obscure ces miserables restes, et leur donna repos dans sa Chappelle de Chantilly." Mezeray, *ubi supra.*—"A little on this side Paris, euen at the towns end, there is the fayrest Gallowes that euer I saw, built vpon a little hillocke called Mount Falcon, which consisteth of fourteene faire pillars of free-stone: this gallowes was made in the time of the Guisian massacre, to hang the Admirall of France Chatillion, who was a Protestant, Anno Dom. 1572." Coryat's *Crudities*, &c. p. 20, ed. 1611.—I may just observe that the treatment of the Admiral's body in a later scene (p. 234, sec. col.) is at variance with the present speech of Anjou.

Anj. I swear by this cross, we'll not be partial,
But slay as many as we can come near.
Guise. Mountsorrell, go shoot the ordnance off,
That they, which have already set* the street,
May know their watchword; then toll the bell,
And so let's forward to the massacre.
Mount. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Guise. And now, my lords, let's closely to our business.
Anj. Anjou will follow thee.
Dum. And so will Dumaine.
[*The ordnance being shot off, the bell tolls.*
Guise. Come, then, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GUISE,† *and the rest, with their swords drawn, chasing the Protestants.*

Guise. Tuez, tuez, tuez!
Let none escape! murder the Huguenots!
Anj. Kill them! kill them! [*Exeunt.*

Enter LOREINE,‡ *running;* GUISE *and the rest pursuing him.*

Guise. Loreine, Loreine! follow Loreine!—Sirrah,
Are you a preacher of these heresies?
Lor. I am a preacher of the word of God;
And thou a traitor to thy soul and him.
Guise. "Dearly belovèd brother,"—thus 'tis written. [*Stabs* LOREINE, *who dies.*
Anj. Stay, my lord, let me begin the psalm.
Guise. Come, drag him away, and throw him in a ditch. [*Exeunt with the body.*

Enter MOUNTSORRELL, § *and knocks at* SEROUNE'S *door.*

Seroune's Wife [*within*]. Who is that which knocks there?
Mount. Mountsorrell, from the Duke of Guise.
Seroune's Wife [*within*]. Husband, come down; here's one would speak with you
From the Duke of Guise.

Enter SEROUNE *from the house.*

Ser. To speak with me, from such a man as he?
Mount. Ay, ay, for this, Seroune; and thou shalt ha't. [*Shewing his dagger.*
Ser. O, let me pray, before I take my death!
Mount. Despatch, then, quickly.
Ser. O Christ, my Saviour!
Mount. Christ, villain!
Why, darest thou presume to call on Christ,
Without the intercession of some saint?
*Sanctus** *Jacobus,* he's† my saint; pray to him.
Ser. O, let me pray unto my God!
Mount. Then take this with you.
[*Stabs* SEROUNE, *who dies; and then exit.*

Enter RAMUS, *in his study.*

Ramus. What fearful cries come from the river Seine,‡
That fright poor Ramus sitting at his book!
I fear the Guisians have pass'd the bridge,
And mean once more to menace me.

Enter TALÆUS. §

Tal. Fly, Ramus, fly, if thou wilt save thy life!
Ramus. Tell me, Talæus, wherefore should I fly?
Tal. The Guisians are
Hard at thy door, and mean to murder us:
Hark, hark, they come! I'll leap out at the window.
Ramus. Sweet Talæus, stay.

Enter GONZAGO *and* RETES.

Gon. Who goes there?
Retes. 'Tis Talæus, Ramus' bedfellow.
Gon. What art thou?
Tal. I am, as Ramus is, a Christian.
Retes. O, let him go; he is a Catholic.
[*Exit* TALÆUS.
Gon. Come, Ramus, more gold, or thou shalt have the stab.
Ramus. Alas, I am a scholar! how should I have gold?
All that I have is but my stipend from the king,
Which is no sooner receiv'd but it is spent.

Enter GUISE, ANJOU, DUMAINE, MOUNTSORRELL, *and* Soldiers.

Anj. Who have you there?
Retes. 'Tis Ramus, the king's Professor of Logic.
Guise. Stab him.
Ramus. O, good my lord,
Wherein hath Ramus been so offensious?
Guise. Marry, sir, in having a smack in all,
And yet didst never sound anything to the depth.

* *set*] i. e. beset.
† *Enter Guise, &c.*] Scene, a street.
‡ *Enter Loreine, &c.*] Scene, another street.
§ *Enter Mountsorrell, &c.*] Scene, another street.

* *Sanctus*] Old ed. "Sancta."
† *he's*] Old ed. "he was."
‡ *Seine*] Old ed. "Rene."
§ *Talæus*] i. e. Audomarus Talæus.

Was it not thou that scoff'dst* the *Organon*,†
And said it was a heap of vanities?
He that will be a flat dichotomist,‡
And seen § in nothing but epitomes,
Is in your judgment thought a learnèd man;
And he, forsooth, must go and preach in Germany,
Excepting against doctors' axioms,‖
And *ipse dixi* with this quiddity,
Argumentum testimonii ¶ *est inartificiale.*
To contradict which, I say, Ramus shall die:
How answer you that? your *nego argumentum*
Cannot serve, sirrah.—Kill him.

Ramus. O, good my lord, let me but speak a word!

Anj. Well, say on.

Ramus. Not for my life do I desire this pause;
But in my latter hour to purge myself,
In that I know the things that I have wrote,
Which, as I hear, one Scheckius** takes it ill,
Because my places, being but three, contain all his.
I knew the *Organon* to be confus'd,
And I reduc'd it into better form:
And this for Aristotle will I say,
That he that despiseth him can ne'er
Be good in logic or philosophy;
And that's because the blockish Sorbonnists††
Attribute as much unto their [own] works
As to the service of the eternal God.

Guise. Why suffer you that peasant to declaim?
Stab him, I say, and send him to his friends in hell.

Anj. Ne'er was there collier's son‡‡ so full of pride. [*Stabs* RAMUS, *who dies.*

Guise. My Lord of Anjou, there are a hundred Protestants,
Which we have chas'd into the river Seine,*
That swim about, and so preserve their lives:
How may we do? I fear me they will live.

Dum. Go place some men upon the bridge,
With bows and darts, to shoot at them they see,
And sink them in the river as they swim.

Guise. 'Tis well advis'd, Dumaine; go see it straight be done. [*Exit* DUMAINE.
And in the mean time, my lord, could we devise
To get those pedants from the King Navarre,
That are tutors to him and the Prince of Condé—

Anj. For that, let me alone: cousin, stay you here,
And when you see me in, then follow hard.†

ANJOU *knocketh at the door; and enter the* KING OF NAVARRE *and the* PRINCE OF CONDÉ,‡ *with their two* Schoolmasters.

How now, my lords! how fare you?

Nav. My lord, they say
That all the Protestants are massacrèd.

Anj. Ay, so they are; but yet, what remedy?
I have done what I could to stay this broil.

Nav. But yet, my lord, the report doth run,
That you were one that made this massacre.

Anj. Who, I? you are deceiv'd; I rose but now.

[GUISE, GONZAGO,§ RETES, MOUNTSORRELL, *and* Soldiers, *come forward.*

---

* *scoff'dst*] Old ed. "scoftes."

† *the Organon*] By Aristotle.

‡ *dichotomist*] To save some of my readers the trouble of referring to their dictionaries, I may notice that *dichotomy* means—distribution of ideas by pairs.

§ *seen*] i. e. skilled.

‖ *axioms*] Old ed. "actions."

¶ *Argumentum testimonii*, &c.] Old ed. "*Argumentum* testimonis *est* in arte fetialis." I give the emendation of the Rev. J. Mitford, which is perhaps the right reading.

** *Scheckius*] Old ed. "Shekins."—Concerning Schecius, or Scheckius, see letters from Ramus "Jacobo Schecio, clarissimo Tubingensis Academiæ Philosopho,"—a letter from Schecius to Ramus,—and "Rami Defensio pro Aristotele adversus Jacobum Schecium,"—in the volume entitled *Petri Rami Professoris Regii, et Audomari Talæi, Collectaneæ, Præfationes, &c., Marpurgi*, 1599, p. p. 175, 179, 185, 193, 196, 466.

†† *Sorbonnists*] Old ed. "thorbonest."

‡‡ *collier's son*] "Carbonarius pater probri loco illi [scil. Ramo] objectus est. Avus certe (ut ipse commemorat in præfatione suæ Regiæ Professionis) in Eburonum gente familia inprimis illustri fuit; sed patria a Carolo Burgundionum Duce capta et incensa, in Veromanduorum agrum profugus ob paupertatem carbonarius fuit: pater agricola fuit. . . . . Tandem vero anno ætatis quinquagesimo septimo, anno Christi millesimo quingentesimo et septuagesimo secundo, mense Augusto in tumultu Parisiensi [Ramus] periit. De caussis mortis sunt qui adversarios ipsius insimulent: ego ut in re incerta, et censorio illo extremo die (ubi tectoria Sophistis omnia detrahentur) patefacienda, aliis hæc disceptanda relinquo." *Rami Vita per Freigium*, p.p. 581, 619, of the vol. last cited.

* *Seine*] Old ed. "Rene."

† *cousin, stay you here,*
And when you see me in, then follow hard.] The scene is now before the King of Navarre's lodging in the Louvre; but, as soon as he and the Prince of Condé have entered with their Schoolmasters, it is supposed to be the interior of that lodging.

‡ *the Prince of Condé*] i. e. the young Prince of Condé, cousin and companion of the King of Navarre. It would seem from the earlier part of the play that Marlowe (who certainly did not mean to introduce two Condés) confounded him with his father.

§ *Guise, Gonzago*, &c.] Old ed. has only "Enter Guise."—It is plain from Anjou's speech above,

"Cousin, *stay you here,*
And when you see me in, then follow hard,"

that Guise and the others were not to quit the stage while the scene was supposed to be changed: they probably retired to one side of it.

Guise. Murder the Huguenots! take those pedants hence!

Nav. Thou traitor, Guise, lay off thy bloody hands!

Con. Come, let us go tell the king.

[*Exit with the* KING OF NAVARRE.

Guise. Come, sirs,
I'll whip you to death with my poniard's point.

[*Stabs the* Schoolmasters, *who die.*

Anj. Away with them both!

[*Exeunt* ANJOU *and* Soldiers *with the bodies.*

Guise. And now, sirs, for this night let our fury stay.
Yet will we not that the massacre shall end:
Gonzago, post you to Orleans,
Retes to Dieppe, Mountsorrell unto Rouen,
And spare not one that you suspect of heresy.
And now stay
That bell, that to the devil's matins rings.
Now every man put off his burgonet,*
And so convey him closely† to his bed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANJOU,‡ *with two* Lords of Poland.

Anj. My lords of Poland, I must needs confess,
The offer of your Prince Elector's far
Beyond the reach of my deserts;
For Poland is, as I have been inform'd,
A martial people, worthy such a king
As hath sufficient counsel in himself
To lighten doubts, and frustrate subtle foes;
And such a king, whom practice long hath taught
To please himself with manage of the wars,
The greatest wars within our Christian bounds,—
I mean our wars against the Muscovites,
And, on the other side, against the Turk,
Rich princes both, and mighty emperors.
Yet, by my brother Charles, our king of France,
And by his grace's council, it is thought
That, if I undertake to wear the crown
Of Poland, it may prejudice their hope
Of my inheritance to the crown of France;
For, if th' Almighty take my brother hence,
By due descent the regal seat is mine.
With Poland, therefore, must I covenant thus,—
That if, by death of Charles, the diadem
Of France be cast on me, then, with your leaves,
I may retire me to my native home.
If your commission serve to warrant this,
I thankfully shall undertake the charge
Of you and yours, and carefully maintain
The wealth and safety of your kingdom's right.

First Lord. All this, and more, your highness shall command,
For Poland's crown and kingly diadem.

Anj. Then, come, my lords, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Men,* *with the* ADMIRAL'S *body.*

First Man. Now, sirrah, what shall we do with the Admiral?

Sec. Man. Why, let us burn him for an heretic.

First Man. O, no! his body will infect the fire, and the fire the air, and so we shall be poisoned with him.

Sec. Man. What shall we do, then?

First Man. Let's throw him into the river.

Sec. Man. O, 'twill corrupt the water, and the water the fish, and the† fish ourselves, when we eat them!

First Man. Then throw him into the ditch.

Sec. Man. No, no. To decide all doubts, be ruled by me: let's hang him here upon this tree.

First Man. Agreed.

[*They hang up the body on a tree, and then exeunt.*

Enter GUISE, CATHERINE *the Queen-Mother, and the* CARDINAL OF LORRAINE, *with* Attendants.

Guise. Now, madam, how like you our lusty Admiral?

Cath. Believe me, Guise, he becomes the place so well
As I could long ere this have wish'd him there.
But come,
Let's walk aside; the air's not very sweet.

Guise. No, by my faith, madam.—
Sirs, take him away, and throw him in some ditch.

[*The* Attendants *bear off the* ADMIRAL'S *body.*

And now, madam, as I understand,
There are a hundred Huguenots and more,
Which in the woods do hold their synagogue,
And daily meet about this time of day;
And thither will I, to put them to the sword.

Cath. Do so, sweet Guise; let us delay no time;
For, if these stragglers gather head again,
And disperse themselves throughout the realm of France,

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* *burgonet*] i. e. helmet.

† *convey him closely*] i. e. steal himself off secretly.

‡ *Enter Anjou,* &c.] Scene, an apartment in the Louvre.

* *Enter Two Men,* &c.] Scene, the neighbourhood of Paris.

† *and the*] Old ed. "*and* by *the.*"

It will be hard for us to work their deaths.
Be gone; delay no time, sweet Guise.
Guise. Madam,
I go as whirlwinds rage before a storm. [*Exit.*
Cath. My Lord of Lorraine, have you mark'd of late,
How Charles our son begins for to lament
For the late night's-work which my Lord of Guise
Did make in Paris amongst the Huguenots?
Card. Madam, I have heard him solemnly vow,
With the rebellious King of Navarre,
For to revenge their deaths upon us all.
Cath. Ay, but, my lord, let me alone for that;
For Catherine must have her will in France.
As I do live, so surely shall he die,
And Henry then shall wear the diadem;
And, if he grudge or cross his mother's will,
I'll disinherit him and all the rest;
For I'll rule France, but they shall wear the crown,
And, if they storm, I then may pull them down.
Come, my lord, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter five or six Protestants,* *with books, and kneel together. Then enter* GUISE *and others.*

Guise. Down with the Huguenots! murder them!
First Pro. O Monsieur de Guise, hear me but speak!
Guise. No, villain; that tongue of thine,
That hath blasphem'd the holy Church of Rome,
Shall drive no plaints into the Guise's ears,
To make the justice of my heart relent.—
Tuez, tuez, tuez! let none escape.
[*They kill the* Protestants.
So, drag them away. [*Exeunt with the bodies.*

Enter KING CHARLES,† *supported by the* KING OF NAVARRE *and* EPERNOUN; CATHERINE *the Queen Mother, the* CARDINAL OF LORRAINE, PLESHÉ,‡ *and* Attendants.

Char. O, let me stay, and rest me here a while!
A griping pain hath seiz'd upon my heart;
A sudden pang, the messenger of death.
Cath. O, say not so! thou kill'st thy mother's heart.
Char. I must say so; pain forceth me complain.
Nav. Comfort yourself, my lord, and have no doubt
But God will sure restore you to your health.

Char. O, no, my loving brother of Navarre!
I have deserv'd a scourge, I must confess;
Yet is there patience of another sort
Than to misdo the welfare of their king:
God grant my nearest friends may prove no worse!
O, hold me up! my sight begins to fail,
My sinews shrink, my brains turn upside down;
My heart doth break: I faint and die. [*Dies.*
Cath. What, art thou dead, sweet son? speak to thy mother!
O, no, his soul is fled from out his breast,
And he nor hears nor sees us what we do!
My lords, what resteth there now for to be done,
But that we presently despatch ambassadors
To Polaud, to call Henry back again,
To wear his brother's crown and dignity?
Epernoun, go see it presently be done,
And bid him come without delay to us.
Eper. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Cath. And now, my lords, after these funerals be done,
We will, with all the speed we can, provide
For Henry's coronation from Polony.
Come, let us take his body hence.

[*The body of* KING CHARLES *is borne out; and exeunt all except the* KING OF NAVARRE *and* PLESHÉ.

Nav. And now, Pleshé,* whilst that these broils do last,
My opportunity may serve me fit
To steal from France, and hie me to my home,
For here's no safety in the realm for me:
And now that Henry is call'd from Poland,
It is my due, by just succession;
And therefore, as speedily as I can perform,
I'll muster up an army secretly,
For fear that Guise, join'd with the king of Spain,
Might seek† to cross me in mine enterprise.
But God, that always doth defend the right,
Will shew his mercy, and preserve us still.
Pleshé. The virtues of our true religion
Cannot but march, with many graces more,
Whose army shall discomfit‡ all your foes,
And, at the length, in Pampeluna§ crown
(In spite of Spain, and all the popish power,
That holds it from your highness wrongfully)
Your majesty her rightful lord and sovereign.
Nav. Truth, Pleshé; and God so prosper me in all,

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* *Enter five or six Protestants*, &c.] Scene, a wood.
† *Enter King Charles*, &c.] Scene, an apartment in the Castle of Vincennes.
‡ *Pleshé*] i. e. Plessis,—Du-Plessis Mornay.

* *Pleshé*] Old ed. "Nauarre."
† *seek*] Old ed. "seeme."
‡ *discomfit*] Old ed. "discomfort."
§ *Pampeluna*] Old ed. "Pampelonia."

As I intend to labour for the truth,
And true profession of his holy word!
Come, Pleshé, let's away whilst time doth serve.
[*Exeunt.*

Trumpets sounded within, and a cry of "Vive le Roi," two or three times. Enter ANJOU * *crowned as King Henry the Third;* CATHERINE *the Queen Mother, the* CARDINAL OF LORRAINE, GUISE, EPERNOUN, MUOEROUN, *the* Cutpurse, *and others.*

All. Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi!
[*A flourish of trumpets.*

Cath. Welcome from Poland, Henry, once again!
Welcome to France, thy father's royal seat!
Here hast thou a country void of fears,
A warlike people to maintain thy right,
A watchful senate for ordaining laws,
A loving mother to preserve thy state,
And all things that a king may wish besides;
All this, and more, hath Henry with his crown.

Card. And long may Henry enjoy all this, and more!

All. Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi!
[*A flourish of trumpets.*

Henry. Thanks to you all. The guider of all crowns
Grant that our deeds may well deserve your loves!
And so they shall, if fortune speed my will,
And yield your thoughts to height of my deserts.
What say our minions? think they Henry's heart
Will not both harbour love and majesty?
Put off that fear, they are already join'd:
No person, place, or time, or circumstance,
Shall slack my love's affection from his bent:
As now you are, so shall you still persist,
Removeless from the favours of your king.

Mug. We know that noble minds change not their thoughts
For wearing of a crown, in that your grace
Hath worn the Poland diadem before
You were invested in the crown of France.

Henry. I tell thee, Mugeroun, we will be friends,
And fellows too, whatever storms arise.

Mug. Then may it please your majesty to give me leave
To punish those that do profane this holy feast.

Henry. How mean'st thou that?

[MUOEROUN *cuts off the* Cutpurse's *ear, for cutting the gold buttons off his cloak.*

Cutp. O Lord, mine ear!

Mug. Come, sir, give me my buttons, and here's your ear.

Guise. Sirrah, take him away.

Henry. Hands off, good fellow; I will be his bail
For this offence.—Go, sirrah, work no more
Till this our coronation-day be past.—
And now,
Our solemn rites of coronation done,
What now remains but for a while to feast,
And spend some days in barriers, tourney, tilt,
And like disports, such as do fit the court?
Let's go, my lords; our dinner stays for us.

[*Exeunt all except* CATHERINE *the Queen Mother and the* CARDINAL OF LORRAINE.

Cath. My Lord Cardinal of Lorraine, tell me,
How likes your grace my son's pleasantness?
His mind, you see, runs on his minions,
And all his heaven is to delight himself;
And, whilst he sleeps securely thus in ease,
Thy brother Guise and we may now provide
To plant ourselves with such authority
As not a man may live without our leaves.
Then shall the Catholic faith of Rome
Flourish in France, and none deny the same.

Card. Madam, as in secrecy I was told,
My brother Guise hath gather'd a power of men,
Which are,* he saith, to kill the Puritans;
But 'tis the house of Bourbon that he means.
Now, madam, must you insinuate with the king,
And tell him that 'tis for his country's good,
And common profit of religion.

Cath. Tush, man, let me alone with him,
To work the way to bring this thing to pass;
And, if he do deny what I do say,
I'll despatch him with his brother presently,
And then shall Monsieur wear the diadem.
Tush, all shall die unless I have my will;
For, while she lives, Catharine will be queen.
Come, my lord,† let us go seek the Guise,
And then determine of this enterprise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the DUCHESS OF GUISE‡ *and her* Maid.

Duch. of G. Go fetch me pen and ink,—

Maid. I will, madam.

Duch. That I may write unto my dearest lord. [*Exit* Maid.
Sweet Mugeroun,§ 'tis he that hath my heart,

* *Enter Anjou*, &c.] Scene, a hall in the Louvre.

* *are*] Old ed. "as."

† *lord*] Old ed. "Lords."

‡ *Enter the Duchess of Guise*, &c.] Scene, an apartment in the house of the Duke of Guise.

§ *Sweet Mugeroun*, &c.] The gallant of the Duchess was not Mugeroun (Maugiron), but Saint-Mégrin, another

And Guise usurps it 'cause I am his wife.
Fain would I find some means to speak with him,
But cannot, and therefore am enforc'd to write,
That he may come and meet me in some place,
Where we may one enjoy the other's sight.

Re-enter the Maid, *with pen, ink, and paper.*

So, set it down, and leave me to myself.

[*Exit* Maid. *The* Duchess *writes.*

O, would to God, this quill that here doth write,
Had late been pluck'd from out fair Cupid's wing,
That it might print these lines within his heart!

Enter Guise.

Guise. What, all alone, my love? and writing too?
I prithee, say to whom thou writ'st.

Duch. To such
A one, my lord, as, when she reads my lines,
Will laugh, I fear me, at their good array.

Guise. I pray thee, let me see.

Duch. O, no, my lord; a woman only must
Partake the secrets of my heart.

Guise. But, madam, I must see.

[*Seizes the paper.*

Are these your secrets that no man must know?

Duch. O, pardon me, my lord!

Guise. Thou trothless and unjust! what lines are these?
Am I grown old, or is thy lust grown young?
Or hath my love been so obscur'd in thee,
That others need to comment on my text?
Is all my love forgot, which held thee dear,
Ay, dearer than the apple of mine eye?
Is Guise's glory but a cloudy mist,
In sight and judgment of thy lustful eye?
Mort Dieu! were* not the fruit within thy womb,
Of† whose increase I set some longing hope,
This wrathful hand should strike thee to the heart.
Hence, strumpet! hide thy head for shame;
And fly my presence, if thou look to live!

[*Exit* Duchess.

O wicked sex, perjùrèd and unjust!
Now do I see that from the very first
Her eyes and looks sow'd seeds of perjury.
But villain, he, to whom these lines should go,
Shall buy her love even with his dearest blood.

[*Exit.*

Enter the King of Navarre,* Pleshé, Bartus, *and train, with drums and trumpets.*

Nav. My lords, sith† in a quarrel just and right
We undertake to manage these our wars
Against the proud disturbers of the faith,
(I mean the Guise, the Pope, and king of Spain,
Who set themselves to tread us under foot,
And rent our true religion from this land;
But for you know our quarrel is no more
But to defend‡ their strange inventions,
Which they will put us to with sword and fire,)
We must with resolute minds resolve to fight,
In honour of our God, and country's good.
Spain is the council-chamber of the Pope,
Spain is the place where he makes peace and war;
And Guise for Spain hath now incens'd§ the king
To send his power to meet us in the field.

Bar. Then in this bloody brunt they may behold
The sole endeavour of your princely care,
To plant the true succession of the faith,
In spite of Spain and all his heresies.

Nav. The power of vengeance now encamps itself
Upon the haughty mountains of my breast;
Plays with her gory colours of revenge,
Whom I respect as leaves of boasting green,
That change their colour when the winter comes,
When I shall vaunt as victor in revenge.

Enter a Messenger.

How now, sirrah! what news?

Mes. My lord, as by our scouts we understand,
A mighty army comes from France with speed;
Which are already muster'd in the land,
And mean to meet your highness in the field.

Nav. In God's name, let them come!
This is the Guise that hath incens'd the king
To levy arms, and make these civil broils.
But canst thou tell who is their general?

Mes. Not yet, my lord, for thereon do they stay;
But, as report doth go, the Duke of Joyeux
Hath made great suit unto the king therefore.

---

of the King's "Mignons." See Anquetil,—*Hist. de France*, t. v. 345, ed. 1817.

* *were*] Old ed. "wert."

† *Of*] i. e. On.

* *Enter the King of Navarre*, &c.] I must leave the location of this scene to the reader. I should have marked it—La Rochelle, but that the Messenger presently informs the King that "a mighty army comes *from France.*"

† *sith*] i. e. since.

‡ *defend*] i. e. hinder.

§ *incens'd*] i. e. incited.

Nav. It will not countervail his pains, I hope.
I would the Guise in his stead might have come!
But he doth lurk within his drowsy couch,
And makes his footstool on security:
So he be safe, he cares not what becomes
Of king or country; no, not for them both.
But come, my lords, let us away with speed,
And place ourselves in order for the fight.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter KING HENRY,* GUISE, EPERNOUN, *and* JOYEUX.

Henry. My sweet Joyeux, I make thee general
Of all my army, now in readiness
To march 'gainst the rebellious King Navarre;
At thy request I am content thou go,
Although my love to thee can hardly suffer't,†
Regarding still the danger of thy life.

Joyeux. Thanks to your majesty: and so, I take my leave.—
Farewell to my Lord of Guise, and Epernoun.

Guise. Health and hearty farewell to my Lord Joyeux. [*Exit* JOYEUX.

Henry. So ‡ kindly, cousin of Guise, you and your wife
Do both salute our lovely minions.
Remember you the letter, gentle sir,
Which your wife writ
To my dear minion, and her chosen friend?
[*Makes horns at* GUISE.

Guise. How now, my lord! faith, this is more than need.
Am I thus to be jested at and scorn'd?
'Tis more than kingly or emperious:§
And, sure, if all the proudest kings
In Christendom should bear me such derision,
They should know how I scorn'd them and their mocks.
I love your minions! dote on them yourself;
I know none else but holds them in disgrace;
And here, by all the saints in heaven, I swear,
That villain for whom I bear this deep disgrace,
Even for your words that have incens'd me so,
Shall buy that strumpet's favour with his blood!
Whether he have dishonour'd me or no,
Par la mort de Dieu,|| *il mourra!* [*Exit.*

Henry. Believe me, this jest bites sore.

Eper. My lord, 'twere good to make them friends,
For his oaths are seldom spent in vain.

Enter MUGEROUN.

Henry. How now, Mugeroun! mett'st thou not the Guise at the door?

Mug. Not I, my lord; what if I had?

Henry. Marry, if thou hadst, thou mightst have had the stab,
For he hath solemnly sworn thy death.

Mug. I may be stabb'd, and live till he be dead:
But wherefore bears he me such deadly hate?

Henry. Because his wife bears thee such kindly love.

Mug. If that be all, the next time that I meet her,
I'll make her shake off love with her heels.
But which way is he gone? I'll go take * a walk
On purpose from the court to meet with him.
[*Exit.*

Henry. I like not this. Come, Epernoun,
Let us go seek the duke, and make them friends.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums, within, and a cry—"The DUKE JOYEUX *is slain."*
Enter the KING OF NAVARRE,† BARTUS, *and train.*

Nav. The duke is slain, and all his power dispers'd,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
Thus God, we see, doth ever guide the right,
To make his glory great upon the earth.

Bar. The terror of this happy victory,
I hope, will make the king surcease ‡ his hate,
And either never manage army more,
Or else employ them in some better cause.

Nav. How many noblemen have lost their lives
In prosecution of these cruel arms,
Is ruth, and almost death, to call to mind.
But God we know will always put them down
That lift themselves against the perfect truth;
Which I'll maintain so long as life doth last,
And with the Queen of England join my force
To beat the papal monarch from our lands,
And keep those relics from our countries' coasts.
Come, my lords; now that this storm is overpast,
Let us away with triumph to our tents.
[*Exeunt.*

---

* *Enter King Henry,* &c.] Scene, an apartment in the Louvre.

† *suffer't*] Old ed. "suffer."

‡ *So*] The modern editors print "How." I need hardly observe that this speech is mutilated.

§ *emperious*] i. e. imperial.

|| *mort de Dieu*] Old ed. "mor du."

* *take*] Old ed. "make" (the compositor's eye having caught that word from the preceding line).

† *Enter the King of Navarre,* &c.] Scene, near Coutras.

‡ *surcease*] i. e. cease.

Enter a Soldier.*

Sold. Sir, to you, sir, that dares make the duke a cuckold, and use a counterfeit key to his privy-chamber-door; and although you take out nothing but your own, yet you put in that which displeaseth him, and so forestall his market, and set up your standing where you should not; and whereas he is your landlord, you will take upon you to be his, and till the ground that he himself should occupy, which is his own free land; if it be not too free — there's the question; and though I come not to take possession (as I would I might!), yet I mean to keep you out; which I will, if this gear hold.

Enter Mugeroun.

What, are ye come so soon? have at ye, sir!

[*Shoots at* Mugeroun *and kills him.**

Enter Guise *and* Attendants.

Guise. [*Giving a purse*] Hold thee, tall† soldier, take thee this, and fly. [*Exit* Soldier.

Lie there, the king's delight, and Guise's scorn!
Revenge it, Henry, as thou list or dare;
I did it only in despite of thee.

[Attendants *bear off* ‡ Mugeroun's *body.*

Enter King Henry *and* Epernoun.

Henry. My Lord of Guise, we understand
That you have gatherèd a power of men:
What your intent is yet we cannot learn,
But we presume it is not for our good.

Guise. Why, I am no traitor to the crown of France;
What I have done, 'tis for the Gospel' sake.

Eper. Nay, for the Pope's sake, and thine own benefit.
What peer in France but thou, aspiring Guise,
Durst be in arms without the king's consent?
I challenge thee for treason in the cause.

Guise. Ah, base Epernoun! were not his highness here,
Thou shouldst perceive the Duke of Guise is mov'd.

Henry. Be patient, Guise, and threat not Epernoun,
Lest thou perceive the king of France be mov'd.

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* *Enter a Soldier*] Scene, before the Louvre.—This portion of the play, as preserved in a fragment of what was most probably a prompter's copy, is given by Mr. Collier in his *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 134, from which it is now subjoined,—affording a remarkable proof (if any had been required) that the printed copy of *The Massacre at Paris* is wretchedly mutilated.

"*Enter a Souldier with a muskett.*

Souldier. Now, sir, to you that dares make a duke a cuckolde, and use a counterfeyt key to his privye chamber: though you take out none but your owne treasure, yett you put in that displeases him, and fill up his rome that he shold occupye. Herein, sir, you forestalle the markett, and sett up your standinge where you shold not. But you will saye you leave him rome enoghe besides: that's no answere; he's to have the choyce of his owne freeland; yf it be not too free, there's the questione. Nowe, for where he is your landlorde, you take upon you to be his, and will needs enter by defaulte: whatt though you were once in possession, yett comminge upon you once unawares, he frayde you out againe: therefore your entrye is mere intrusione: this is against the law, sir: and though I come not to keepe possessione (as I wolde I might!), yet I come to keepe you out, sir.

Enter Minion.

You are wellcome, sir: have at you! [*He kills him.*

Minion. Trayterouse Guise, ah, thou hast morthered me!

Enter Guise.

Guise. Hold the[e], tall soldier: take the[e] this, and flye. [*Exit* [*Soldier*].

Thus fall, imperfett exhalatione,
Which our great sonn of France celd not effecte;
A fyery meteor in the fermament:
Lye there, the kinge's delyght and Guise's scorne!
Revenge it, Henry, yf thou list or darst:
I did it onely in dispight of thee.
Fondlie hast thou inceuste the Guise's sowle,
That of it selfe was hote enough to worke
Thy just degestione with extreamest shame.
The armye I have gatherd now shall ayme,
More at thie end then exterpatione;
And when thou thinkst I have forgotten this,
And that thou most reposest in my faythe,
Than will I wake thee from thy folishe dreame,
And lett thee see thie selfe my prysoner. *Exeunt.*"

Mr. Collier (*ubi supra*) observes that "even the names of the characters [in the printed copy] were mistaken, and he who is called *Mugeron* in the old edition was, in fact [as in the above extract], called *Minion*, consistently with his situation and habits." But both names are right: *Mugeroun* (*Maugiron*) is the name of one of the king's *minions*.

* *Shoots at Mugeroun and kills him*] Mugeroun (Maugiron) fell in a duel: Anquetil, *Hist. de France*, t. v. 344, ed. 1817: but Saint-Mégrin, the gallant of the Duchess of Guise (see note §, p. 236), *was* assassinated. "Ils dressèrent une embuscade à la porte du Louvre. Comme Saint-Mégrin en sortoit la nuit, des assassins apostés se jetèrent sur lui, et l'étendirent sur le pavé, percé de trente-cinq coups. Il vécut cependant jusqu'au lendemain." Anquetil, *ibid.* p. 347.

† *tall*] i. e. bold, brave.

‡ *Attendants bear off*, &c.] Old ed. "Take him away." Yet Guise has just said "Lie there, the king's delight," &c. From the fragment given in the note in the preceding col., we find that this speech was originally much longer, and that Guise made his exit at the close of it; and we may therefore be sure that Guise's conference with King Henry and Epernoun, which in the printed copy so awkwardly follows the murder of Mugeroun without any change of scene, took place originally in a new scene.

Guise. Why, I'm a prince of the Valois line,
Therefore an enemy to the Bourbonites;
I am a juror in the holy league,
And therefore hated of the Protestants:
What should I do but stand upon my guard?
And, being able, I'll keep an host in pay.

Eper. Thou able to maintain an host in pay,
That liv'st by foreign exhibition! *

The Pope and King of Spain are thy good friends;
Else all France knows how poor a duke thou art.

Henry. Ay, those are they that feed him with their gold,
To countermand our will, and check our friends.

Guise. My lord, to speak more plainly, thus it is.
Being animated by religious zeal,
I mean to muster all the power I can,
To overthrow those factious† Puritans:
And know, my lord, the Pope will sell his triple crown,
Ay, and the Catholic Philip, king of Spain,
Ere I shall want, will cause his Indians
To rip the golden bowels of America.
Navarre, that cloaks them underneath his wings,
Shall feel the house of Lorraine is his foe.
Your highness needs not fear mine army's force;
'Tis for your safety, and your enemies' wreck.

Henry. Guise, wear our crown, and be thou king of France,
And, as dictator, make or war or peace,
Whilst I cry *placet*, like a senator!
I cannot brook thy haughty insolence:
Dismiss thy camp, or else by our edict
Be thou proclaim'd a traitor throughout France.

Guise. The choice is hard; I must dissemble.—
[*Aside.*
My lord, in token of my true humility,
And simple meaning to your majesty,
I kiss your grace's hand, and take my leave,
Intending to dislodge my camp with speed.

Henry. Then farewell, Guise; the king and thou are friends. [*Exit* GUISE.

Eper. But trust him not, my lord; for, had your highness
Seen with what a pomp he enter'd Paris,
And how the citizens with gifts and shows
Did entertain him,
And promisèd to be at his command—
Nay, they fear'd not to speak in the streets,
That the Guise durst stand in arms against the king,
For not effecting of his holiness' will.

Henry. Did they of Paris entertain him so?
Then means he present treason to our state.
Well, let me alone.—Who's within there?

Enter an Attendant.*

Make a discharge of all my council straight,
And I'll subscribe my name, and seal it straight.—
[Attendant *writes.*
My head shall be my council; they are false;
And, Epernoun, I will be rul'd by thee.

Eper. My lord,
I think, for safety of your royal person,
It would be good the Guise were made away,
And so to quite† your grace of all suspect.

Henry. First let us set our hand and seal to this,
And then I'll tell thee what I mean to do.—
[*Writes.*
So; convey this to the council presently.
[*Exit* Attendant.
And, Epernoun, though I seem mild and calm,
Think not but I am tragical within.
I'll secretly convey me unto Blois;
For, now that Paris takes the Guise's part,
Here is no staying for the king of France,
Unless he mean to be betray'd and die:
But, as I live, so sure the Guise shall die.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the KING OF NAVARRE,‡ *reading a letter, and* BARTUS.

Nav. My lord, I am advertisèd from France
That the Guise hath taken arms against the king,
And that Paris is revolted from his grace.

Bar. Then hath your grace fit opportunity
To shew your love unto the king of France,
Offering him aid against his enemies,
Which cannot but be thankfully receiv'd.

Nav. Bartus, it shall be so: post, then, to France,
And there salute his highness in our name;
Assure him all the aid we can provide
Against the Guisians and their complices.
Bartus, be gone: commend me to his grace,
And tell him, ere it be long, I'll visit him.

---

* *exhibition*] i. e. allowance, pension.

† *factious*] Old ed. "sexious."—I adopt the correction proposed by Mr. Collier in his Preface to *Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, p. xcviii.

* *Enter an Attendant*] Old ed. "*Enter* one with a pen and inke."

† *quite*] i. e. *quit*, acquit, free.

‡ *Enter the King of Navarre*, &c.] Here again (as in p. 237, sec. col.) I must leave the reader to determine where this scene takes place.

Bar. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Nav. Pleshè!

Enter PLESHÈ.

Pleshè. My lord?

Nav. Pleshè, go muster up our men with speed,
And let them march away to France amain,
For we must aid the king against the Guise.
Be gone, I say; 'tis time that we were there.

Pleshè. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Nav. That wicked Guise, I fear me much, will be
The ruin of that famous realm of France;
For his aspiring thoughts aim at the crown:
'A * takes his vantage on religion,
To plant the Pope and Popelings in the realm,
And bind it wholly to the see of Rome.
But, if that God do prosper mine attempts,
And send us safely to arrive in France,
We'll beat him back, and drive him to his death,
That basely seeks the ruin of his realm. [*Exit.*

Enter the Captain of the Guard, † *and three* Murderers.

Cap. Come on, sirs. What, are you resolutely bent,
Hating the life and honour of the Guise?
What, will you not fear, when you see him come?

First Murd. Fear him, said you? tush, were he here, we would kill him presently.

Sec. Murd. O, that his heart were leaping in my hand!

Third Murd. But when will he come, that we may murder him?

Cap. Well, then, I see you are resolute.

First Murd. Let us alone; I warrant you.

Cap. Then, sirs, take your standings within this chamber;
For anon the Guise will come.

All three Murderers. You will give us our money?

Cap. Ay, ay, fear not: stand close: so; be resolute. [*Exeunt* Murderers.
Now falls the star whose influence governs France,
Whose light was deadly to the Protestants:
Now must he fall, and perish in his height.

Enter KING HENRY *and* EPERNOUN.

Henry. Now, captain of my guard, are these murderers ready?

Cap. They be, my good lord.

Henry. But are they resolute, and arm'd to kill,
Hating the life and honour of the Guise?

Cap. I warrant ye, my lord. [*Exit.*

Henry. Then come, proud Guise, and here disgorge thy breast,
Surcharg'd with surfeit of ambitious thoughts;
Breathe out that life wherein my death was hid,
And end thy endless treasons with thy death.

[*Knocking within.*

Guise. [*within*] *Holà, varlet, hé!*—Epernoun, where is the king?

Eper. Mounted his royal cabinet.

Guise. [*within*] I prithee, tell him that the Guise is here.

Eper. An please your grace, the Duke of Guise doth crave
Access unto your highness.

Henry. Let him come in.—
Come, Guise, and see thy traitorous guile outreach'd,
And perish in the pit thou mad'st for me.

Enter GUISE.

Guise. Good morrow to your majesty.

Henry. Good morrow to my loving cousin of Guise:
How fares it this morning with your excellence?

Guise. I heard your majesty was scarcely pleas'd,
That in the court I bare so great a train.

Henry. They were to blame that said I was displeas'd;
And you, good cousin, to imagine it.
'Twere hard with me, if I should doubt my kin,
Or be suspicious of my dearest friends.
Cousin, assure you I am resolute,
Whatsoever any whisper in mine ears,
Not to suspect disloyalty in thee:
And so, sweet coz, farewell.

[*Exit with* EPERNOUN.

Guise. So;
Now sues the king for favour to the Guise,
And all his minions stoop when I command:
Why, this 'tis to have an army in the field.
Now, by the holy sacrament, I swear,
As ancient Romans o'er their captive lords,
So will I triumph o'er this wanton king;
And he shall follow my proud chariot's wheels.
Now do I but begin to look about,
And all my former time was spent in vain.
Hold, sword,
For in thee is the Duke of Guise's hope.

Re-enter Third Murderer.

Villain, why dost thou look so ghastly? speak.

* *'A*] i. e. He.—Old ed. "And."

† *Enter the Captain of the Guard*, &c.] Scene, an apartment in the residence of King Henry at Blois.

Third Murd. O, pardon me, my Lord of Guise!

Guise. Pardon thee! why, what hast thou done?

Third Murd. O my lord, I am one of them that is set to murder you!

Guise. To murder me, villain!

Third Murd. Ay, my lord: the rest have ta'en their standings in the next room; therefore, good my lord, go not forth.

Guise. Yet Cæsar shall go forth.
Let mean conceits and baser men fear death:
Tut, they are peasants; I am Duke of Guise;
And princes with their looks engender fear.

First Murd. [*within.*] Stand close; he is coming; I know him by his voice.

Guise. As pale as ashes! * nay, then, it is time
To look about.

Enter First † *and* Second Murderers.

First and Sec. Murderers. Down with him, down with him! [*They stab* GUISE.

Guise. O, I have my death's wound! give me leave to speak.

Sec. Murd. Then pray to God, and ask forgiveness of the king.

Guise. Trouble me not; I ne'er offended him,
Nor will I ask forgiveness of the king.
O, that I have not power to stay my life,
Nor immortality to be reveng'd!
To die by peasants, what a grief is this!
Ah, Sixtus, be reveng'd upon the king!
Philip and Parma, I am slain for you!
Pope, excommunicate, Philip, depose
The wicked branch of curs'd Valois his line!
Vive la messe! perish Huguenots!
Thus Cæsar did go forth, and thus he died. [*Dies.*

Enter the Captain of the Guard.

Cap. What, have you done?
Then stay a while, and I'll go call the king.
But see, where he comes.

Enter KING HENRY, EPERNOUN, *and* Attendants.

My lord, see, where the Guise is slain.

Henry. Ah, this sweet sight is physic to my soul!
Go fetch his son for to behold his death.—
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Surcharg'd with guilt of thousand massacres,
Monsieur of Lorraine, sink away to hell!
And, in remembrance of those bloody broils,
To which thou didst allure me, being alive,
And here, in presence of you all, I swear,
I ne'er was king of France until this hour.
This is the traitor that hath spent my gold
In making foreign wars and civil broils.
Did he not draw a sort* of English priests
From Douay to the seminary at Rheims,
To hatch forth treason 'gainst their natural queen?
Did he not cause the king of Spain's huge fleet
To threaten England, and to menace me?
Did he not injure Monsieur that's deceas'd?
Hath he not made me, in the Pope's defence,
To spend the treasure, that should strength my land,
In civil broils between Navarre and me?
Tush, to be short, he meant to make me monk,
Or else to murder me, and so be king.
Let Christian princes, that shall hear of this,
(As all the world shall know our Guise is dead,)
Rest satisfied with this, that here I swear,
Ne'er was there king of France so yok'd as I.

Eper. My lord, here is his son.

Enter GUISE'S Son.

Henry. Boy, look, where your father lies.

G.'s Son. My father slain! who hath done this deed?

Henry. Sirrah, 'twas I that slew him; and will slay
Thee too, an thou prove such a traitor.

G.'s Son. Art thou king, and hast done this bloody deed?
I'll be reveng'd. [*Offers to throw his dagger.*

Henry. Away to prison with him! I'll clip his wings
Or e'er he pass my hands. Away with him!
[*Some of the* Attendants *bear off* GUISE'S Son.
But what availeth that this traitor's dead,
When Duke Dumaine, his brother, is alive,
And that young cardinal that is grown so proud?
Go to the governor of Orleans,
And will† him, in my name, to kill the duke.
[*To the* Captain of the Guard.

---

* *As pale as ashes!*] A little above, Guise has said to the Third Murderer, "Why dost thou look so ghastly?" but, most probably, he is now speaking of his own appearance, which we may suppose he sees in a mirror. "A peine il [Guise] fut entré, que, soit indisposition naturelle, soit frayeur, fruit de la réflexion, *il devint pâle*, et se plaignit d'un mal de cœur. Quelques confortatifs le remirent," &c. Anquetil,—*Hist. de France*, t. v. 463, ed. 1817.

† *Enter First*, &c.] Here (as is evident from what precedes and follows) the scene is supposed to be changed to the adjoining room.

* *sort*] i. e. set.

† *will*] i. e. desire.

Get you away, and strangle the cardinal.

[*To the* Murderers.

[*Exeunt* Captain of the Guard *and* Murderers.

These two will make one entire Duke of Guise,
Especially with our old mother's help.

Eper. My lord, see, where she comes, as if she droop'd
To hear these news.

Henry. And let her droop; my heart is light enough.

Enter CATHERINE *the Queen Mother.*

Mother, how like you this device of mine?
I slew the Guise, because I would be king.

Cath. King! why, so thou wert before:
Pray God thou be a king now this is done!

Henry. Nay, he was king, and countermanded me:
But now I will be king, and rule myself,
And make the Guisians stoop that are alive.

Cath. I cannot speak for grief.—When thou wast born,
I would that I had murder'd thee, my son!
My son! thou art a changeling, not my son:
I curse thee, and exclaim thee miscreant,
Traitor to God and to the realm of France!

Henry. Cry out, exclaim, howl till thy throat be hoarse!
The Guise is slain, and I rejoice therefore:
And now will I to arms.—Come, Epernoun,
And let her grieve her heart out, if she will.

[*Exit with* EPERNOUN.

Cath. Away! leave me alone to meditate.

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Sweet Guise, would he had died, so thou wert here!
To whom shall I bewray my secrets now,
Or who will help to build religion?
The Protestants will glory and insult;
Wicked Navarre will get the crown of France;
The Popedom cannot stand; all goes to wreck;
And all for thee, my Guise! What may I do?
But sorrow seize upon my toiling soul!
For, since the Guise is dead, I will not live.

[*Exit.*

Enter two Murderers,* *dragging in the* CARDINAL.

Card. Murder me not; I am a cardinal.

First Murd. Wert thou the Pope, thou mightst not scape from us.

Card. What, will you file your hands with churchmen's blood?

Sec. Murd. Shed your blood! O Lord, no! for we intend to strangle you.

Card. Then there is no remedy, but I must die?

First Murd. No remedy; therefore prepare yourself.

Card. Yet lives my brother Duke Dumaine, and many more,*
To revenge our death † upon that cursèd king;
Upon whose heart may all the Furies gripe,
And with their paws drench his black soul in hell!

First Murd. Yours, my Lord Cardinal, you should have said.— [*They strangle him.*

So, pluck amain:
He is hard-hearted; therefore pull with violence.
Come, take him away. [*Exeunt with the body.*

Enter DUMAINE,‡ *reading a letter; with others.*

Dum. My noble brother murder'd by the king!
O, what may I do for to revenge thy death?
The king's alone, it cannot satisfy.
Sweet Duke of Guise, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art dead, here is no stay for us.
I am thy brother, and I'll revenge thy death,
And root Valois his line from forth of France;
And beat proud Bourbon to his native home,
That basely seeks to join with such a king,
Whose murderous thoughts will be his overthrow.
He will'd the governor of Orleans, in his name,
That I with speed should have been put to death;
But that's prevented, for to end his life,
And all§ those traitors to the Church of Rome
That durst attempt to murder noble Guise.

Enter Friar.

Fri. My lord, I come to bring you news that your brother the Cardinal of Lorraine, by the king's consent, is lately strangled unto death.

Dum. My brother [the] Cardinal slain, and I alive!
O words of power to kill a thousand men!—
Come, let us away, and levy men;
'Tis war that must assuage this tyrant's pride.

* *Enter two Murderers,* &c.] Scene, a prison at Blois.

* *more*] Here the old ed. has "moe": but elsewhere in these plays we find "*more*": nor,—considering that transcribers sometimes used one form of the word and sometimes another,—is there any reason why a modern editor should retain "mo", when it does not occur as a rhyme.

† *our death*] Old ed. "*our* deaths" (which I formerly retained, supposing that the Cardinal might mean "the Duke of Guise's death and his own").

‡ *Enter Dumaine,* &c.] Scene, an apartment in the house of Dumaine, at Paris.

§ *And all*] Old ed. "His life, *and all,*" &c.

Fri. My lord, hear me but speak.
I am a friar of the order of the Jacobins,
That for my conscience' sake will kill the king.

Dum. But what doth move thee, above the rest, to do the deed?

Fri. O, my lord, I have been a great sinner in my days! and the deed is meritorious.

Dum. But how wilt thou get opportunity?

Fri. Tush, my lord, let me alone for that.

Dum. Friar, come with me;
We will go talk more of this within. [*Exeunt.*

Drums and Trumpets. Enter KING HENRY,* *the* KING OF NAVARRE, EPERNOUN, BARTUS, PLESHÈ, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.

Henry. Brother of Navarre, I sorrow much
That ever I was prov'd your enemy,
And that the sweet and princely mind you bear
Was ever troubled with injurious wars.
I vow, as I am lawful king of France,
To recompense your reconcilèd love
With all the honours and affections
That ever I vouchsaf'd my dearest friends.

Nav. It is enough if that Navarre may be
Esteemèd faithful to the king of France,
Whose service he may still command till death.

Henry. Thanks to my kingly brother of Navarre.
Then here we'll lie before Lutetia-walls,†
Girting this strumpet city with our siege,
Till, surfeiting with our afflicting arms,
She cast her hateful stomach to the earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An it please your majesty, here is a friar of the order of the Jacobins, sent from the President of Paris, that craves access unto your grace.

Henry. Let him come in. [*Exit* Mess.

Enter Friar,‡ *with a letter.*

Eper. I like not this friar's look:
'Twere not amiss, my lord, if he were search'd.

Henry. Sweet Epernoun, our friars are holy men,
And will not offer violence to their king
For all the wealth and treasure of the world.—
Friar, thou dost acknowledge me thy king?

Fri. Ay, my good lord, and will die therein.

Henry. Then come thou near, and tell what news thou bring'st.

Fri. My lord,
The President of Paris greets your grace,
And sends his duty by these speedy lines,
Humbly craving your gracious reply.
[*Gives letter.*

Henry. I'll read them, friar, and then I'll answer thee.

*Fri. Sancte Jacobe,** now have mercy upon me!
[*Stabs the king with a knife,*† *as he reads the letter; and then the king gets the knife, and kills him.*

Eper. O, my lord, let him live a while!

Henry. No, let the villain die, and feel in hell
Just torments for his treachery.

Nav. What, is your highness hurt?

Henry. Yes, Navarre; but not to death, I hope.

Nav. God shield your grace from such a sudden death!—
Go call a surgeon hither straight.
[*Exit an* Attendant.

Henry. What irreligious pagans' parts be these,
Of such as hold them of the holy church!
Take hence that damnèd villain from my sight.
[Attendants *carry out the* Friar's *body.*

Eper. Ah, had your highness let him live,
We might have punish'd him to his deserts!

Henry. Sweet Epernoun, all rebels under heaven
Shall take example by his‡ punishment,
How they bear arms against their sovereign.—
Go call the English agent hither straight:
[*Exit an* Attendant.
I'll send my sister England news of this,
And give her warning of her treacherous foes.

Enter a Surgeon.

Nav. Pleaseth your grace to let the surgeon search your wound?

Henry. The wound, I warrant ye, is deep, my lord.—
Search, surgeon, and resolve§ me what thou see'st. [*The* Surgeon *searches the wound.*

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* *Enter King Henry,* &c.] Scene, Saint-Cloud.

† *Lutetia-walls*] i. e. the walls of Paris.—Old ed. "Lucrecia *walles.*"

‡ *Friar*] It is hardly necessary to add his name,—Jaques Clément.

* *Jacobe*] Old ed. "Jacobus."

† *Stabs the king with a knife,* &c.] "Le lendemain, premier août [1589], Henri iii, à son lever, instruit qu'un religieux, chargé de quelques dépêches des prisonniers de Paris, demandoit à lui parler, ordonne qu'on le fasse entrer, s'avance vers lui, prend ses lettres; et, dans le moment qu'il les lisoit attentivement, l'assassin tire un couteau de sa manche et le lui plonge dans le ventre. Henri blessé s'écrie, retire lui-même le couteau et en frappe le scélérat au visage. Aussitôt les gentilshommes présents, entraînés par un zèle inconsidéré, mettent en pièces le meurtrier, et enlèvent par sa mort le moyen de connoître ses complices." Anquetil, *Hist. de France,* t. v. 489, ed. 1817.

‡ *his*] Old ed. "their."

§ *resolve*] i. e. certify, inform.

Enter the English Agent.

Agent for England, send thy mistress word
What this detested Jacobin hath done.
Tell her, for all this, that I hope to live;
Which if I do, the papal monarch goes
To wreck, and [th'] antichristian kingdom falls:
These bloody hands shall tear his triple crown,
And fire accursèd Rome about his ears;
I'll fire his crazèd buildings, and enforce
The papal towers to kiss the lowly earth.—*
Navarre, give me thy hand: I here do swear
To ruinate that wicked Church of Rome,
That hatcheth up such bloody practices;
And here protest eternal love to thee,
And to the Queen of England specially,
Whom God hath bless'd for hating papistry.

Nav. These words revive my thoughts, and comfort me,
To see your highness in this virtuous mind.

Henry. Tell me, surgeon, shall I live?

Surg. Alas, my lord, the wound is dangerous,
For you are stricken with a poison'd knife!

Henry. A poison'd knife! what, shall the French king die,
Wounded and poison'd both at once?

Eper. O, that
That damnèd villain were alive again,
That we might torture him with some new-found death!

Bar. He died a death too good:
The devil of hell torture his wicked soul!

Henry. Ah, curse him not, sith† he is dead!—
O, the fatal poison works within my breast!—
Tell me, surgeon, and flatter not—may I live?

Surg. Alas, my lord, your highness cannot live!

Nav. Surgeon, why say'st thou so? the king may live.

Henry. O, no, Navarre! thou must be king of France.

Nav. Long may you live, and still be king of France!

Eper. Or else, die Epernoun!

Henry. Sweet Epernoun, thy king must die.—My lords,
Fight in the quarrel of this valiant prince,
For he's your lawful king, and my next heir;
Valois's line ends in my tragedy.
Now let the house of Bourbon wear the crown;
And may it ne'er end in blood, as mine hath done!—
Weep not, sweet Navarre, but revenge my death.—
Ah, Epernoun, is this thy love to me?
Henry, thy king, wipes off these childish tears,
And bids thee whet thy sword on Sixtus' bones,
That it may keenly slice the Catholics.
He loves me not [the most*] that sheds most tears,
But he that makes most lavish of his blood.
Fire Paris, where these treacherous rebels lurk.—
I die, Navarre: come bear me to my sepulchre.
Salute the Queen of England in my name,
And tell her, Henry dies her faithful friend.
[*Dies.*

Nav. Come, lords, take up the body of the king,
That we may see it honourably interr'd:
And then I vow so† to revenge his death
As Rome, and all those popish prelates there,
Shall curse the time that e'er Navarre was king,
And rul'd in France by Henry's fatal death.

[*They march out, with the body of* KING HENRY *lying on four men's shoulders, with a dead march, drawing weapons on the ground.*

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* *I'll fire his crazèd buildings, and enforce*
The papal towers to kiss the lowly earth] Old ed., "*and* incense,
The papall towers to kisse the holy *earth.*"
But compare our author's *Edward the Second*:
"I'll fire thy crazèd buildings, and *enforce*
The papal towers to kiss the *lowly* ground."
* * * * * * * * * *
"[And], highly scorning that *the lowly earth*," &c. p. 189, first col., and p. 212, sec. col.

† *sith*] i. e. since.

* *the most*] So, it would seem, the author wrote.—The modern editors print "*the* best."

† *so*] Old ed. "for" (the MS. having had "soe," which the compositor misread "for").

THE

TRAGEDY OF DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

The Tragedie of Dido Queene of Carthage: Played by the Children of her Maiesties Chappell. Written by Christopher Marlowe, and Thomas Nash. Gent.

Actors.

Jupiter.	*Ascanius.*
Ganimed.	*Dido.*
Venus.	*Anna.*
Cupid.	*Achates.*
Juno.	*Ilioneus.*
Mercurie, or	*Iarbas.*
Hermes.	*Cloanthes.*
Æneas.	*Sergestus.*

At London, Printed, by the Widdowe Orwin, for Thomas Woodcocke, and are to be solde at his shop, in Paules Church-yeard, at the signe of the blacke Beare. 1594. 4to.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER.
GANYMEDE.
HERMES.
CUPID.

JUNO.
VENUS.

ÆNEAS.
ASCANIUS, his son.
ACHATES.
ILIONEUS.
CLOANTHUS.
SERGESTUS.
Other Trojans.
IARBAS.
Carthaginian Lords

DIDO.
ANNA, her sister.
Nurse.

THE

TRAGEDY OF DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

ACT I.

Here the curtains draw: there is discovered JUPITER *dandling* GANYMEDE *upon his knee, and* HERMES* *lying asleep.*

Jup. Come, gentle Ganymede, and play with me;
I love thee well, say Juno what she will.
Gan. I am much better for your worthless love,
That will not shield me from her shrewish blows!
To-day, whenas† I fill'd into your cups,
And held the cloth of pleasance whiles you drank,
She reach'd me such a rap for that I spill'd,
As made the blood run down about mine ears.
Jup. What, dares she strike the darling of my thoughts?
By Saturn's soul, and this earth-threatening hair,‡
That, shaken thrice, makes nature's buildings quake,
I vow, if she but once frown on thee more,
To hang her, meteor-like, 'twixt heaven and earth,
And bind her, hand and foot, with golden cords,
As once I did for harming Hercules!
Gan. Might I but see that pretty sport a-foot,
O, how would I with Helen's brother laugh,
And bring the gods to wonder at the game!
Sweet Jupiter, if e'er I pleas'd thine eye,
Or seemèd fair, wall'd-in with eagle's wings,§
Grace my immortal beauty with this boon,
And I will spend my time in thy bright arms.
Jup. What is't, sweet wag, I should deny thy youth?
Whose face reflects such pleasure to mine eyes,
As I, exhal'd with thy fire-darting beams,
Have oft driven back the horses of the Night,
Whenas they would have hal'd thee from my sight.
Sit on my knee, and call for thy content,
Control proud Fate, and cut the thread of Time:
Why, are not all the gods at thy command,
And heaven and earth the bounds of thy delight?
Vulcan shall dance to make thee laughing-sport,
And my nine daughters sing when thou art sad;
From Juno's bird I'll pluck her spotted pride,
To make thee fans wherewith to cool thy face;
And Venus' swans shall shed their silver down,
To sweeten out the slumbers of thy bed;
Hermes no more shall shew the world his wings,
If that thy fancy in his feathers dwell,
But, as this one, I'll tear them all from him,
[*Plucks a feather from* HERMES' *wings.*
Do thou but say, "their colour pleaseth me."
Hold here, my little love; these linkèd gems,
[*Gives jewels.*
My Juno ware upon her marriage-day,
Put thou about thy neck, my own sweet heart,
And trick thy arms and shoulders with my theft.*
Gan. I would have† a jewel for mine ear,

* *Hermes*] Here the old ed. has "*Mercury*"; but afterwards "*Hermes.*"

† *whenas*] i. e. when.

‡ *hair*] Old ed. "aire."

§ *wall'd-in with eagle's wings*] This expression is well illustrated by Titian's [?] picture (in the National Gallery) of the rape of Ganymede.—In Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 2, we have,—

"A lady *wall'd-about* with diamonds!"

* *my theft*] i. e. these jewels which I stolo from Juno.

† *have*] Qy. "*have* too"? But see note ‖, p. 18.

And a fine brooch to put in * my hat,
And then I'll hug with you an hundred times.
Jup. And shalt † have, Ganymede, if thou wilt be my love.

Enter VENUS.

Ven. Ay, this is it: you can sit toying there,
And playing with that female wanton boy,
Whiles my Æneas wanders on the seas,
And rests a prey to every billow's pride.
Juno, false Juno, in her chariot's pomp,
Drawn through the heavens by steeds of Boreas' brood,
Made Hebe to direct her airy wheels
Into the windy country of the clouds;
Where, finding Æolus entrench'd with storms,
And guarded with a thousand grisly ghosts,
She humbly did beseech him for our bane,
And charg'd him drown my son with all his train.
Then gan the winds break ope their brazen doors,
And all Æolia to be up in arms:
Poor Troy must now be sack'd upon the sea,
And Neptune's waves be envious men of war;
Epeus' horse, to Ætna's hill transform'd,
Preparèd stands to wreck their wooden walls;
And Æolus, like Agamemnon, sounds
The surges, his fierce soldiers, to the spoil:
See how the night, Ulysses-like, comes forth,
And intercepts the day, as Dolon erst!
Ay, me! the stars suppris'd,‡ like Rhesus' steeds,
Are drawn by darkness forth Astræus' tents.§
What shall I do to save thee, my sweet boy?
Whenas ‖ the waves do threat our crystal world,
And Proteus, raising hills of floods on high,
Intends, ere long, to sport him in the sky.
False Jupiter, reward'st thou virtue so?
What, is not piety exempt from woe?
Then die, Æneas, in thine innocence,
Since that religion hath no recompense.
Jup. Content thee, Cytherea, in thy care,
Since thy Æneas' wandering fate is firm,
Whose weary limbs shall shortly make repose
In those fair walls I promis'd him of yore.
But, first, in blood must his good fortune bud,
Before he be the lord of Turnus' town,
Or force her smile that hitherto hath frown'd:
Three winters shall he with the Rutiles war,
And, in the end, subdue them with his sword;
And full three summers likewise shall he waste
In managing those fierce barbarian minds;
Which once perform'd, poor Troy, so long suppress'd,
From forth her ashes shall advance her head,
And flourish once again, that erst was dead.
But bright Ascanius, beauty's better work,
Who with the sun divides one radiant shape,
Shall build his throne amidst those starry towers
That earth-born Atlas, groaning, underprops:
No bounds, but heaven, shall bound his empery,
Whose azur'd gates, enchasèd with his name,
Shall make the Morning haste her grey uprise,
To feed her eyes with his engraven fame.
Thus, in stout Hector's race, three hundred years
The Roman sceptre royal shall remain,
Till that a princess-priest, conceiv'd * by Mars,
Shall yield to dignity a double birth,
Who will eternish Troy in their attempts.
Ven. How may I credit these thy flattering terms,
When yet both sea and sands beset their ships,
And Phœbus, as in Stygian pools, refrains
To taint his tresses in the Tyrrhene main †?
Jup. I will take order for that presently.—
Hermes, awake! and haste to Neptune's realm,
Whereas ‡ the wind-god, warring now with fate,

---

* *in*] The modern editors print (as most probably the poet wrote) "into."

† *shalt*] Old ed. "shall."

‡ *suppris'd*] i. e. overcome, overpowered. So in *The Tragedie of Antonie*, translated from the French of Garnier by the Countess of Pembroke;

"Can not by them [i. e. the charms of Cleopatra] Octauius be *suppriz'd?*" Sig. C 6, ed. 1595.

The original of which is,

"Ne pourra par eux estre Octaue *combatu?*"

§ *Astræus' tents*] Astræus was the father of the primeval stars:

'Αστραίου —, ὃν ῥα τέ φασιν
Αστρων ἀρχαίων πατέρ' ἔμμεναι.
Aratus,—ΦΑΙΝ. 98.

‖ *Whenas*] i. e. When.

* *conceiv'd*] i. e. become pregnant. (So in the fourth line of the next speech but two, "the heavens, *conceiv'd with hell-born clouds.*")

"Donec regina sacerdos
Marte gravis geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem."
Virgil,—*Æn.* i. 273.

(Here the modern editors print,

"Till that a princess, *priest-conceiv'd* by Mars"!!)

† *To taint his tresses in the Tyrrhene main*] Here *taint* does not mean—stain, sully, but is equivalent to—dip, bathe. In Sylvester's *Du Bartas* we meet with nearly as violent an expression;

"In Rhines fair streams to *rinse his* amber *tresses.*"
The Colonies, p. 129, ed. 1641;

where the original French has merely,

"Va dans les eaux du Rhin *ses* blonds *cheueux lauant.*"

‡ *Whereas*] i. e. where.

Beseige[s] th' offspring of our kingly loins:
Charge him from me to turn his stormy powers,
And fetter them in Vulcan's sturdy brass,
That durst thus proudly wrong our kinsman's peace. [*Exit* HERMES.
Venus, farewell: thy son shall be our care.—
Come, Ganymede, we must about this gear.
[*Exeunt* JUPITER *and* GANYMEDE.*

Ven. Disquiet seas, lay down your swelling looks,
And court Æneas with your calmy cheer,
Whose beauteous burden well might make you proud,
Had not the heavens, conceiv'd with hell-born clouds,
Veil'd his resplendent glory from your view:
For my sake, pity him, Oceanus,
That erst-while issu'd from thy watery loins,
And had my being from thy bubbling froth.
Triton, I know, hath fill'd his trump with Troy,
And therefore will take pity on his toil,
And call both Thetis and Cymodoce †
To succour him in this extremity.

Enter ÆNEAS, ASCANIUS, ACHATES, *and others.*

What, do I see ‡ my son now come on shore?
Venus, how art thou compass'd with content,
The while thine eyes attract their sought-for joys!
Great Jupiter, still honour'd mayst thou be
For this so friendly aid in time of need!
Here in this bush disguis'd will I stand,
Whiles my Æneas spends himself in plaints,
And heaven and earth with his unrest acquaints.

Æn. You sons of care, companions of my course,
Priam's misfortune follows us by sea,
And Helen's rape doth haunt ye § at the heels.
How many dangers have we overpass'd!
Both barking Scylla, and the sounding rocks,
The Cyclops' shelves, and grim Ceraunia's seat,
Have you o'ergone, and yet remain alive.
Pluck up your hearts, since Fate still rests our friend,
And changing heavens may those good days return,
Which Pergama did vaunt in all her pride.

Ach. Brave prince of Troy, thou only art our god,
That by thy virtues free'st us from annoy,*
And mak'st our hopes survive to coming† joys:
Do thou but smile, and cloudy heaven will clear,
Whose night and day descendeth from thy brows.
Though we be now in extreme misery,
And rest the map of weather-beaten woe,
Yet shall the agèd sun shed forth his hair,‡
To make us live unto our former heat,
And every beast the forest doth send forth
Bequeath her young ones to our scanted food.

Asc. Father, I faint; good father, give me meat.

Æn. Alas, sweet boy, thou must be still a while,
Till we have fire to dress the meat we kill'd!—
Gentle Achates, reach the tinder-box,
That we may make a fire to warm us with,
And roast our new-found victuals on this shore.

Ven. See, what strange arts necessity finds out!
How near, my sweet Æneas, art thou driven!
[*Aside.*

Æn. Hold; take this candle, and go light a fire;
You shall have leaves and windfall boughs enow,
Near to these woods, to roast your meat withal.—
Ascanius, go and dry thy drenchèd limbs,
Whiles I with my Achates rove abroad,
To know what coast the wind hath driven us on,
Or whether men or beasts inhabit it.
[*Exeunt* ASCANIUS *and others.*

Ach. The air is pleasant, and the soil most fit
For cities and society's supports;
Yet much I marvel that I cannot find
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.

---

* *Exeunt Jupiter and Ganymede.*] On their going out, we are to suppose that the scene is changed to a wood on the sea-shore. In the third act we find;

"*Æn.* Stout friend Achates, dost thou know this wood?
Ach. As I remember, here you shot the deer
That sav'd your famish'd soldiers' lives from death,
When first you set your foot upon the shore;
And here we met fair Venus, virgin-like," &c.

† *Cymodoce*] Old ed. "Cimodoce".—I give, with the modern editors, "*Cymodoce*," as it comes nearest the trace of the letters; and she doubtless was one of the Nereids: but, according to the passage in Virgil's *Æn.* (l. 144.), the name ought to be "Cymothoe."

‡ *What, do I see,* &c.] Perhaps this line should be pointed,

"What do I see? my son now come on shore!"

§ *ye*] Old ed. "thee".—Here the modern editors print "us" on account of "us" in the preceding line: but compare what immediately follows, "have *we* overpass'd" —"Have *you* o'ergone."

* *annoy*] Qy "annoys"—for a rhyme?

† *coming*] Old ed. "cunning." The words are very often confounded by our early printers.

‡ *his hair*] i. e. his blazing tresses. Old ed. "air,"—a misprint which has occurred before; see note ‡, p. 251.

Ven. Now is the time for me to play my part.— [*Aside.*
Ho, young men! saw you, as you came,*
Any of all my sisters wandering here,
Having a quiver girded to her side,
And clothèd in a spotted leopard's skin?

Æn. I neither saw nor heard of any such.
But what may I, fair virgin, call your name,
Whose looks set forth no mortal form to view,
Nor speech bewrays aught human in thy birth?
Thou art a goddess that delud'st our eyes,
And shroud'st thy beauty in this borrow'd shape;
But whether thou the Sun's bright sister be,
Or one of chaste Diana's fellow-nymphs,
Live happy in the height of all content,
And lighten our extremes with this one boon,
As to instruct us under what good heaven
We breathe as now, and what this world is call'd
On which by tempests' fury we are cast:
Tell us, O, tell us, that are ignorant!
And this right hand shall make thy altars crack
With mountain-heaps of milk-white sacrifice.

Ven. Such honour, stranger, do I not affect:
It is the use for Tyrian† maids to wear
Their bow and quiver in this modest sort,
And suit themselves in purple for the nonce,‡
That they may trip more lightly o'er the lawnds,§
And overtake the tuskèd boar in chase.
But for the land whereof thou dost inquire,
It is the Punic kingdom, rich and strong,
Adjoining on Agenor's stately town,
The kingly seat of Southern Libya,
Whereas‖ Sidonian Dido rules as queen.
But what are you that ask of me these things?
Whence may you come, or whither will you go?

Æn. Of Troy am I, Æneas is my name;
Who, driven by war from forth my native world,
Put sails to sea to seek out Italy;
And my divine descent from sceptred Jove:
With twice twelve Phrygian ships I plough'd the deep,
And made that way my mother Venus led;
But of them all scarce seven do anchor safe,
And they so wreck'd and welter'd by the waves,
As every tide tilts 'twixt their oaken sides;
And all of them, unburden'd of their load,
Are ballassèd* with billows' watery weight.
But hapless I, God wot, poor and unknown,
Do trace these Libyan deserts, all despis'd,
Exil'd forth Europe and wide Asia both,
And have not any coverture but heaven.

Ven. Fortune hath favour'd thee, whate'er thou be,
In sending thee unto this courteous coast..
A' God's name, on! and haste thee to the court,
Where Dido will receive ye with her smiles;
And for thy ships, which thou supposest lost,
Not one of them hath perish'd in the storm,
But are arrivèd safe, not far from hence:
And so, I leave thee to thy fortune's lot,
Wishing good luck unto thy wandering steps.
[*Exit.*

Æn. Achates, 'tis my mother that is fled;
I know her by the movings of her feet.—†
Stay, gentle Venus, fly not from thy son!
Too cruel, why wilt thou forsake me thus,
Or in these shades‡ deceiv'st mine eyes so oft?
Why talk we not together hand in hand,
And tell our griefs in more familiar terms?
But thou art gone, and leav'st me here alone,
To dull the air with my discoursive moan.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter IARBAS,§ *followed by* ILIONEUS, CLOANTHUS,‖ SERGESTUS, *and others.*¶

Ili. Follow, ye Trojans, follow this brave lord,
And plain** to him the sum of your distress.

Iar. Why, what are you, or wherefore do you sue?

Ili. Wretches of Troy, envied of the winds,††
That crave such favour at your honour's feet
As poor distressèd misery may plead:
Save, save, O, save our ships from cruel fire,
That do complain the wounds of thousand waves,
And spare our lives, whom every spite pursues!
We come not, we, to wrong your Libyan gods,
Or steal your household Lares from their shrines;

---

* *came*] Qy. "*came* along"?
† *Tyrian*] Old ed. "Turen."
‡ *for the nonce*] i. e. for the occasion.
§ *lawnds*] i. e. lawns.
‖ *Whereas*] i. e. Where.

* *ballassèd*] i. e. ballasted.
† *I know her by the movings of her feet*] Every reader will of course perceive that these words answer to "*Et vera incessu patuit dea*," in Virgil's celebrated description of Venus reassuming the marks of divinity (*Æn.* 1. 405),—a description, of which our poet did not venture to borrow more, lest the audience should have smiled at its inappropriateness to the actor who "boy'd" the goddess.
‡ *shades*] "Quid natum totiens, crudelis tu quoque, falsis
Ludis *imaginibus?*" Virgil, *Æn.* 1. 407.
§ *Enter Iarbas*, &c.] Scene, within the walls of Carthage.
‖ *Cloanthus*] Old ed. here and elsewhere "Cloanthes."
¶ *and others*] Not in old ed.
** *plain*] i. e. *complain*, piteously set forth.
†† *envied of the winds*] i. e. hated, having ill-will borne them by the winds.

Our hands are not prepar'd to lawless spoil,
Nor armèd to offend in any kind;
Such force is far from our unweapon'd thoughts,
Whose fading weal, of victory forsook,
Forbids all hope to harbour near our hearts.

Iar. But tell me, Trojans, Trojans if you be,
Unto what fruitful quarters were ye bound,
Before that Boreas buckled with your sails?

Clo. There is a place, Hesperia term'd by us,
An ancient empire, famousèd for arms,
And fertile in fair Ceres' furrow'd wealth,
Which now we call Italia, of his name
That in such peace long time did rule the same.
Thither made we;
When, suddenly, gloomy Orion rose,
And led our ships into the shallow sands,
Whereas* the southern wind with brackish breath
Dispers'd them all amongst the wreckful rocks:
From thence a few of us escap'd to land;
The rest, we fear, are folded in the floods.

Iar. Brave men-at-arms, abandon fruitless fears,
Since Carthage knows to entertain distress.

Serg. Ay, but the barbarous sort* do threat our ships,
And will not let us lodge upon the sands;
In multitudes they swarm unto the shore,
And from the first earth interdict our feet.

Iar. Myself will see they shall not trouble ye:
Your men and you shall banquet in our court,
And every Trojan be as welcome here
As Jupiter to silly Baucis'† house.
Come in with me; I'll bring you to my queen,
Who shall confirm my words with further deeds.

Serg. Thanks, gentle lord, for such unlook'd-for grace:
Might we but once more see Æneas' face,
Then would we hope to quite‡ such friendly turns,
As shall§ surpass the wonder of our speech.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter ÆNEAS,† ACHATES, ASCANIUS, *and others.*‡

Æn. Where am I now? these should be Carthage-walls.

Ach. Why stands my sweet Æneas thus amaz'd?

Æn. O my Achates, Theban Niobe,
Who for her sons' death wept out life and breath,
And, dry with grief, was turn'd into a stone,
Had not such passions in her head as I!
Methinks,
That town there should be Troy, yon Ida's hill,
There Xanthus' stream, because here's Priamus;
And when I know it is not, then I die.

Ach. And in this humour is Achates too;
I cannot choose but fall upon my knees,
And kiss his hand. O, where is Hecuba?
Here she was wont to sit; but, saving air,
Is nothing here; and what is this but stone?§

Æn. O, yet this stone doth make Æneas weep!
And would my prayers (as Pygmalion's did)
Could give it life, that under his conduct
We might sail back to Troy, and be reveng'd
On these hard-hearted Grecians which rejoice
That nothing now is left of Priamus!
O, Priamus is left, and this is he!
Come, come aboard; pursue the hateful Greeks.

Ach. What means Æneas?

Æn. Achates, though mine eyes say this is stone,
Yet thinks my mind that this is Priamus;
And when my grievèd heart sighs and says no,
Then would it leap out to give Priam life.—
O, were I not at all, so thou mightst be!—
Achates, see, King Priam wags his hand!
He is alive; Troy is not overcome!

Ach. Thy mind, Æneas, that would have it so,
Deludes thy eye-sight; Priamus is dead.

Æn. Ah, Troy is sack'd, and Priamus is dead!
And why should poor Æneas be alive?

Asc. Sweet father, leave to weep; this is not he,
For, were it Priam, he would smile on me.

---

* *Whereas*] i. e. Where.

† *Enter Æneas, &c.*] I cannot satisfy myself about the exact location which the poet intended to give this scene (according to Virgil, it should take place within the temple of Juno). Presently a change of scene is supposed; see note ¶, p. 256.

‡ *and others*] Not in old ed.

§ *stone*] i. e. (as plainly appears from what follows) a statue,—in opposition to Virgil, who makes Æneas see, in the temple of Juno built by Dido, a *picture* of Priam, &c.

* *sort*] i. e. rabble.

† *Baucis'*] Old ed. "Vausis."

‡ *quite*] i. e. requite.

§ *shall*] Qy. "all"?

Ach. Æneas, see, here come the citizens:
Leave to lament, lest they laugh at our fears.

Enter CLOANTHUS, SERGESTUS, ILIONEUS, *and others.**

Æn. Lords of this town, or whatsoever style
Belongs unto your name, vouchsafe of ruth
To tell us who inhabits this fair town,
What kind of people, and who governs them;
For we are strangers driven on this shore,
And scarcely know within what clime we are.

Ili. I hear Æneas' voice, but see him not,†
For none of these can be our general.

Ach. Like Ilioneus‡ speaks this nobleman,
But Ilioneus goes not in such robes.

Serg. You are Achates, or I [am] deceiv'd.

Ach. Æneas, see, Sergestus, or his ghost!

Ili. He names§ Æneas; let us kiss his feet..

Clo. It is our captain; see, Ascanius!

Serg. Live long Æneas and Ascanius!

Æn. Achates, speak, for I am overjoy'd.

Ach. O Ilioneus, art thou yet alive?

Ili. Blest be the time I see Achates' face!

Clo. Why turns Æneas from his trusty friends?

Æn. Sergestus, Ilioneus, and the rest,
Your sight amaz'd me. O, what destinies
Have brought my sweet companions in such plight?
O, tell me, for I long to be resolv'd!‖

Ili. Lovely Æneas, these are Carthage-walls;
And here Queen Dido wears th' imperial crown,
Who for Troy's sake hath entertain'd us all,
And clad us in these wealthy robes we wear.
Oft hath she ask'd us under whom we serv'd;
And, when we told her, she would weep for grief,
Thinking the sea had swallow'd up thy ships;
And, now she sees thee, how will she rejoice!

Serg. See, where her servitors pass through the hall,¶
Bearing a banquet: Dido is not far.

Ili. Look, where she comes; Æneas, view* her well.

Æn. Well may I view her; but she sees not me.

Enter DIDO, ANNA, IARBAS, *and train.*

Dido. What stranger art thou, that dost eye me thus?

Æn. Sometime I was a Trojan, mighty queen;
But Troy is not:—what shall I say I am?

Ili. Renowmèd† Dido, 'tis our general,
Warlike Æneas.

Dido. Warlike Æneas, and in these base robes!—
Go fetch the garment which Sichæus ware.—
[*Exit an* Attendant *who brings in the garment, which* ÆNEAS *puts on.*
Brave prince, welcome to Carthage and to me,
Both happy that Æneas is our guest.
Sit in this chair, and banquet with a queen:
Æneas is Æneas, were he clad
In weeds as bad as ever Irus ware.

Æn. This is no seat for one that's comfortless:
May it please your grace to let Æneas wait;
For though my birth be great, my fortune's mean,
Too mean to be companion to a queen.

Dido. Thy fortune may be greater than thy birth:
Sit down, Æneas, sit in Dido's place;
And, if this be thy son, as I suppose,
Here let him sit.—Be merry, lovely child.

Æn. This place beseems me not; O, pardon me!

Dido. I'll have it so; Æneas, be content.

Asc. Madam, you shall be my mother.

Dido. And so I will, sweet child.—Be merry, man:
Here's to thy better fortune and good stars.
[*Drinks.*

Æn. In all humility, I thank your grace.

Dido. Remember who thou art; speak like thyself:
Humility belongs to common grooms.

Æn. And who so miserable as Æneas is?

Dido. Lies it in Dido's hands to make thee blest?
Then be assur'd thou art not miserable.

Æn. O Priamus, O Troy, O Hecuba!

Dido. May I entreat thee to discourse at large,
And truly too, how Troy was overcome?

---

* *and others*] Not in old ed. (Æneas presently says,
"Sergestus, Ilioneus, *and the rest*,
Your sight amaz'd me.")

† *but see him not*] i. e. but I cannot discover Æneas among persons so meanly clad: Dido afterwards (next col.) says,
"Warlike Æneas, and in *these base robes!*"
(Virgil, as the reader will recollect, makes Venus cover Æneas and Achates with a cloud, which is not dissolved till they meet Dido.)

‡ *Ilioneus*] Is it necessary to observe that a wrong quantity is given to this name?

§ *names*] Old ed. "meanes."

‖ *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, informed.

¶ *See, where her servitors pass through the hall*, &c.] Here, or at any rate, a little after, a change of scene is supposed, —to the hall of Dido's palace.

* *view*] Old ed. "viewd."

† *Renomwéd*] See note ‖, p. 11.

For many tales go of that city's fall,
And scarcely do agree upon one point:
Some say Antenor did betray the town;
Others report 'twas Sinon's perjury;
But all in this, that Troy is overcome,
And Priam dead; yet how, we hear no news.

Æn. A woful tale bids Dido to unfold,
Whose memory, like pale Death's stony mace,
Beats forth my senses from this troubled soul,
And makes Æneas sink at Dido's feet.

Dido. What, faints Æneas to remember Troy,
In whose defence he fought so valiantly?
Look up, and speak.

Æn. Then speak, Æneas, with Achilles' tongue:
And, Dido, and you Carthaginian peers,
Hear me; but yet with Myrmidons' harsh ears,
Daily inur'd to broils and massacres,
Lest you be mov'd too much with my sad tale.
The Grecian soldiers, tir'd with ten years' war,
Began to cry, "Let us unto our ships,
Troy is invincible, why stay we here?"
With whose outcries Atrides being appall'd,
Summon'd the captains to his princely tent;
Who, looking on the scars we Trojans gave,
Seeing the number of their men decreas'd,
And the remainder weak and out of heart,
Gave up their voices to dislodge the camp,
And so in troops all march'd to Tenedos:*
Where when they came, Ulysses on the sand
Assay'd with honey words to turn them back;
And, as he spoke, to further his intent,
The winds did drive huge billows to the shore,
And heaven was darken'd with tempestuous clouds;
Then he alleg'd the gods would have them stay,
And prophesied Troy should be overcome:
And therewithal he call'd false Sinon forth,
A man compact of craft and perjury,
Whose ticing tongue was made of Hermes' pipe,
To force an hundred watchful eyes to sleep;
And him, Epeus† having made the horse,
With sacrificing wreaths upon his head,
Ulysses sent to our unhappy town;
Who, grovelling in the mire of Xanthus' banks,
His hands bound at his back, and both his eyes
Turn'd up to heaven, as one resolv'd to die,
Our Phrygian shepherd[s] hal'd within the gates,
And brought unto the court of Priamus;
To whom he us'd action so pitiful,
Looks so remorseful,* vows so forcible,
As therewithal the old man overcome,
Kiss'd him, embrac'd him, and unloos'd his bands;
And then—O Dido, pardon me!

Dido. Nay, leave not here; resolve me of the rest.

Æn. O, the enchanting words of that base slave
Made him to think Epeus' pine-tree horse
A sacrifice t' appease Minerva's wrath!
The rather, for that one Laocoon,
Breaking a spear upon his hollow breast,
Was with two wingèd serpents stung to death.
Whereat aghast, we were commanded straight
With reverence to draw it into Troy:
In which unhappy work was I employ'd;
These hands did help to hale it to the gates,
Through which it could not enter, 'twas so huge,—
O, had it never enter'd, Troy had stood!
But Priamus, impatient of delay,
Enforc'd a wide breach in that rampir'd wall
Which thousand battering-rams could never pierce,
And so came in this fatal instrument:
At whose accursèd feet, as overjoy'd,
We banqueted, till, overcome with wine,
Some surfeited, and others soundly slept.
Which Sinon viewing, caus'd the Greekish spies
To haste to Tenedos, and tell the camp:
Then he unlock'd the horse; and suddenly,
From out his entrails, Neoptolemus,
Setting his spear upon the ground, leapt forth,
And, after him, a thousand Grecians more,
In whose stern faces shin'd the quenchless fire
That after burnt the pride of Asia.

---

* *in troops all march'd to Tenedos*] An odd mistake on the part of the poet; similar to that which is attributed to the Duke of Newcastle in Smollet's *Humphry Clinker* (vol. i. 236, ed. 1783), where his grace is made to talk about "thirty thousand French *marching* from Acadia to Cape Breton." (The following passage of Sir J. Harington's *Orlando Furioso* will hardly be thought sufficient to vindicate our author from the imputation of a blunder in geography;

"Now had they lost the sight of Holland shore,
And *marcht* with gentle gale in comely ranke," &c.
B. x. st. 16.)

† *Epeus*] I cannot resist the present opportunity of citing from Quintus Smyrnæus a striking passage in which this personage is mentioned;

Πρῶτος μὲν κατέβαινεν ἐς ἵππον κητώεντα
υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος, σὺν δ' ὁ κρατερὸς Μενέλαος, κ.τ.λ
* * * * * * *
ἄλλοι δ' αὖ κατέβαινον, ὅσοι ἦσαν ἔξοχ' ἀρίστοι,
ὅσσους χάνδανεν ἵππος ἐύξοος ἐντὸς ἐέργειν·
ἐν δέ σφιν τύματος κατιθήσατο δῖος Ἐπειός,
ὃς ῥα καὶ ἵππον ἔτευξεν· ἐπίστατο δ' ᾧ ἐνὶ θυμῷ
ἦ μὲν ἀνωΐξαι κείνου στύχας, ἠδ' ἐπιρεῖσαι.
τοὔνεκα δή πάντων βῆ δεύτατος· εἶρυσι δ' ὦσω
κλίμακας, ᾗς ἀνέβησαν. ὁ δ' αὖ μάλα πάντ' ἐπιρεῖσας,
αὐτοῦ πὰρ κληῖδι καθέζετο· ΤΟΙ ΔΕ ΣΙΩΠΗ
ΠΑΝΤΕΣ ΕΣΑΝ, ΜΕΣΣΗΓΥΣ ΟΜΩΣ ΝΙΚΗΣ ΚΑΙ
ΟΛΕΘΡΟΥ. Lib. xii. 314, ed. Tauchn., 1829.

* *remorseful*] i. e. piteous.

By this, the camp was come unto the walls,
And through the breach did march into the streets,
Where, meeting with the rest, "Kill, kill!" they cried.
Frighted with this confusèd noise, I rose,
And, looking from a turret, might behold
Young infants swimming in their parents' blood,
Headless carcasses pilèd up in heaps,
Virgins half-dead, dragg'd by their golden hair,
And with main force flung on a ring of pikes,
Old men with swords thrust through their agèd sides,
Kneeling for mercy to a Greekish lad,
Who with steel pole-axes dash'd out their brains.
Then buckled I mine armour, drew my sword,
And thinking to go down, came Hector's ghost,
With ashy visage, blueish sulphur eyes,
His arms torn from his shoulders, and his breast
Furrow'd with wounds, and, that which made me weep,
Thongs at his heels, by which Achilles' horse
Drew him in triumph through the Greekish camp,
Burst from the earth, crying "Æneas, fly!
Troy is a-fire, the Grecians have the town!"

Dido. O Hector, who weeps not to hear thy name?

Æn. Yet flung I forth, and, desperate of my life,
Ran in the thickest throngs, and with this sword
Sent many of their savage ghosts to hell.
At last came Pyrrhus, fell and full of ire,
His harness* dropping blood, and on his spear
The mangled head of Priam's youngest son;
And, after him, his band of Myrmidons,
With balls of wild-fire in their murdering paws,
Which made the funeral flame that burnt fair Troy;
All which hemm'd me about, crying, "This is he!"

Dido. Ah, how could poor Æneas scape their hands?

Æn. My mother Venus, jealous of my health,
Convey'd me from their crookèd nets and bands;
So I escap'd the furious Pyrrhus' wrath:
Who then ran to the palace of the king,
And at Jove's altar finding Priamus,
About whose wither'd neck hung Hecuba,
Folding his hand in hers, and jointly both
Beating their breasts, and falling on the ground,
He, with his falchion's point rais'd up at once,
And with Megæra's eyes, star'd in their face,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance:
To whom the agèd king thus, trembling, spoke;
"Achilles' son, remember what I was,
Father of fifty sons, but they are slain;
Lord of my fortune, but my fortune's turn'd;
King of this city, but my Troy is fir'd;
And now am neither father, lord, nor king:
Yet who so wretched but desires to live?
O, let me live, great Neoptolemus!"
Not mov'd at all, but smiling at his tears,
This butcher, whilst his hands were yet held up,
Treading upon his breast, struck off his hands.

Dido. O, end, Æneas! I can hear no more.

Æn. At which the frantic queen leap'd on his face,
And in his eyelids hanging by the nails,
A little while prolong'd her husband's life.
At last, the soldiers pull'd her by the heels,
And swung her howling in the empty air,
Which sent an echo to the wounded king:
Whereat he lifted up his bed-rid limbs,
And would have grappled with Achilles' son,
Forgetting both his want of strength and hands;
Which he disdaining, whisk'd his sword about,
And with the wind * thereof the king fell down;
Then from the navel to the throat at once
He ripp'd old Priam; at whose latter gasp
Jove's marble statue gan to bend the brow,
As loathing Pyrrhus for this wicked act.
Yet he, undaunted, took his father's flag,
And dipp'd it in the old king's chill-cold blood,
And then in triumph ran into the streets,
Through which he could not pass for slaughter'd men;
So, leaning on his sword, he stood stone-still,
Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt.
By this, I got my father on my back,
This young boy in mine arms, and by the hand
Led fair Creusa, my belovèd wife;
When thou, Achates, with thy sword mad'st way,
And we were round environ'd with the Greeks:
O, there I lost my wife! and, had not we
Fought manfully, I had not told this tale.
Yet manhood would not serve; of force we fled;
And, as we went unto our ships, thou know'st
We saw Cassandra sprawling in the streets,
Whom Ajax ravish'd in Diana's fane,†

* *harness*] i. e. armour.

* *wind*] Old ed. "wound."—Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet*, iii. 226) first saw the right reading here, comparing the following passage in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2;

"Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and *wind* of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls."

† *fane*] Old ed. "Fawne."

Her checks swollen with sighs, her hair all rent;
Whom I took up to bear unto our ships;
But suddenly the Grecians follow'd us,
And I, alas, was forc'd to let her lie!
Then got we to our ships, and, being aboard,
Polyxena cried out, "Æneas, stay!
The Greeks pursue me; stay, and take me in!"
Mov'd with her voice, I leap'd into the sea,
Thinking to bear her on my back aboard,
For all our ships were launch'd into the deep,
And, as I swom, she, standing on the shore,
Was by the cruel Myrmidons surpris'd,
And, after that, by * Pyrrhus sacrific'd.

Dido. I die with melting ruth; Æneas, leave.†

Anna. O, what became of aged Hecuba?

Iar. How got Æneas to the fleet again?

Dido. But how scap'd Helen, she that caus'd this war?

Æn. Achates, speak; sorrow hath tir'd me quite.

Ach. What happen'd to the queen we cannot shew;
We hear they led her captive into Greece:
As for Æneas, he swom quickly back;
And Helena betray'd Deiphobus,
Her lover, after Alexander died,
And so was reconcil'd to Menelaus.

Dido. O, had that ticing strumpet ne'er been born!—
Trojan, thy ruthful tale hath made me sad:
Come, let us think upon some pleasing sport,
To rid me from these melancholy thoughts.

[*Exeunt all except* ASCANIUS, *whom* VENUS, *entering with* CUPID *at another door, takes by the sleeve as he is going off.*

Ven. Fair child, stay thou with Dido's waiting-maid:
I'll give thee sugar-almonds, sweet conserves,
A silver girdle, and a golden purse,
And this young prince shall be thy playfellow.

Asc. Are you Queen Dido's son?

Cup. Ay; and my mother gave me this fine bow.

Asc. Shall I have such a quiver and a bow?

Ven. Such bow, such quiver, and such golden shafts,
Will Dido give to sweet Ascanius.
For Dido's sake I take thee in my arms,
And stick these spangled feathers in thy hat:
Eat comfits in mine arms, and I will sing.*

[*Sings.*

Now is he fast asleep; and in this grove,
Amongst green brakes, I'll lay Ascanius,
And strew him with sweet-smelling violets,
Blushing roses, purple hyacinths: †
These milk-white doves shall be his centronels,‡
Who, if that any seek to do him hurt,
Will quickly fly to Cytherea's § fist.
Now, Cupid, turn thee to Ascanius' shape,
And go to Dido, who, instead of him,
Will set thee on her lap, and play with thee:
Then touch her white breast with this arrow-head,
That she may dote upon Æneas' love,
And by that means repair his broken ships,
Victual his soldiers, give him wealthy gifts,
And he, at last, depart to Italy,
Or else in Carthage make his kingly throne.

Cup. I will, fair mother; and so play my part
As every touch shall wound Queen Dido's heart.

[*Exit.*

Ven. Sleep, my sweet nephew,‖ in these cooling shades,
Free from the murmur of these running streams,
The cry of beasts, the rattling of the winds,
Or whisking of these leaves: all shall be still,
And nothing interrupt thy quiet sleep,
Till I return, and take thee hence again. [*Exit.*

---

* *And, after that, by*] Old ed. "*And after* by that."

† *leave*] i. e. cease.

* *I will sing*] Here, most probably, the boy who acted Venus was to sing any song that he happened to know. After the song the scene is supposed to be changed to a grove.

† *hyacinths*] Old ed. "Hyacinthe."—"Read," says J. M. (*Gent. Magazine* for Jan. 1841),

'With *blushing roses, purple hyacinth.*'"

But see note ‖, p. 18.

‡ *centronels*] i. e. sentinels. Compare B. Barnes's *Divils Charter*, 1607;

"And here for this night I keepe *centrenell*
For Muscopateron great king of flyes," &c.
Sig. F. 2.

§ *Cytherea's*] Old ed. "Citheidas."

‖ *nephew*] i. e. grandson (Lat. *nepos*).

ACT III.

Enter CUPID * *as* ASCANIUS.

Cup. Now, Cupid, cause the Carthaginian queen
To be enamour'd of thy brother's looks:
Convey this golden arrow in thy sleeve,
Lest she imagine thou art Venus' son;
And when she strokes thee softly on the head,
Then shall I touch her breast and conquer her.

Enter DIDO, ANNA, *and* IARBAS.

Iar. How long, fair Dido, shall I pine for thee?
'Tis not enough that thou dost grant me love,
But that I may enjoy what I desire:
That love is childish which consists in words.

Dido. Iarbas, know, that thou, of all my wooers,—
And yet have I had many mightier kings,—
Hast had the greatest favours I could give.
I fear me, Dido hath been counted light
In being too familiar with Iarbas;
Albeit the gods do know, no wanton thought
Had ever residence in Dido's breast.

Iar. But Dido is the favour I request,

Dido. Fear not, Iarbas; Dido may be thine.

Anna. Look, sister, how Æneas' little son
Plays with your garments and embraceth you.

Cup. No, Dido will not take me in her arms;
I shall not be her son, she loves me not.

Dido. Weep not, sweet boy; thou shalt be Dido's son:
Sit in my lap, and let me hear thee sing.

[CUPID *sings.*†

No more, my child; now talk another while,
And tell me where learn'dst thou this pretty song.

Cup. My cousin Helen taught it me in Troy.

Dido. How lovely is Ascanius when he smiles!

Cup. Will Dido let me hang about her neck?

Dido. Ay, wag; and give thee leave to kiss her too.

Cup. What will you give me now? I'll have this fan.

Dido. Take it, Ascanius, for thy father's sake.

Iar. Come, Dido, leave Ascanius; let us walk.

Dido. Go thou away; Ascanius shall stay.

Iar. Ungentle queen, is this thy love to me?

Dido. O, stay, Iarbas, and I'll go with thee!

Cup. An if my mother go, I'll follow her.

Dido. Why stay'st thou here? thou art no love of mine.

Iar. Iarbas, die, seeing she abandons thee!

Dido. No; live, Iarbas: what hast thou deserv'd,
That I should say thou art no love of mine?
Something thou hast deserv'd.—Away, I say!
Depart from Carthage; come not in my sight.

Iar. Am I not king of rich Gætulia?

Dido. Iarbas, pardon me, and stay a while.

Cup. Mother, look here.

Dido. What tell'st thou me of rich Gætulia?
Am not I queen of Libya? then depart.

Iar. I go to feed the humour of my love,
Yet not from Carthage for a thousand worlds.

Dido. Iarbas!

Iar. Doth Dido call me back?

Dido. No; but I charge thee never look on me.

Iar. Then pull out both mine eyes, or let me die. [*Exit.*

Anna. Wherefore doth Dido bid Iarbas go?

Dido. Because his loathsome sight offends mine eye,
And in my thoughts is shrin'd another love.
O Anna, didst thou know how sweet love were,
Full soon wouldst thou abjure this single life!

Anna. Poor soul, I know too well the sour of love:
O, that Iarbas could but fancy me! [*Aside.*

Dido. Is not Æneas fair and beautiful?

Anna. Yes; and Iarbas foul and favourless.*

Dido. Is he not eloquent in all his speech?

Anna. Yes; and Iarbas rude and rustical.

Dido. Name not Iarbas: but, sweet Anna, say,
Is not Æneas worthy Dido's love?

Anna. O sister, were you empress of the world,
Æneas well deserves to be your love!
So lovely is he, that, where'er he goes,
The people swarm to gaze him in the face.

Dido. But tell them, none shall gaze on him but I,
Lest their gross eye-beams taint my lover's cheeks.

---

* *Enter Cupid*, &c.] Scene, a hall in Dido's palace.

† *Cupid sings*] See note *, p. 259.

* *foul and favourless*] A pleonastic expression; for both words have much the same meaning, viz. ugly.

Anna, good sister Anna, go for him,
Lest with these sweet thoughts I melt clean away.
Anna. Then, sister, you'll abjure Iarbas' love?
Dido. Yet must I hear that loathsome name again?
Run for Æneas, or I'll fly to him. [*Exit* ANNA.
Cup. You shall not hurt my father when he comes.
Dido. No; for thy sake I'll love thy father well.—
O dull-conceited Dido, that till now
Didst never think Æneas beautiful!
But now, for quittance of this oversight,
I'll make me bracelets of his golden hair;
His glistering eyes shall be my looking-glass;
His lips an altar, where I'll offer up
As many kisses as the sea hath sands;
Instead of music I will hear him speak;
His looks shall be my only library;
And thou, Æneas, Dido's treasury,
In whose fair bosom I will lock more wealth
Than twenty thousand Indias can afford.
O, here he comes! Love, love, give Dido leave
To be more modest than her thoughts admit,
Lest I be made a wonder to the world.

Enter ÆNEAS, ACHATES, SERGESTUS, ILIONEUS, *and* CLOANTHUS.

Achates, how doth Carthage please your lord?
Ach. That will Æneas shew your majesty.
Dido. Æneas, art thou there?
Æn. I understand, your highness sent for me.
Dido. No; but, now thou art here, tell me, in sooth,
In what might Dido highly pleasure thee.
Æn. So much have I receiv'd at Dido's hands,
As, without blushing, I can ask no more:
Yet, queen of Afric, are my ships unrigg'd,
My sails all rent in sunder with the wind,
My oars broken, and my tackling lost,
Yea, all my navy split with rocks and shelves;
Nor stern nor anchor have our maimèd fleet;
Our masts the furious winds struck overboard:
Which piteous wants if Dido will supply,
We will account her author of our lives.
Dido. Æneas, I'll repair thy Trojan ships,
Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me,
And let Achates sail to Italy:
I'll give thee tackling made of rivell'd* gold,
Wound on the barks of odoriferous trees;
Oars of massy ivory, full of holes,
Through which the water shall delight to play;
Thy anchors shall be hew'd from crystal rocks,
Which, if thou lose, shall shine above the waves;
The masts, whereon thy swelling sails shall hang,
Hollow pyramides* of silver plate;
The sails of folded lawn, where shall be wrought
The wars of Troy,—but not Troy's overthrow;
For ballass,† empty Dido's treasury:
Take what ye will, but leave Æneas here.
Achates, thou shalt be so seemly‡ clad,
As sea-born nymphs shall swarm about thy ships,
And wanton mermaids court thee with sweet songs,
Flinging in favours of more sovereign worth
Than Thetis hangs about Apollo's neck,
So that Æneas may but stay with me.
Æn. Wherefore would Dido have Æneas stay?
Dido. To war against my bordering enemies.
Æneas, think not Dido is in love;
For, if that any man could conquer me,
I had been wedded ere Æneas came:
See, where the pictures of my suitors hang;
And are not these as fair as fair may be?
Ach. I saw this man at Troy, ere Troy was sack'd.
Serg. § I this in Greece, when Paris stole fair Helen.
Ili. This man and I were at Olympia's‖ games.
Serg. I know this face; he is a Persian born:
I travell'd with him to Ætolia.
Cloan. And I in Athens with this gentleman,
Unless I be deceiv'd, disputed once.
Dido. But speak, Æneas; know you none of these?
Æn. No, madam; but it seems that these are kings.
Dido. All these, and others which I never saw,
Have been most urgent suitors for my love;

---

* *rivell'd*] I. e. (I suppose) twisted.

* *pyramides*] Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 228) is mistaken in stating that here the old ed. has "pyramids."—Our early authors generally wrote "*pyramides*" (a plural regularly formed from "pyramis"); and we have already had in these plays,—

"Like to the shadows of *Pyramides*," &c.
First Part of Tamburlane, p. 27, sec. col.
"Besides the gates, and high *pyramides*," &c.
Faustus, p. 91, sec. col.

† *ballass*] Spelt here in old ed. "ballace",—i. e. ballast.

‡ *seemly*] Old ed. "meanly."—I at first conjectured "meetly."—Mr. Collier pronounces the right reading to be "newly."

§ *Serg.*] The old ed. has "Æn."; which is proved to be wrong by the next speech of Dido.

‖ *Olympia's*] Old ed. "Olympus."

Some came in person, others sent their legates,
Yet none obtain'd me: I am free from all;
And yet, God knows, entangled unto one.
This was an orator, and thought by words
To compass me; but yet he was deceiv'd:
And this a Spartan courtier, vain and wild;
But his fantastic humours pleas'd not me:
This was Alcion, a musician;
But, play'd he ne'er so sweet, I let him go:
This was the wealthy king of Thessaly;
But I had gold enough, and cast him off:
This, Meleager's son, a warlike prince;
But weapons gree not with my tender years:
The rest are such as all the world well knows:
Yet now* I swear, by heaven and him I love,
I was as far from love as they from hate.

Æn. O, happy shall he be whom Dido loves!

Dido. Then never say that thou art miserable,
Because, it may be, thou shalt be my love:
Yet boast not of it, for I love thee not,—
And yet I hate thee not.—O, if I speak,
I shall betray myself! [*Aside.*]—Æneas, come:† [*Exeunt.*]
We two will go a-hunting in the woods;
But not so much for thee,—thou art but one,—
As for Achates and his followers.

Enter JUNO‡ *to* ASCANIUS, *who lies asleep.*

Juno. Here lies my hate, Æneas' cursèd brat,
The boy wherein false Destiny delights,
The heir of Fury, the favourite of the Fates,§
That ugly imp that shall outwear my wrath,
And wrong my deity with high disgrace.
But I will take another order now,
And raze th' eternal register of Time:
Troy shall no more call him her second hope,
Nor Venus triumph in his tender youth;
For here, in spite of heaven, I'll murder him,
And feed infection with his let-out‖ life.
Say, Paris, now shall Venus have the ball?
Say, vengeance, now shall her Ascanius die?
O, no! God wot, I cannot watch my time,
Nor quit¶ good turns with double fee down told!
Tut, I am simple, without mind** to hurt,
And have no gall at all to grieve my foes!
But lustful Jove and his adulterous child
Shall find it written on confusion's front,
That only Juno rules in Rhamnus' town.*

Enter VENUS.

Ven. What should this mean? my doves are back return'd,
Who warn me of such danger prest† at hand
To harm my sweet Ascanius' lovely life.—
Juno, my mortal foe, what make you here?
Avaunt, old witch! and trouble not my wits.

Juno. Fie, Venus, that such causeless words of wrath
Should e'er defile so fair a mouth as thine!
Are not we both sprung of celestial race,
And banquet, as two sisters, with the gods?
Why is it, then, displeasure should disjoin
Whom kindred and acquaintance co-unites?

Ven. Out, hateful hag! thou wouldst have slain my son,
Had not my doves discover'd thy intent:
But I will tear thy eyes fro forth thy head,
And feast the birds with their blood-shotten balls,
If thou but lay thy fingers on my boy.

Juno. Is this, then, all the thanks that I shall have
For saving him from snakes' and serpents' stings,
That would have kill'd him, sleeping, as he lay?
What, though I was offended with thy son,
And wrought him mickle woe on sea and land,
When, for the hate of Trojan Ganymede,
That was advancèd by my Hebe's shame,
And Paris' judgment of the heavenly ball,
I muster'd all the winds unto his wreck,
And urg'd each element to his annoy?
Yet now I do repent me of his ruth,
And wish that I had never wrong'd him so.
Bootless, I saw, it was to war with fate
That hath so many unresisted‡ friends:
Wherefore I chang'd§ my counsel with the time,
And planted love where envy erst had sprung.

Ven. Sister of Jove, if that thy love be such
As these thy protestations do paint forth,
We two, as friends, one fortune will divide:
Cupid shall lay his arrows in thy lap,
And to a sceptre change his golden shafts;

---

* *now*] Old ed. "how."

† *come*] Old ed. "speak,"—by an error of the compositor, whose eye had caught the word from the preceding line.

‡ *Enter Juno*, &c.] Scene, a grove.

§ *Fates*] Old ed. "face."—"Omit," says J. M. (*Gent. Magazine* for Jan. 1841), "the second 'the' in this line."

‖ *let-out*] Old ed. "left *out*."

¶ *quit*] i. e. requite.

** *mind*] Old ed. "made."—The modern editors print "might."

* *That only Juno rules in Rhamnus' town*] i. e. that Juno only is the goddess of vengeance, Nemesis.

† *prest*] i. e. ready, near.

‡ *unresisted*] i. e. irresistible.

§ *chang'd*] Old ed. "change."

Fancy* and modesty shall live as mates,
And thy fair peacocks by my pigeons perch:
Love my Æneas, and desire is thine;
The day, the night, my swans, my sweets, are thine,
Juno. More than melodious are these words to me,
That overcloy my soul with their content.
Venus, sweet Venus, how may I deserve
Such amorous favours at thy beauteous hand?
But, that thou mayst more easily perceive
How highly I do prize this amity,
Hark to a motion of eternal league,
Which I will make in quittance of thy love.
Thy son, thou know'st, with Dido now remains,
And feeds his eyes with favours of her court;
She, likewise, in admiring spends her time,
And cannot talk nor think of aught but him:
Why should not they, then, join in marriage,
And bring forth mighty kings to Carthage-town,
Whom casualty of sea hath made such friends?
And, Venus, let there be a match confirm'd
Betwixt these two, whose loves are so alike;
And both our deities, conjoin'd in one,
Shall chain felicity unto their throne.
Ven. Well could I like this reconcilement's means;
But much I fear, my son will ne'er consent,
Whose armèd soul, already on the sea,
Darts forth her light to Lavinia's shore.†
Juno. Fair queen of love, I will divorce these doubts,
And find the way to weary such fond‡ thoughts.
This day they both a-hunting forth will ride
Into the§ woods adjoining to these walls;
When, in the midst of all their gamesome sports,
I'll make the clouds dissolve their watery works,
And drench Silvanus' dwellings with their showers;
Then in one cave the queen and he shall meet,
And interchangeably discourse their thoughts,
Whose short conclusion will seal up their hearts
Unto the purpose which we now propound.
Ven. Sister, I see you savour of my wiles:
Be it as you will have [it] for this once.
Meantime Ascanius shall be my charge;
Whom I will bear to Ida in mine arms,
And couch him in Adonis' purple down.
[*Exeunt.*

* *Fancy*] i. e. Love.

† *light to Lavinia's shore*] Qy. "lightning *to*"? or "*light* unto?" and (though perhaps Marlowe may have confounded "*Lavinia*" with "Lavinium") qy. "Lavinian *shore*"? as afterwards, p. 271, first col., "Now will I haste unto *Lavinian shore*," &c.

‡ *fond*] i. e. foolish, vain.

§ *the*] Old ed. "these."

Enter DIDO,* ÆNEAS, ANNA, IARBAS, ACHATES, CUPID *as* ASCANIUS, *and* Followers.

Dido. Æneas, think not but I honour thee,
That thus in person go with thee to hunt:
My princely robes, thou see'st, are laid aside,
Whose glittering pomp Diana's shroud† supplies;
All fellows now, dispos'd alike to sport;
The woods are wide, and we have store of game.
Fair Trojan, hold my golden bow a while,
Until I gird my quiver to my side.—
Lords, go before; we two must talk alone.
Iar. Ungentle, can she wrong Iarbas so?
I'll die before a stranger have that grace.
"We two will talk alone"—what words be these!
[*Aside.*
Dido. What makes Iarbas here of all the rest?
We could have gone without your company.
Æn. But love and duty led him on perhaps
To press beyond acceptance to your sight.
Iar. Why, man of Troy, do I offend thine eyes?
Or art thou griev'd thy betters press so nigh?
Dido. How now, Gætulian! are you grown so brave,
To challenge us with your comparisons?
Peasant, go seek companions like thyself,
And meddle not with any that I love.—
Æneas, be not mov'd at what he says;
For otherwhile he will be out of joint.
Iar. Women may wrong by privilege of love;
But, should that man of men, Dido except,
Have taunted me in these opprobrious terms,
I would have either drunk his dying blood,
Or else I would have given my life in gage.
Dido. Huntsmen, why pitch you not your toils apace,
And rouse the light-foot deer from forth their lair?
Anna. Sister, see, see Ascanius in his pomp,
Bearing his hunt-spear bravely in his hand!
Dido. Yea, little son, are you so forward now?
Cup. Ay, mother; I shall one day be a man,
And better able unto other arms;
Meantime these wanton weapons serve my war,
Which I will break betwixt a lion's jaws.
Dido. What, dar'st thou look a lion in the face?
Cup. Ay; and outface him too, do what he can.
Anna. How like his father speaketh he in all!

* *Enter Dido*, &c.] Scene, a wood.

† *shroud*] Old ed. "shrowdes."

Æn. And mought* I live to see him sack rich Thebes,
And load his spear with Grecian princes' heads,
Then would I wish me with Anchises' tomb,
And dead to honour that hath brought me up.

Iar. And might I live to see thee shipp'd away,
And hoist aloft on Neptune's hideous hills,
Then would I wish me in fair Dido's arms,
And dead to scorn that hath pursu'd me so.

[*Aside.*

Æn. Stout friend Achates, dost thou know this wood?

Ach. As I remember, here you shot the deer
That sav'd your famish'd soldiers' lives from death,
When first you set your foot upon the shore;
And here we met fair Venus, virgin-like,
Bearing her bow and quiver at her back.

Æn. O, how these irksome labours now delight,
And overjoy my thoughts with their escape!
Who would not undergo all kind of toil,
To be well stor'd with such a winter's tale?

Dido. Æneas, leave these dumps, and let's away,
Some to the mountains, some unto the soil,†
You to the valleys,—thou unto the house.

[*Exeunt all except* IARBAS.

Iar. Ay, this it is which wounds me to the death,
To see a Phrygian, far-fet o'er‡ the sea,
Preferr'd before a man of majesty.
O love! O hate! O cruel women's hearts,
That imitate the moon in every change,
And, like the planets, ever love to range!
What shall I do, thus wrongèd with disdain?
Revenge me on Æneas or on her?
On her! fond* man, that were to war 'gainst heaven,
And with one shaft provoke ten thousand darts.
This Trojan's end will be thy envy's aim,
Whose blood will reconcile thee to content,
And make love drunken with thy sweet desire.
But Dido, that now holdeth him so dear,
Will die with very tidings of his death:
But time will discontinue her content,
And mould her mind unto new fancy's shapes.†
O God of heaven, turn the hand of Fate
Unto that happy day of my delight!
And then—what then? Iarbas shall but love:
So doth he now, though not with equal gain;
That resteth in the rival of thy pain,
Who ne'er will cease to soar till he be slain.

[*Exit.*

The storm. Enter ÆNEAS‡ *and* DIDO *in the cave, at several times.*

Dido. Æneas!

Æn. Dido!

Dido. Tell me, dear love, how found you out this cave?

Æn. By chance, sweet queen, as Mars and Venus met.

Dido. Why, that was in a net, where§ we are loose;
And yet I am not free,—O, would I were!

Æn. Why, what is it that Dido may desire
And not obtain, be it in human power?

Dido. The thing that I will die before I ask,
And yet desire to have before I die.

Æn. It is not aught Æneas may achieve?

Dido. Æneas! no; although his eyes do pierce.

Æn. What, hath Iarbas anger'd her in aught?
And will she be avengèd on his life?

Dido. Not anger'd me, except in angering thee.

Æn. Who, then, of all so cruel may he be
That should detain thy eye in his defects?

Dido. The man that I do eye where'er I am;
Whose amorous face, like Pæan, sparkles fire,
Whenas|| he butts his beams on Flora's bed.
Prometheus¶ hath put on Cupid's shape,
And I must perish in his burning arms:
Æneas, O Æneas, quench these flames!

---

* *mought*] i. e. might.

† *the soil*] i. e. the water.—*To take soil* was a very common hunting-term applied to a deer, and meaning *to take refuge in the water*. Cotgrave (who has also "*Souil de sanglier*. The soile of a wild Boare; the slough or mire wherein he hath wallowed", and "*Se souiller*, Of a swine, to take soyle, or wallow in the mire") gives "*Batre les eaux*. A Deere to take soyle." Sylvester renders the lines of Du Bartas,—

"He Dieu! quel plaisir c'est de voir tout vn troupeau
De cerfs au pieds venteux *s'esbatre dessus l'eau*,"—

by

"O! what a sport, to see a heard of them
Take soyl in summer in some spacious stream!"

p. 50, ed. 1641.

And Petowe, in his *Second Part of Hero and Leander*, &c. (see Appendix iii. to the present volume), has,—

"The chased deere hath *soile* to coole his heate."

‡ *far-fet o'er*] Old ed. "*far fet* to:" *fet*, i. e. fetched. In our author's translation of *The first Book of Lucan* we have "*far-fet* story."

* *fond*] i. e. foolish.

† *new fancy's shapes*] i. e. new shapes of love.

‡ *The storm. Enter Æneas*, &c.] So the old ed.

§ *where*] i. e. whereas.

|| *Whenas*] i. e. When.

¶ *Prometheus*] A quadrisyllable here.

Æn. What ails my queen? is she faln sick of late?

Dido. Not sick, my love; but sick I must conceal
The torment that it boots me not reveal:
And yet I'll speak,—and yet I'll hold my peace.
Do shame her worst, I will disclose my grief:
Æneas, thou art he—what did I say?
Something it was that now I have forgot.

Æn. What means fair Dido by this doubtful speech?

Dido. Nay, nothing; but Æneas loves me not.

Æn. Æneas' thoughts dare not ascend so high
As Dido's heart, which monarchs might not scale.

Dido. It was because I saw no king like thee,
Whose golden crown might balance my content;
But now that I have found what to affect,*
I follow one that loveth fame 'fore† me,
And rather had seem fair [in] Sirens' eyes,
Than to the Carthage queen that dies for him.

Æn. If that your majesty can look so low
As my despisèd worths that shun all praise,
With this my hand I give to you my heart,
And vow, by all the gods of hospitality,
By heaven and earth, and my fair brother's bow,
By Paphos, Capys,* and the purple sea
From whence my radiant mother did descend,
And by this sword that sav'd me from the Greeks,
Never to leave these new-uprearèd walls,
Whiles Dido lives and rules in Juno's town,—
Never to like or love any but her!

Dido. What more than Delian music do I hear,
That calls my soul from forth his living seat
To move unto the measures of delight?
Kind clouds, that sent forth such a courteous storm
As made disdain to fly to fancy's† lap!
Stout love, in mine arms make thy Italy,
Whose crown and kingdom rests at thy command:
Sichæus, not Æneas, be thou call'd;
The king of Carthage, not Anchises' son:
Hold, take these jewels at thy lover's hand,
[*Giving jewels, &c.*
These golden bracelets, and this wedding-ring,
Wherewith my husband woo'd me yet a maid,
And be thou king of Libya by my gift.
[*Exeunt to the cave.*‡

ACT IV.

Enter ACHATES,‡ CUPID *as* ASCANIUS, IARBAS, *and* ANNA.

Ach. Did ever men see such a sudden storm,
Or day so clear so suddenly o'ercast?

Iar. I think some fell enchantress dwelleth here,
That can call them forth whenas § she please,
And dive into black tempest's treasury,
Whenas she means to mask the world with clouds.

Anna. In all my life I never knew the like;
It hail'd, it snow'd, it lighten'd, all at once.

Ach. I think, it was the devil's revelling night,
There was such hurly-burly in the heavens:
Doubtless Apollo's axle-tree is crack'd,
Or agèd Atlas' shoulder out of joint,
The motion was so over-violent.

Iar. In all this coil,§ where have ye left the queen?

Asc. Nay, where's my warlike father, can you tell?

Anna. Behold, where both of them come forth the cave.

Iar. Come forth the cave! can heaven endure this sight?
Iarbas, curse that unrevenging Jove,
Whose flinty darts slept in Typhœus'‖ den,
Whiles these adulterers surfeited with sin.
Nature, why mad'st me not some poisonous beast,
That with the sharpness of my edgèd sting
I might have stak'd them both unto the earth,
Whilst they were sporting in this darksome cave?

---

* *affect*] i. e. love.—Old ed. "effect."

† *'fore*] Old ed. "for."

‡ *Enter Achates, &c.*] Scene, before the cave.

§ *whenas*] i. e. when.—The line is corrupted. "Read," says J. M. (*Gent. Magazine* for Jan., 1841),

'*One* that can call them forth, &c.'"

But the corruption seems to lie in the word "*them.*"

* *Capys*] The father of Anchises, and grandfather of [Æneas.

† *fancy's*] i. e. love's.

‡ *Exeunt to the cave*] So the old ed.;—i. e. They retire into the innermost part of the cave.

§ *coil*] i. e. stir, bustle.

‖ *Typhœus'*] Old ed. "Tiphous."

Enter, from the cave, ÆNEAS *and* DIDO.

Æn. The air is clear, and southern winds are whist.*
Come, Dido, let us hasten to the town,
Since gloomy Æolus doth cease to frown.

Dido. Achates and Ascanius, well met.

Æn. Fair Anna, how escap'd you from the shower?

Anna. As others did, by running to the wood.

Dido. But where were you, Iarbas, all this while?

Iar. Not with Æneas in the ugly cave.

Dido. I see, Æneas sticketh in your mind;
But I will soon put by that stumbling-block,
And quell those hopes that thus employ your cares.† [*Exeunt.*

Enter IARBAS‡ *to sacrifice.*

Iar. Come, servants, come; bring forth the sacrifice,
That I may pacify that gloomy Jove,
Whose empty altars have enlarg'd our ills.—
[Servants *bring in the sacrifice, and then exeunt.*
Eternal Jove, great master of the clouds,
Father of gladness and all frolic thoughts,
That with thy gloomy hand corrects the heaven,
When airy creatures war amongst themselves;
Hear, hear, O, hear Iarbas' plaining§ prayers,
Whose hideous echoes make the welkin howl,
And all the woods Eliza‖ to resound!
The woman that thou will'd us entertain,
Where, straying in our borders up and down,
She crav'd a hide of ground to build a town,
With whom we did divide both laws and land,
And all the fruits that plenty else sends forth,
Scorning our loves and royal marriage-rites,
Yields up her beauty to a stranger's bed;
Who, having wrought her shame, is straightway fled:
Now, if thou be'st a pitying god of power,
On whom ruth and compassion ever waits,
Redress these wrongs, and warn him to his ships,
That now afflicts me with his flattering eyes.

Enter ANNA.

Anna. How now, Iarbas! at your prayers so hard?

Iar. Ay, Anna: is there aught you would with me?

Anna. Nay, no such weighty business of import
But may be slack'd until another time:
Yet, if you would partake with me the cause
Of this devotion that detaineth you,
I would be thankful for such courtesy.

Iar. Anna, against this Trojan do I pray,
Who seeks to rob me of thy sister's love,
And dive into her heart by colour'd looks.

Anna. Alas, poor king, that labours so in vain
For her that so delighteth in thy pain!
Be rul'd by me, and seek some other love,
Whose yielding heart may yield thee more relief.

Iar. Mine eye is fix'd where fancy* cannot start:
O, leave me, leave me to my silent thoughts,
That register the numbers of my ruth,
And I will either move the thoughtless flint,
Or drop out both mine eyes in drizzling tears,
Before my sorrow's tide have any stint!

Anna. I will not leave Iarbas, whom I love,
In this delight of dying pensiveness.
Away with Dido! Anna be thy song;
Anna, that doth admire thee more than heaven.

Iar. I may nor will list to such loathsome change,
That intercepts the course of my desire.—
Servants, come fetch these empty vessels here;
For I will fly from these alluring eyes,
That do pursue my peace where'er it goes.
[*Exit.*—Servants *re-enter, and carry out the vessels, &c.*

Anna. Iarbas, stay, loving Iarbas, stay!
For I have honey to present thee with.
Hard-hearted, wilt not deign to hear me speak?
I'll follow thee with outcries ne'ertheless,
And strew thy walks with my dishevell'd hair.
[*Exit.*

Enter ÆNEAS.†

Æn. Carthage, my friendly host, adieu!
Since Destiny doth call me from thy‡ shore:
Hermes this night, descending in a dream,
Hath summon'd me to fruitful Italy;
Jove wills it so; my mother wills it so:
Let my Phœnissa§ grant, and then I go.

---

* *whist*] i. e. still.

† *cares*] Old ed. "carcs."

‡ *Enter Iarbas*, &c.] Scene, an apartment in the dwelling of Iarbas.

§ *plaining*] i. e. complaining.

‖ *Eliza*] i. e. Dido.—So, probably, our poet wrote: but it should be "Elissa". "Nec me meminisse pigebit *Elissæ*." Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 335.

* *fancy*] i. e. love.

† *Enter Æneas*] Scene, an apartment in Dido's palace.

‡ *thy*] Old ed. "the."

§ *Phœnissa*] "Hunc *Phœnissa* tenet Dido". . . .
. . . . . .
Expleri mentem nequit ardescitque tuendo
Phœnissa." Virgil, *Æn.* i. 670, 718.

Grant she or no, Æneas must away;
Whose golden fortunes, clogg'd with courtly ease,
Cannot ascend to Fame's immortal house,
Or banquet in bright Honour's burnish'd hall,
Till he hath furrow'd Neptune's glassy fields,
And cut a passage through his topless hills.—
Achates, come forth! Sergestus, Ilioneus,
Cloanthus, haste away! Æneas calls.

Enter ACHATES, CLOANTHUS, SERGESTUS, *and* ILIONEUS.

Ach. What wills our lord, or wherefore did he call?

Æn. The dream,* brave mates, that did beset my bed,
When sleep but newly had embrac'd the night,
Commands me leave these unrenowmèd† realms,‡
Whereas§ nobility abhors to stay,
And none but base Æneas will abide.
Aboard, aboard! since Fates do bid aboard,
And slice the sea with sable-colour'd ships,
On whom the nimble winds may all day wait,
And follow them, as footmen, through the deep.
Yet Dido casts her eyes, like anchors, out,
To stay my fleet from loosing forth the bay:
"Come back, come back," I hear her cry a-far,
"And let me link thy‖ body to my lips,
That, tied together by the striving tongues,
We may, as one, sail into¶ Italy."

Ach. Banish that ticing dame from forth your mouth,
And follow your fore-seeing stars in all:
This is no life for men-at-arms to live,
Where dalliance doth consume a soldier's strength,
And wanton motions of alluring eyes
Effeminate our minds, inur'd to war.

Ili. Why, let us build a city of our own,
And not stand lingering here for amorous looks.
Will Dido raise old Priam forth his grave,
And build the town again the Greeks did burn?
No, no; she cares not how we sink or swim,
So she may have Æneas in her arms.

Clo. To Italy, sweet friends, to Italy!
We will not stay a minute longer here.

Æn. Trojans, aboard, and I will follow you.
[*Exeunt all except* ÆNEAS

I fain would go, yet beauty calls me back:
To leave her so, and not once say farewell,
Were to transgress against all laws of love.
But, if I use such ceremonious thanks
As parting friends accustom on the shore,
Her silver arms will coll* me round about,
And tears of pearl cry, "Stay, Æneas, stay!"
Each word she says will then contain a crown,
And every speech be ended with a kiss:
I may not dure this female drudgery:
To sea, Æneas! find out Italy! [*Exit.*

Enter DIDO† *and* ANNA.

Dido. O Anna, run unto the water-side!
They say Æneas' men are going aboard;
It may be, he will steal away with them:
Stay not to answer me; run, Anna, run!
[*Exit* ANNA.
O foolish Trojans, that would steal from hence,
And not let Dido understand their drift!
I would have given Achates store of gold,
And Ilioneus gum and Libyan spice;
The common soldiers rich embroider'd coats,
And silver whistles to control the winds,
Which Circe‡ sent Sichæus when he liv'd:
Unworthy are they of a queen's reward.
See, where they come: how might I do to chide?

Re-enter ANNA, *with* ÆNEAS, ACHATES, CLOANTHUS, ILIONEUS, SERGESTUS, *and* Carthaginian Lords.

Anna. 'Twas time to run; Æneas had been gone;
The sails were hoising up, and he aboard.

Dido. Is this thy love to me?

Æn. O princely Dido, give me leave to speak!
I went to take my farewell of Achates.

Dido. How haps Achates bid me not farewell?

Ach. Because I fear'd your grace would keep me here.

Dido. To rid thee of that doubt, aboard again:
I charge thee put to sea, and stay not here.

Ach. Then let Æneas go aboard with us.

Dido. Get you aboard; Æneas means to stay.

Æn. The sea is rough, the winds blow to the shore.

Dido. O false Æneas! now the sea is rough;
But, when you were aboard, 'twas calm enough:
Thou and Achates meant to sail away.

Æn. Hath not the Carthage queen mine only son?
Thinks Dido I will go and leave him here?

---

* *dream*] Old ed. "dreames."

† *unrenowmèd*] i. e. unrenowned. See note ‖, p. 11.

‡ *realms*] Old ed. "beames,"—a mistake for "*reames*" = *realmes*: see note §, p. 170.

§ *Whereas*] i. e. Where.

‖ *thy*] Old ed. "my."

¶ *nto*] i. e. unto. See note †, p. 15.

* *coll*] i. e. embrace (properly, round the neck).

† *Enter Dido*, &c.] Another apartment in Dido's palace.

‡ *Circe*] Old ed. "Circes": see note *, p. 190.

Dido. Æneas, pardon me; for I forgot
That young Ascanius lay with me this night;
Love made me jealous: but, to make amends,
Wear the imperial crown of Libya,
[*Giving him her crown and sceptre.*
Sway thou the Punic sceptre in my stead,
And punish me, Æneas, for this crime.

Æn. This kiss shall be fair Dido's punishment.

Dido. O, how a crown becomes Æneas' head!
Stay here, Æneas, and command as king.

Æn. How vain am I to wear this diadem,
And bear this golden sceptre in my hand!
A burgonet* of steel, and not a crown,
A sword, and not a sceptre, fits Æneas.

Dido. O, keep them still, and let me gaze my fill!
Now looks Æneas like immortal Jove:
O, where is Ganymede, to hold his cup,
And Mercury, to fly for what he calls?
Ten thousand Cupids hover in the air,
And fan it in Æneas' lovely face!
O, that the clouds were here wherein thou fled'st,†
That thou and I unseen might sport ourselves!
Heaven,‡ envious of our joys, is waxen pale;
And when we whisper, then the stars fall down,
To be partakers of our honey talk.

Æn. O Dido, patroness of all our lives,
When I leave thee, death be my punishment!
Swell, raging seas! frown, wayward Destinies!
Blow, winds! threaten, ye rocks and sandy shelves!
This is the harbour that Æneas seeks:
Let's see what tempests can annoy me now.

Dido. Not all the world can take thee from mine arms.
Æneas may command as many Moors
As in the sea are little water-drops:
And now, to make experience of my love,—
Fair sister Anna, lead my lover forth,
And, seated on my jennet, let him ride,
As Dido's husband, through the Punic streets;
And will§ my guard, with Mauritanian darts
To wait upon him as their sovereign lord.

Anna. What if the citizens repine thereat?

Dido. Those that dislike what Dido gives in charge,
Command my guard to slay for their offence.
Shall vulgar peasants storm at what I do?
The ground is mine that gives them sustenance,
The air wherein they breathe, the water, fire,
All that they have, their lands, their goods, their lives;
And I, the goddess of all these, command
Æneas ride as Carthaginian king.

Ach. Æneas, for his parentage, deserves
As large a kingdom as is Libya.

Æn. Ay, and, unless the Destinies be false,
I shall be planted in as rich a land.

Dido. Speak of no other land; this land is thine;
Dido is thine, henceforth I'll call thee lord.—
Do as I bid thee, sister; lead the way;
And from a turret I'll behold my love.

Æn. Then here in me shall flourish Priam's race;
And thou and I, Achates, for revenge
For Troy, for Priam, for his fifty sons,
Our kinsmen's lives* and thousand guiltless souls,
Will lead an host against the hateful Greeks,
And fire proud Lacedæmon o'er their heads.
[*Exeunt all except* Dido *and* Carthaginian Lords.

Dido. Speaks not Æneas like a conqueror?
O blessèd tempests that did drive him in!
O happy sand that made him run aground!
Henceforth you shall be our † Carthage gods.
Ay, but it may be, he will leave my love,
And seek a foreign land call'd Italy:
O, that I had a charm to keep the winds
Within the closure of a golden ball;
Or that the Tyrrhene sea were in mine arms,
That he might suffer shipwreck on my breast,
As oft as he attempts to hoist up sail!
I must prevent him; wishing will not serve.—
Go bid my nurse take young Ascanius,
And bear him in the country to her house;
Æneas will not go without his son;
Yet, lest he should, for I am full of fear,
Bring me his oars, his tackling, and his sails.
[*Exit* First Lord.
What if I sink his ships? O, he will frown!
Better he frown than I should die for grief.
I cannot see him frown; it may not be:
Armies of foes resolv'd to win this town,
Or impious traitors vow'd to have my life,

---

* *burgonet*] i. e. helmet.

† *fled'st*] Old ed. "fleest."—An allusion, I suppose, to the incident mentioned in the fifth book of the *Iliad:* when Venus, having carried off Æneas from the fury of Diomede, was pursued and wounded by the latter,—

" She, shrieking, from her arms cast down her son,
And Phœbus, in impenetrable clouds
Him hiding, lest the spear of some brave Greek
Should pierce his bosom, caught him far away."
Cowper's Translation.

‡ *Heaven*] Old ed. "Heauens."

§ *will*] i. e. desire.

* *lives*] Old ed. "loues."

† *be our*] Qy. "*be* 'mong *our*"?

Affright me not; only Æneas' frown
Is that which terrifies poor Dido's heart:
Not bloody spears, appearing in the air,
Presage the downfall of my empery,
Nor blazing comets threaten Dido's death;
It is Æneas' frown that ends my days.
If he forsake me not, I never die;
For in his looks I see eternity,
And he'll make me immortal with a kiss.

Re-enter First Lord, *with* Attendants *carrying tackling, &c.*

First Lord. Your nurse is gone with young Ascanius;
And here's Æneas' tackling, oars, and sails.

Dido. Are these the sails that, in despite of me,
Pack'd * with the winds to bear Æneas hence?
I'll hang ye in the chamber where I lie;
Drive, if you can, my house to Italy:
I'll set the casement open, that the winds
May enter in, and once again conspire
Against the life of me, poor Carthage queen:
But, though ye † go, he stays in Carthage still;
And let rich Carthage fleet ‡ upon the seas,
So I may have Æneas in mine arms.
Is this the wood that grew in Carthage plains,
And would be toiling in the watery billows,
To rob their mistress of her Trojan guest?
O cursèd tree, hadst thou but wit or sense,
To measure how I prize Æneas' love,
Thou wouldst have leapt from out the sailors' hands,
And told me that Æneas meant to go!
And yet I blame thee not; thou art but wood.
The water, which our poets term a nymph,
Why did it suffer thee to touch her breast,
And shrunk not back, knowing my love was there?
The water is an element, no nymph.
Why should I blame Æneas for his flight?
O Dido, blame not him, but break his oars!
These were the instruments that launch'd him forth.
There's not so much as this base tackling too,
But dares to heap up sorrow to my heart:
Was it not you that hoisèd up these sails?
Why burst § you not, and they fell in the seas?
For this will Dido tie ye full of knots,
And shear ye all asunder with her hands:
Now serve to chàstise shipboys for their faults;
Ye shall no more offend the Carthage queen.
Now, let him hang my favours on his masts,
And see if those will serve instead of sails;
For tackling, let him take the chains of gold
Which I bestow'd upon his followers;
Instead of oars, let him use his hands,
And swim to Italy. I'll keep these sure.—
Come, bear them in. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Nurse,* *with* CUPID *as* ASCANIUS.

Nurse. My Lord Ascanius, you must go with me.

Cup. Whither must I go? I'll stay with my mother.

Nurse. No, thou shalt go with me unto my house.
I have an orchard that hath store of plums,
Brown almonds, services,† ripe figs, and dates,
Dewberries, apples, yellow oranges;
A garden where are bee-hives full of honey,
Musk-roses, and a thousand sort of flowers;
And in the midst doth run a silver stream,
Where thou shalt see the red-gill'd fishes leap,
White swans, and many lovely water-fowls.
Now speak, Ascanius, will you go or no?

Cup. Come, come, I'll go. How far hence is your house?

Nurse. But hereby, child; we shall get thither straight.

Cup. Nurse, I am weary; will you carry me?

Nurse. Ay, so you'll dwell with me, and call me mother.

Cup. So you'll love me, I care not if I do.

Nurse. That I might live to see this boy a man!
How prettily he laughs! Go,‡ you wag!
You'll be a twigger when you come to age.—
Say Dido what she will, I am not old;
I'll be no more a widow; I am young;
I'll have a husband, or else a lover.

Cup. A husband, and no teeth!

Nurse. O, what mean I to have such foolish thoughts?
Foolish is love, a toy.—O sacred love!
If there be any heaven in earth, 'tis love,
Especially in women of your years.—
Blush, blush for shame! why shouldst thou think of love?
A grave, and not a lover, fits thy age.—

* *Pack'd*] i. e. insidiously conspired.
† *ye*] Old ed. "he."
‡ *fleet*] i. e. float.
§ *burst*] i. e. broke.

* *Enter Nurse, &c.*] Scene, the country.
† *services*] See the quotation from Miller in Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in v. *Service*, example 19.
‡ *Go*] "Read", says J. M. (*Gent. Magazine* for Jan. 1841), 'Go, *go.*'"

A grave! why, I may live a hundred years;
Fourscore is but a girl's age: love is sweet.—
My veins are wither'd, and my sinews dry:
Why do I think of love, now I should die?

Cup. Come, nurse.

Nurse. Well, if he come a-wooing, he shall speed:
O, how unwise was I to say him nay! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter ÆNEAS,* *with a paper in his hand, drawing the platform† of the city;* ACHATES, SERGESTUS, CLOANTHUS, *and* ILIONEUS.

Æn. Triumph, my mates! our travels are at end:
Here will Æneas build a statelier Troy
Than that which grim Atrides overthrew.
Carthage shall vaunt her petty walls no more;
For I will grace them with a fairer frame,
And clad‡ her in a crystal livery,
Wherein the day may evermore delight;
From golden India Ganges will I fetch,
Whose wealthy streams may wait upon her towers,
And triple-wise entrench her round about;
The sun from Egypt shall rich odours bring,
Wherewith his burning beams (like labouring bees
That load their thighs with Hybla's honey-spoils§)
Shall here unburden their exhalèd sweets,
And plant our pleasant suburbs with their ‖fumes.

Ach. What length or breadth shall this brave town contain?

Æn. Not past four thousand paces at the most.

Ili. But what shall it be call'd? Troy, as before?

Æn. That have I not determin'd with myself.

Clo. Let it be term'd Ænea, by your name.

Serg. Rather Ascania, by your little son.

Æn. Nay, I will have it callèd Anchisæon,
Of my old father's name.

Enter HERMES *with* ASCANIUS.

Her. Æneas, stay; Jove's herald bids thee stay.

Æn. Whom do I see? Jove's wingèd messenger!
Welcome to Carthage' new-erected town.

* *Enter Æneas*, &c.] Scene, an apartment in Dido's palace.

† *platform*] i. e. ground-plan.

‡ *clad*] i. e. clothe. So Sir John Harington;

"Yet sure she doth, with damned Core and Dathan,
But feed and *clad* a synagogue of Sathan."
Epigrams,—B. i. *Ep.* 88 [89], ed. folio.

§ *honey-spoils*] Old ed. "honeys *spoyles*."

‖ *their*] Old ed. "her."

Her. Why, cousin, stand you building cities here,
And beautifying the empire of this queen,
While Italy is clean out of thy mind?
Too-too forgetful of thine own affairs,
Why wilt thou so betray thy son's good hap?
The king of gods sent me from highest heaven,
To sound this angry message in thine ears:
Vain man, what monarchy expect'st thou here?
Or with what thought sleep'st thou in Libya-shore?
If that all glory hath forsaken thee,
And thou despise the praise of such attempts,
Yet think upon Ascanius' prophecy,
And young Iulus' more than thousand years,
Whom I have brought from Ida, where he slept,
And bore young Cupid unto Cyprus' isle.

Æn. This was my mother that beguil'd the queen,
And made me take my brother for my son:
No marvel, Dido, though thou be in love,
That daily dandlest Cupid in thy arms.—
Welcome, sweet child: where hast thou been this long?

Asc. Eating sweet comfits with Queen Dido's maid,
Who ever since hath lull'd me in her arms.

Æn. Sergestus, bear him hence unto our ships,
Lest Dido, spying him, keep him for a pledge.
[*Exit* SERGESTUS *with* ASCANIUS.

Her. Spend'st thou thy time about this little boy,
And giv'st not ear unto the charge I bring?
I tell thee, thou must straight to Italy,
Or else abide the wrath of frowning Jove. [*Exit.*

Æn. How should I put into the raging deep,
Who have no sails nor tackling for my ships?
What, would the gods have me, Deucalion-like,
Float up and down where'er the billows drive?
Though she repair'd my fleet and gave me ships,
Yet hath she ta'en away my oars and masts,
And left me neither sail nor stern* aboard.

* *stern*] i. e. rudder.

Enter IARBAS.

Iar. How now, Æneas! sad! what mean these dumps?

Æn. Iarbas, I am clean besides myself;
Jove hath heap'd on me such a desperate charge,
Which neither art nor reason may achieve,
Nor I devise by what means to contrive.

Iar. As how, I pray? may I entreat you tell?

Æn. With speed he bids me sail to Italy,
Whenas * I want both rigging for my fleet,
And also furniture for these my men.

Iar. If that be all, then cheer thy drooping looks,
For I will furnish thee with such supplies.
Let some of those thy followers go with me,
And they shall have what thing soe'er thou need'st.

Æn. Thanks, good Iarbas, for thy friendly aid:
Achates and the rest shall wait on thee,
Whilst I rest thankful for this courtesy.

[*Exeunt all except* ÆNEAS.

Now will I haste unto Lavinian shore,
And raise a new foundation to old Troy.
Witness the gods, and witness heaven and earth,
How loath I am to leave these Libyan bounds,
But that eternal Jupiter commands!

Enter DIDO.

Dido. I fear I saw Æneas' little son
Led by Achates † to the Trojan fleet.
If it be so, his father means to fly:—
But here he is; now, Dido, try thy wit.—

[*Aside.*

Æneas, wherefore go thy men aboard?
Why are thy ships new-rigg'd? or to what end,
Launch'd from the haven, lie they in the road?
Pardon me, though I ask; love makes me ask.

Æn. O, pardon me, if I resolve ‡ thee why!
Æneas will not feign with his dear love.
I must from hence: this day, swift Mercury,
When I was laying a platform for these walls,
Sent from his father Jove, appear'd to me,
And in his name rebuk'd me bitterly
For lingering here, neglecting Italy.

Dido. But yet Æneas will not leave his love.

Æn. I am commanded by immortal Jove
To leave this town and pass to Italy;
And therefore must of force.

Dido. These words proceed not from Æneas' heart.

* *Whenas*] i. e. When.
† *Achates*] Qy. "Sergestus"? see p. 270, sec. col.
‡ *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

Æn. Not from my heart, for I can hardly go;
And yet I may not stay. Dido, farewell.

Dido. Farewell! is this the 'mends for Dido's love?
Do Trojans use to quit * their lovers thus?
Fare well may Dido, so Æneas stay;
I die, if my Æneas say farewell.

Æn. Then let me go, and never say farewell:
Let me go; farewell [none]: I must from hence.

Dido. These words are poison to poor Dido's soul:
O, speak like my Æneas, like my love!
Why look'st thou toward the sea? the time hath been
When Dido's beauty chain'd † thine eyes to her.
Am I less fair than when thou saw'st me first?
O, then, Æneas, 'tis for grief of thee!
Say thou wilt stay in Carthage with thy ‡ queen,
And Dido's beauty will return again.
Æneas, say, how canst thou take thy leave?
Wilt thou kiss Dido? O, thy lips have sworn
To stay with Dido! canst thou take her hand?
Thy hand and mine have plighted mutual faith;
Therefore, unkind Æneas, must thou say,
"Then let me go, and never say farewell"?

Æn. O queen of Carthage, wert thou ugly-black,
Æneas could not choose but hold thee dear!
Yet must he not gainsay the gods' behest.

Dido. The gods! what gods be those that seek my death?
Wherein have I offended Jupiter,
That he should take Æneas from mine arms?
O, no! the gods weigh not what lovers do:
It is Æneas calls Æneas hence;
And woful Dido, by these blubber'd cheeks,
By this right hand, and by our spousal rites,
Desires Æneas to remain with her;
Si bene quid § *de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam*
Dulce meum, miserere domus labentis, et istam,
Oro, si quis adhuc ‖ *precibus locus, exue mentem.*

Æn. Desine meque ¶ *tuis incendere teque querelis;*
Italiam non sponte sequor.

Dido. Hast thou forgot how many neighbour kings
Were up in arms, for making thee my love?
How Carthage did rebel, Iarbas storm,
And all the world call'd ** me a second Helen,

* *quit*] i. e. requite.
† *chain'd*] Old ed. "chaungd."
‡ *thy*] Old ed. "my."
§ *Si bene quid*, &c.] Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 317.
‖ *adhuc*] Old ed. "ad hæc."
¶ *Desine meque*, &c.] *Ibid.* 360.
** *call'd*] Old ed. "calles."

For being entangled by a stranger's looks?
So thou wouldst prove as true as Paris did,
Would, as fair Troy was, Carthage might be sack'd,
And I be call'd a second Helena!
Had I a son by thee, the grief were less,
That I might see Æneas in his face:
Now if thou go'st, what canst thou leave behind,
But rather will augment than ease my woe?

Æn. In vain, my love, thou spend'st thy fainting breath:
If words might move me, I were overcome.

Dido. And wilt thou not be mov'd with Dido's words?
Thy mother was no goddess, perjur'd man,
Nor Dardanus the author of thy stock;
But thou art sprung from Scythian Caucasus,
And tigers of Hyrcania gave thee suck.—
Ah, foolish Dido, to forbear this long!*—
Wast thou not wreck'd upon this Libyan shore,
And cam'st to Dido like a fisher swain?
Repair'd not I thy ships, made thee a king,
And all thy needy followers noblemen?
O serpent, that came creeping from the shore,
And I for pity harbour'd in my bosom,
Wilt thou now slay me with thy venom'd sting,
And hiss at Dido for preserving thee?
Go, go, and spare not; seek out Italy:
I hope that that which love forbids me do,
The rocks and sea-gulfs will perform at large,
And thou shalt perish in the billows' ways,
To whom poor Dido doth bequeath revenge:
Ay, traitor! and the waves shall cast thee up,
Where thou and false Achates first set foot;
Which if it chance, I'll give ye burial,
And weep upon your lifeless carcasses,
Though thou nor he will pity me a whit.
Why star'st thou in my face? If thou wilt stay,
Leap in mine arms; mine arms are open wide;
If not, turn from me, and I'll turn from thee;
For though thou hast the heart to say farewell,
I have not power to stay thee. [*Exit* ÆNEAS.
Is he gone?
Ay, but he'll come again; he cannot go;
He loves me too-too well to serve me so:
Yet he that in my sight would not relent,
Will, being absent, be obdurate still.
By this, is he got to the water-side;
And, see, the sailors take him by the hand;
But he shrinks back; and now, remembering me,
Returns amain: welcome, welcome, my love!
But where's Æneas? ah, he's gone, he's gone!

Enter ANNA.

Anna. What means my sister, thus to rave and cry?

Dido. O Anna, my Æneas is aboard,
And, leaving me, will sail to Italy!
Once didst thou go, and he came back again:
Now bring him back, and thou shalt be a queen,
And I will live a private life with him.

Anna. Wicked Æneas!

Dido. Call him not wicked, sister: speak him fair,
And look upon him with a mermaid's eye;
Tell him, I never vow'd at Aulis' gulf
The desolation of his native Troy,
Nor sent a thousand ships unto the walls,
Nor ever violated faith to him;
Request him gently, Anna, to return:
I crave but this,—he stay a tide or two,
That I may learn to bear it patiently;
If he depart thus suddenly, I die.
Run, Anna, run; stay not to answer me.

Anna. I go, fair sister: heavens grant good success! [*Exit.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O Dido, your little son Ascanius
Is gone! he lay with me last night,
And in the morning he was stoln from me:
I think, some fairies have beguilèd me.

Dido. O cursèd hag and false dissembling wretch,
That slay'st me with thy harsh and hellish tale!
Thou for some petty gift hast let him go,
And I am thus deluded of my boy.—
Away with her to prison presently,

Enter Attendants.

Trait'ress too keend* and cursèd sorceress!

Nurse. I know not what you mean by treason, I;
I am as true as any one of yours.

Dido. Away with her! suffer her not to speak.
[*Exit* Nurse *with* Attendants.
My sister comes: I like not her sad looks.

Re-enter ANNA.

Anna. Before I came, Æneas was aboard,
And, spying me, hois'd up the sails amain;

* *this long*] Altered by one of the modern editors to "thus *long*": but compare, "Where hast thou been *this long*?" p. 270, sec. col.

* *keend*] i. e., I suppose, *kenned*, known, manifest (the modern editors print "keen").

But I cried out, "Æneas, false Æneas, stay*!"
Then gan he wag his hand, which, yet held up,
Made me suppose he would have heard me speak;
Then gan they drive into the ocean:
Which when I view'd, I cried, "Æneas, stay!
Dido, fair Dido wills Æneas stay!"
Yet he, whose heart['s] of adamant or flint,
My tears nor plaints could mollify a whit.
Then carelessly I rent my hair for grief:
Which seen to all, though he beheld me not,
They gan to move him to redress my ruth,
And stay a while to hear what I could say;
But he, clapp'd under hatches, sail'd away.

Dido. O Anna, Anna, I will follow him!

Anna. How can you go, when he hath all your fleet?

Dido. I'll frame me wings of wax, like Icarus,
And, o'er his ships, will soar unto the sun,
That they may melt, and I fall in his arms;
Or else I'll make a prayer unto the waves,
That I may swim to him, like Triton's niece.
O Anna,† fetch Arion's‡ harp,
That I may tice a dolphin to the shore,
And ride upon his back unto my love!
Look, sister, look! lovely Æneas' ships!
See, see, the billows heave 'em § up to heaven,
And now down fall the keels into the deep!
O sister, sister, take away the rocks!
They'll break his ships. O Proteus, Neptune, Jove,
Save, save Æneas, Dido's liefest ‖ love!
Now is he come on shore, safe without hurt:
But, see, Achates wills him put to sea,
And all the sailors merry-make for joy;
But he, remembering me, shrinks back again:
See, where he comes! welcome, welcome, my love!

Anna. Ah, sister, leave these idle fantasies!
Sweet sister, cease; remember who you are.

Dido. Dido I am, unless I be deceiv'd:
And must I rave thus for a runagate?
Must I make ships for him to sail away?
Nothing can bear me to him but a ship,
And he hath all my ¶ fleet.—What shall I do,
But die in fury of this oversight?
Ay, I must be the murderer of myself:
No, but I am not; yet I will be straight.—
[*Aside.*
Anna, be glad; now have I found a mean
To rid me from these thoughts of lunacy:
Not far from hence
There is a woman famousèd for arts,
Daughter unto the nymphs Hesperides,
Who will'd me sacrifice his ticing relics:
Go, Anna, bid my servants bring me fire.
[*Exit* ANNA.

Enter IARBAS.

Iar. How long will Dido mourn a stranger's flight
That hath dishonour'd her and Carthage both?
How long shall I with grief consume my days,
And reap no guerdon for my truest love?

Enter Attendants *with wood and torches.*

Dido. Iarbas,* talk not of Æneas; let him go:
Lay to thy hands, and help me make a fire,
That shall consume all that this stranger left;
For I intend a private sacrifice,
To cure my mind, that melts for unkind love.

Iar. But, afterwards, will Dido grant me love?

Dido. Ay, ay, Iarbas; after this is done,
None in the world shall have my love but thou.
[*They make a fire.*
So, leave me now; let none approach this place.
[*Exeunt* IARBAS *and* Attendants.
Now, Dido, with these relics burn thyself,
And make Æneas famous through the world
For perjury and slaughter of a queen.
Here lie[s] the sword that in the darksome cave
He drew, and swore by, to be true to me:
Thou shalt burn first; thy crime is worse than his.
Here lie[s] the garment which I cloth'd him in
When first he came on shore: perish thou too.
These letters, lines, and perjur'd papers, all
Shall burn to cinders in this precious flame.
And now, ye gods, that guide the starry frame,
And order all things at your high dispose,
Grant, though the traitors land in Italy,
They may be still tormented with unrest;
And from mine ashes let a conqueror rise,
That may revenge this treason to a queen
By ploughing up his countries with the sword!
Betwixt this land and that be never league;
Litora litoribus † *contraria, fluctibus undas*

---

* *stay*] "Should be omitted", says J. M. (*Gent. Magazine* for Jan. 1841).

† *Anna*] Qy. "*Anna*, Anna"? compare Dido's speech above.

‡ *Arion's*] Old ed. "Orions."

§ *'em*] Old ed. "him."

‖ *liefest*] i. e. dearest.

¶ *my*] Old ed. "thy."

* *Iarbas*] "I should omit '*Iarbas*', and read, 'Oh! talk not of Æneas; let him go'". J. M. (*Gent. Magazine* for Jan. 1841).

† *Litora litoribus*, &c.] Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 628. (The approved reading is, "*pugnent ipsique nepotesque*": see Heyne and Wagner *ad locum.*)

Imprecor, arma armis; pugnent ipsique nepotes!
Live, false Æneas! truest Dido dies;
*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.**
[*Throws herself into the flames.*

Re-enter ANNA.

Anna. O, help, Iarbas! Dido in these flames
Hath burnt herself! ay me, unhappy me!

Re-enter IARBAS, *running.*

Iar. Cursèd Iarbas, die to expiate
The grief that tires upon† thine inward soul!—
Dido, I come to thee.—Ay me, Æneas!
[*Stabs himself, and dies.*

* *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras*] Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 660.

† *tires upon*] Equivalent here to—preys upon (a term in falconry).

Anna. What can my tears or cries prevail* me now?
Dido is dead!
Iarbas slain, Iarbas my dear love!
O sweet Iarbas, Anna's sole delight!
What fatal Destiny envies me thus,
To see my sweet Iarbas slay himself?
But Anna now shall honour thee in death,
And mix her blood with thine; this shall I do,
That gods and men may pity this my death,
And rue our ends, senseless of life or breath:
Now, sweet Iarbas, stay! I come to thee.
[*Stabs herself, and dies.*

* *prevail*] i. e. avail.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Hero and Leander. By Christopher Marloe. London, Printed by Adam Islip, for Edward Blunt. 1598. 4to.

Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe: Whereunto is added the first booke of Lucan translated line for line by the same Author. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. At London Printed for John Flasket, and are to be solde in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Blacke-beare. 1600. 4to.

Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. At London. Imprinted for John Flasket, and are to be sold in Paules Church-Yard, at the signe of the blacke Beare. 1606. 4to.

Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. At London. Imprinted for Ed. Blunt and W. Barret, and are to be sold in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the blacke Beare. 1609. 4to.

Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. London. Printed by W. Stansby for Ed. Blunt and W. Barret, and are to be sold in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Blacke Beare. 1613, 4to.

Hero and Leander: Begun by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins: and are to bee sold at his Shop in Chancerie-Lane, neere Serieants Inne. 1629. 4to.

Hero and Leander: Begun by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. London: Printed by N. Okes for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane neere the Roules. 1637. 4to.

TO THE RIGHT-WORSHIPFUL* SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT.

Sir, we think not ourselves discharged of the duty we owe to our friend when we have brought the breathless body to the earth; for, albeit the eye there taketh his ever-farewell of that beloved object, yet the impression of the man that hath been dear unto us, living an after-life in our memory, there putteth us in mind of farther obsequies due unto the deceased; and namely of the performance of whatsoever we may judge shall make to his living credit and to the effecting of his determinations prevented by the stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intellectual will) I suppose myself executor to the unhappily deceased author of this poem; upon whom knowing that in his lifetime you bestowed many kind favours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth which you found in him with good countenance and liberal affection, I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that whatsoever issue of his brain should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take might be the gentle air of your liking; for, since his self had been accustomed thereunto, it would prove more agreeable and thriving to his right children than any other foster countenance whatsoever. At this time seeing that this unfinished tragedy happens under my hands to be imprinted, of a double duty, the one to yourself, the other to the deceased, I present the same to your most favourable allowance, offering my utmost self now and ever to be ready at your worship's disposing:

EDWARD BLUNT.

* *To the right-worshipful*, &c.] I give this Dedication as it stands in the two earliest 4tos. Some variations, not worth noting, occur in the later 4tos

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE FIRST SESTIAD.

*The Argument of the First Sestiad.**

Hero's description and her love's;
The faue of Venus, where he moves
His worthy love-suit, and attains;
Whose bliss the wrath of Fates restrains
For Cupid's grace to Mercury:
Which tale the author doth imply.

On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers,† disjoin'd by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.‡
At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offer'd as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,§
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
Her wide sleeves green, and border'd with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware* a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reach'd to the ground beneath:
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives:
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast;
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lighten'd by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silver'd, usèd she,
And branch'd with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perch'd, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would chirrup through the bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pin'd,
And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagin'd Hero was his mother;

---

* *The Argument of the First Sestiad*, &c.] The Arguments of all the Sestiads are by Chapman; who, when he continued *Hero and Leander*, divided into the First and Second Sestiad that portion of the poem which was written by Marlowe. See *Account of Marlowe and his writings*.

The present text of this poem is formed from a collation of seven editions (see p. 276), of which the earliest are by far the most correct. In noting the various readings at the foot of the page, I originally intended to specify the particular editions which exhibited them: but I found that such minuteness of reference (perhaps, after all, wholly uninteresting to the reader) would occupy a much larger portion of the page than was desirable; and I have therefore been content to give the *variæ lectiones* without indicating their sources.

† *Sea-borderers*] V. R. "*Sea*borders."

‡ *hight*] i. e. called.

§ *The outside of her garments were of lawn*] The modern editors print "———was *of lawn*". But see note §, p. 166.

* *ware*] V. R. "wore."

And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rock,* there took his rest.
So lovely-fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:
Therefore, in sign her treasure suffer'd wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.

Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung,)
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make† greater moan.
His dangling‡ tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allur'd the venturous youth of Greece
To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wish'd his arms might be her sphere;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipt out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the tast,§
So was his neck in touching, and surpast
The white of Pelops' shoulder: I could tell ye,
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly;
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint
That runs along his back; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods: let it suffice
That my slack Muse sings‖ of Leander's eyes;
Those¶ orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and, despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamour'd of his beauty had he been:
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;
The barbarous Thracian soldier, mov'd with nought,
Was mov'd with him, and for his favour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire,—
A pleasant-smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally;
And such as knew he was a man, would say,
"Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in love, and lov'd of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall."

The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast:
Thither resorted many a wandering* guest
To meet their loves: such as had none at all,
Came lovers home from this great festival;
For every street, like to a firmament,
Glister'd with breathing stars, who, where they went,
Frighted the melancholy earth, which deem'd
Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seem'd,
As if another Phaëton had got
The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.
But, far above the loveliest, Hero shin'd,
And stole away th' enchanted gazer's mind;
For like sea-nymphs' inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by;
Nor that night-wandering, pale, and watery star
(When yawning dragons draw† her thirling‡ car
From Latmus' mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where, crown'd with blazing light and majesty,
She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
Even as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,
Incens'd with savage heat, gallop amain
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain,
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that view'd her were enamour'd on her:
And as in fury of a dreadful fight,§
Their fellows being slain or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead-strooken,
So at her presence all surpris'd and tooken,

---

* *rock*] V. R. "rockt."
† *make*] V. R. "may."
‡ *dangling*] V. R. "dandling."
§ *tast*] i. e. taste,—for the sake of the rhyme.—V. R. "taste."
‖ *sings*] V. R. "must sing."
¶ *Those*] V. R. "These."

* *wandering*] V. R. "wandered."
† *draw*] V. R. "drew."
‡ *thirling*] i. e. *thrilling*,—tremulously moving.—The modern editors print "whirling"; which does not suit the context.
§ *And as in fury of a dreadful fight*] V. R. "*And as in a furie of dreadfull fight.*"

Await the sentence of her scornful eyes;
He whom she favours lives; the other dies:
There might you see one sigh; another rage;
And some, their violent passions to assuage,
Compile sharp satires; but, alas, too late!
For faithful love will never turn to hate;
And many, seeing great princes were denied,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast-day,—O cursèd day and hour!—
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none:
The walls were of discolour'd * jasper-stone,
Wherein was Proteus carv'd; and over-head
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung.
And with the other wine from grapes out-wrung.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos call'd it Venus' glass:
There might you see the gods, in sundry shapes,
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes;
For know, that underneath this radiant flour †
Was Danäe's statue in a brazen tower;
Jove slily stealing from his sister's bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymed,
And for his love Europa bellowing loud,‡
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud;
Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set;
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy;
Silvanus weeping for the lovely boy
That now is turn'd into a cypress-tree,
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood:
There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,
Vail'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close; §
And modestly they open'd as she rose:
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head;
And thus Leander was enamourèd.
Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gaz'd,
Till with the fire, that from his countenance blaz'd,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook:
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.
It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.
When two are stript long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd * by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight? †
He kneel'd; but unto her devoutly pray'd:
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him;"
And, as she spake those ‡ words, came somewhat § near him.
He started up; she blush'd as one asham'd;
Wherewith Leander much more was inflam'd.
He touch'd her hand; in touching it she trembled:
Love deeply grounded, || hardly is dissembled.
These lovers parled by the touch of hands:
True love is mute, and oft amazèd stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,
The air with sparks of living fire was spangled;
And Night, ¶ deep-drench'd in misty Acheron,
Heav'd up her head, and half the world upon
Breath'd darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's day):
And now begins Leander to display
Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs, and tears;
Which, like sweet music, enter'd Hero's ears;

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* *discolour'd*] i. e. varicgated.

† *flour*] i. e. floor,—for the sake of the rhyme (spelt in several 4tos "flowre" and "flower"). Compare,—

"And over this was rais'd with curious sleight
A pyramid, a huge and stately towre,
Which towre an hundred cubits had in height
By measure from the top unto the *flowre*;
It seemd a worke of as great charge and weight
As Adrian made, to bost his wealth and powre," &c.
Sir J. Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, B. XXIX, st. 35.

‡ *And for his love Europa bellowing loud*] i. e. And bellowing loud for his love, Europa.

§ *Vail'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close*] *Vail'd*, i. e. Lowered herself, stooped. — V. R. "Tail'd (and "Tayl'd") *to the ground*," &c.—The modern editors print "Kneel'd *to the ground*," &c.—Compare Fletcher's *Wife for a month*, act iii. sc. 3;

"His jollity is down, *vail'd to the ground*, sir."

As to the occurrence of "Vail'd" and "veiling" in the same line,—compare (among many passages which might be cited);

"For Hell and Darkness *pitch* their *pitchy* tents," &c.
Sec. Part of Tamburlaine, p. 71, first col.

"So *far'd fair* Hero in th' expugnèd fort," &c.
P. 292, first col., of the present poem.

* *censur'd*] i. e. judged of.

† *Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*] Shakespeare has honoured this line by quoting it in *As you like it*;

"Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight!" Act iii. sc. 5.

‡ *those*] V. R. "these."

§ *somewhat*] V. R. "something."

|| *grounded*] V. R. "ground."

¶ *And Night*, &c.] "A periphrasis of night." *Marginal note in* 4to 1598.

And yet at every word she turn'd aside,
And always cut him off, as he replied.
At last, like to a bold sharp sophister,
With cheerful hope thus he accosted her.
"Fair creature,* let me speak without offence:
I would my rude words had the influence
To lead thy thoughts as thy fair looks do mine!
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.
Be not unkind and fair; mis-shapen stuff
Are of behaviour boisterous and rough.
O, shun me not, but hear me ere you go!
God knows, I cannot force love as you do:
My words shall be as spotless as my youth,
Full of simplicity and naked truth.
This sacrifice, whose sweet perfume descending
From Venus' altar, to your footsteps bending,
Doth testify that you exceed her far,
To whom you offer, and whose nun you are.
Why should you worship her? her you surpass
As much as sparkling diamonds flaring glass.
A diamond set in lead his worth retains;
A heavenly nymph, belov'd of human swains,
Receives no blemish, but oftimes more grace;
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee divine and pure,
Dutiful service may thy love procure;
And I in duty will excel all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceed Love's mother.
Nor heaven nor thou were made to gaze upon:
As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one.
A stately-builded ship, well-rigg'd and tall,
The ocean maketh more majestical:
Why vow'st thou, then, to live in Sestos here,
Who on Love's seas more glorious wouldst
appear?
Like untun'd golden strings all women are,
Which long time lie untouch'd, will harshly jar.
Vessels of brass, oft handled, brightly shine:
What difference betwixt† the richest mine
And basest mould, but use? for both, not us'd,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abus'd,
When misers keep it: being put to loan,
In time it will return us two for one.
Rich robes themselves and others do adorn;
Neither themselves nor others, if not worn.
Who builds a palace, and rams up the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate:
Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish!
Lone women, like to empty houses, perish.
Less sins the poor rich man, that starves himself
In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf,
Than such as you: his golden earth remains,
Which, after his decease, some other gains;
But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to
none;
Or, if it could, down from th' enamell'd sky
All heaven would come to claim this legacy,
And with intestine broils the world destroy,
And quite confound Nature's sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We human creatures should enjoy that bliss.
One is no number; maids are nothing, then,
Without the sweet society of men.
Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be,
Though never-singling Hymen couple thee.
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,
Think water far excels all earthly things;
But they, that daily taste neat* wine, despise it:
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you tried them
both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.
Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow:
Even so for men's impression† do we you;
By which alone, our reverend fathers say,
Women receive perfection every way.
This idol, which you term virginity,
Is neither essence subject to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior sense,
Nor hath it any place of residence,
Nor is't of earth or mould celestial,
Or capable of any form at all.
Of that which hath no being, do not boast:
Things that are not at all, are never lost.
Men foolishly do call it virtuous:
What virtue is it, that is born with us?
Much less can honour be ascrib'd thereto:
Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we do;
Believe me, Hero, honour is not won,
Until some honourable deed be done.
Seek you, for chastity, immortal fame,
And know that some have wrong'd Diana's
name?
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot?
But you are fair, ay me! so wondrous fair,
So young, so gentle, and so debonair,

* *Fair creature*, &c.] This and the five next lines, as also a subsequent couplet in the present col., "And I in duty," &c., are borrowed, for the nonce, by Master Matthew in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, act iv. sc. 1 (where they differ from the original text, Jonson having probably written them down *memoriter*).

† *betwixt*] V. R. "betweene."

* *neat*] V. R. "sweet."

† *impression*] V. R. "impressions."

As Greece will think, if thus you live alone,
Some one or other keeps you as his own.
Then, Hero, hate me not, nor from me fly,
To follow swiftly-blasting infamy.
Perhaps thy sacred priesthood makes thee loath:
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou* that heedless oath?"
"To Venus," answer'd she; and, as she spake,
Forth from those two tralucent† cisterns brake
A stream of liquid pearl, which down her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace
To Jove's high court. He thus replied: "The rites
In which love's beauteous empress most delights,
Are banquets, Doric music, midnight revel,
Plays, masks, and all that stern age counteth evil.
Thee as a holy idiot doth she scorn;
For thou, in vowing chastity, hast‡ sworn
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Committ'st a sin far worse than perjury,
Even sacrilege against her deity,
Through regular and formal purity.
To expiate which sin, kiss and shake hands:
Such sacrifice as this Venus demands."
Thereat she smil'd, and did deny him so,
As put§ thereby, yet might he hope for mo;‖
Which makes him quickly reinforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech:
"Though neither gods nor men may thee deserve,
Yet for her sake, whom you have vow'd to serve,
Abandon fruitless cold virginity,
The gentle queen of love's sole enemy.
Then shall you most resemble Venus' nun,
When Venus' sweet rites are perform'd and done.
Flint-breasted Pallas joys in single life;
But Pallas and your mistress are at strife.
Love, Hero, then, and be not tyrannous;
But heal the heart that thou hast wounded thus;
Nor stain thy youthful years with avarice:
Fair fools delight to be accounted nice.¶
The richest corn dies, if it be not reapt;
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept."
These arguments he us'd, and many more;
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.

Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war:
Women are won when they begin to jar.
Thus, having swallow'd Cupid's golden hook,
The more she striv'd, the deeper was she strook:
Yet, evilly feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So having paus'd a while, at last she said,
"Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
Ay me! such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the orator."
With that, Leander stoop'd to have embrac'd her,
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
And thus bespake him: "Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.
Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town, (where all is whist and still,
Save that the sea, playing on* yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus
In silence of the night to visit us,)
My turret stands; and there, God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
A dwarfish beldam bears† me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment:—
Come thither." As she spake this, her tongue tripp'd,
For unawares, "Come thither," from her slipp'd;
And suddenly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eyes through anger rang'd;
And, like a planet moving several ways
At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays,
Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart:
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay, such
As might have made Heaven stoop to have a touch,
Did she uphold to Venus, and again
Vow'd spotless chastity; but all in vain;
Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings;
Her vows about‡ the empty air he flings:
All deep enrag'd, his sinewy bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went;
Wherewith she strooken,§ look'd so dolefully,
As made Love sigh to see his tyranny;

* *mad'st thou*] V. R. "thou mad'st."
† *tralucent*] A form of *translucent*, common in our early writers.
‡ *hast*] V. R. "hath."
§ *put*] V. R. "but."—Compare a line at p. 286, first col., "She, with a kind of granting, *put* him *by* it."
‖ *mo*] i. e. more. See note *, p. 243.
¶ *nice*] i. e. coy.

* *on*] V. R. "upon."
† *bears*] V. R. "keepes."
‡ *about*] Old eds. "aboue."
§ *strooken*] V. R. "stroken."

And, as she wept, her tears to pearl he turn'd,
And wound them on his arm, and for her mourn'd.
Then towards* the palace of the Destinies,
Laden with languishment and grief, he flies,
And to those stern nymphs humbly made request,
Both might enjoy each other, and be blest.
But with a ghastly dreadful countenance,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance,
They answer'd Love, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poor word, their hate to him was such:
Hearken a while, and I will tell you why.
Heaven's wingèd herald, Jove-born Mercury,
The self-same day that he asleep had laid
Enchanted Argus, spied a country maid,
Whose careless hair, instead of pearl† t'adorn it,
Glister'd with dew, as one that seem'd to scorn it;
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose;
Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to glose:
Yet proud she was (for lofty Pride that dwells
In towerèd courts, is oft in shepherds' cells),
And too-too well the fair vermilion knew
And silver tincture of her cheeks, that drew
The love of every swain. On her this god
Enamour'd was, and with his snaky rod
Did charm her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while upon a‡ hillock down he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay,
Till in his twining arms he lock'd her fast,
And then he woo'd with kisses; and at last,
As shepherds do, her on the ground he laid,
And, tumbling in§ the grass, he often stray'd
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts which no eye should behold;
And, like an insolent commanding lover,
Boasting his parentage, would needs discover
The way to new Elysium. But she,
Whose only dower was her chastity,
Having striven in vain, was now about to cry,
And crave the help of shepherds that were nigh.
Herewith he stay'd his fury, and began
To give her leave to rise: away she ran;
After went Mercury, who us'd such cunning,
As she, to hear his tale, left off her running;
(Maids are not won by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure* and delight;)
And, knowing Hermes courted her, was glad
That she such loveliness and beauty had
As could provoke his liking; yet was mute,
And neither would deny nor grant his suit.
Still vow'd he love: she, wanting no excuse
To feed him with delays, as women use,
Or thirsting after immortality,
(All women are ambitious naturally,)
Impos'd upon her lover such a task,
As he ought not perform, nor yet she ask;
A draught of flowing nectar she requested,
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted.
He, ready to accomplish what she will'd,
Stole some from Hebe (Hebe Jove's cup fill'd),
And gave it to his simple rustic love:
Which being known,—as what is hid from Jove?—
He inly storm'd, and wax'd more furious
Than for the fire filch'd by Prometheus;
And thrusts him down from heaven. He, wandering here,
In mournful terms, with sad and heavy cheer,
Complain'd to Cupid: Cupid, for his sake,
To be reveng'd on Jove did undertake;
And those on whom heaven, earth, and hell relies,
I mean the adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with love, and forc'd them equally
To dote upon deceitful Mercury.
They offer'd him the deadly fatal knife
That shears the slender threads of human life;
At his† fair-feather'd feet the engines laid,
Which th' earth from ugly Chaos' den upweigh'd.
These he regarded not; but did entreat
That Jove, usurper of his father's seat,
Might presently be banish'd into hell,
And agèd Saturn in Olympus dwell.
They granted what he crav'd; and once again
Saturn and Ops began their golden reign:
Murder, rape, war, and‡ lust, and treachery,
Were with Jove clos'd in Stygian empery.
But long this blessèd time continu'd not:
As soon as he his wishèd purpose got,
He, reckless of his promise, did despise
The love of th' everlasting Destinies.
They, seeing it, both Love and him abhorr'd,
And Jupiter unto his place restor'd:

* *towards*] V. R. "toward."
† *pearl*] V. R. "pearles."
‡ *a*] V. R. "the."
§ *in*] V. R. "on."

* *pleasure*] V. R. "pleasures."
† *his*] V. R. "this."
‡ *and*] Omitted in several 4tos.

And, but that* Learning, in despite of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heaven-gate,
And to the seat of Jove itself advance,
Hermes had slept in hell with Ignorance.
Yet, as a punishment, they added this,
That he and Poverty should always kiss;
And to this day is every scholar poor:
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor.
Likewise the angry Sisters, thus deluded,
To venge themselves on Hermes, have concluded
That Midas' brood shall sit in Honour's chair,
To which the Muses' sons are only heir;
And fruitful wits, that inaspiring are,
Shall discontent run into regions far;
And few great lords in virtuous deeds shall joy
But be surpris'd with every garish toy,
And still enrich the lofty servile clown,
Who with encroaching guile keeps learning down.
Then muse not Cupid's suit no better sped,
Seeing in their loves the Fates were injurèd.

THE SECOND SESTIAD.

The Argument of the Second Sestiad.

Hero of love takes deeper sense,
And doth her love more recompense:
Their first night's meeting, where sweet kisses
Are th' only crowns of both their blisse
He swims t' Abydos, and returns:
Cold Neptune with his beauty burns;
Whose suit he shuns, and doth aspire
Hero's fair tower and his desire.

By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted,
Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted.
He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips;
Wherewith, as one displeas'd, away she trips;
Yet, as she went, full often look'd behind,
And many poor excuses did she find
To linger by the way, and once she stay'd,
And would have turn'd again, but was afraid,
In offering parley, to be counted light:
So on she goes, and, in her idle flight,
Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to train Leander therewithal.
He, being a novice, knew not what she meant,
But stay'd, and after her a letter sent;
Which joyful Hero answer'd in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort
Wherein the liberal Graces lock'd† their wealth;
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide-open stood the door; he need not climb;
And she herself, before the pointed time,
Had spread the board, with roses strew'd the room,
And oft look'd out, and mus'd he did not come.
At last he came: O, who can tell the greeting
These greedy lovers had at their first meeting?
He ask'd; she gave; and nothing was denied;
Both to each other quickly were affied:
Look how their hands, so were their hearts united,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires and like* affections meet;
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid rais'd,
Where fancy is in equal balance pais'd.†)
Yet she this rashness suddenly repented,
And turn'd aside, and to herself lamented,
As if her name and honour had been wrong'd
By being possess'd of him for whom she long'd;
Ay, and she wish'd, albeit not from her heart,
That he would leave her turret and depart.
The mirthful god of amorous pleasure smil'd
To see how he this captive nymph beguil'd;
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it down, that it might mount the higher.
Now wax'd she jealous lest his love abated,
Fearing her own thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore unto him hastily she goes,
And, like light Salmacis, her body throws
Upon his bosom, where with yielding eyes
She offers up herself a sacrifice
To slake his anger, if he were displeas'd:
O, what god would not therewith be appeas'd?
Like Æsop's cock, this jewel he enjoy'd,
And as a brother with his sister toy'd,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her favour and goodwill had won.
But know you not that creatures wanting sense,
By nature have a mutual appetence,

* *but that*] V. R. "that but."
† *lock'd*] V. R. "lock."

* *like*] Omitted in several 4tos.
† *pais'd*] i. e. weighed.

And, wanting organs to advance a step,
Mov'd by love's force, unto each other lep?*
Much more in subjects having intellect
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit Leander, rude in love and raw,
Long dallying with Hero, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore unto his body hers he clung:
She, fearing on the rushes † to be flung,
Striv'd with redoubled strength; the more she striv'd,
The more a gentle pleasing ‡ heat reviv'd,
Which taught him all that elder lovers know;
And now the same gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plain terms, yet cunningly, he crave it: §
Love always makes those eloquent that have it.
She, with a kind of granting, put him by it,
And ever, as he thought himself most nigh it,
Like to the tree of Tantalus, she fled,
And, seeming lavish, sav'd her maidenhead.
Ne'er king more sought to keep his diadem,
Than Hero this inestimable gem:
Above our life we love a steadfast friend;
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kiss it, often look thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gone;
No marvel, then, though Hero would not yield
So soon to part from that she dearly held:
Jewels being ‖ lost are found again; this never;
'Tis ¶ lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.

Now had the Morn espied her lover's steeds;
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And, red for anger that he stay'd so long,
All headlong throws herself the clouds among.
And now Leander, fearing to be miss'd,
Embrac'd her suddenly, took leave, and kiss'd:
Long was he taking leave, and loath to go,
And kiss'd again, as lovers use ** to do.
Sad Hero wrung him by the hand, and wept,
Saying, "Let your vows and promises be kept":
Then standing at the door, she turn'd about,
As loath to see Leander going out.

And now the sun, that through th' horizon peeps,
As pitying these lovers, downward * creeps;
So that in silence of the cloudy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what † the secret trusty night conceal'd,
Leander's amorous habit soon reveal'd:
With Cupid's myrtle was his bonnet crown'd,
About his arms the purple riband wound,
Wherewith she wreath'd her largely-spreading hair;
Nor could the youth abstain, but he must wear
The sacred ring wherewith she was endow'd,
When first religious chastity she vow'd;
Which made his love through Sestos to be known,
And thence unto Abydos sooner blown
Than he could sail; for incorporeal ‡ Fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind, § whose tardy plumes
Are reeking water and dull earthly fumes.

Home when he came, he seem'd not to be there,
But, like exilèd air thrust from his sphere,
Set in a foreign place; and straight from thence,
Alcides-like, by mighty violence,
He would have chas'd away the swelling main,
That him from her unjustly did detain.
Like as the sun in a diameter
Fires and inflames objects removèd far,
And heateth kindly, shining laterally;
So beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis ‖ nigh,
But being separated and remov'd,
Burns where it cherish'd, murders where it lov'd.
Therefore even as an index to a book,
So to his mind was young Leander's look.
O, none but gods have power ¶ their love to hide!
Affection by the countenance is descried;
The light of hidden fire itself discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betrays poor lovers.
His secret flame apparently was seen:
Leander's father knew where he had been,
And for the same mildly rebuk'd his son,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new-begun.
But love resisted once, grows passionate,
And nothing more than counsel lovers hate;
For as a hot proud horse highly disdains
To have his head controll'd, but breaks the reins,

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* *lep*] i. e. leap,—for the rhyme.—V. R. "leap."

† *rushes*] With which, before carpets were introduced, rooms used to be strewed. Our author was thinking here only of his own time.

‡ *pleasing*] V. R. "pleasant."

§ *he crave it*] i. e. he craved it.—All the 4tos which I have seen read "*he* crau'd *it*."—The modern editors print "he'd *crave it*."

‖ *being*] V. R. "beeu."

¶ *'Tis*] V. R. "This."

** *use*] V. R. "vsde."

* *downward*] V. R. "downewards."

† *what*] V. R. "whcn."

‡ *incorporeal*] V. R. "incorporall."

§ *wind*] V. R. "windes."

‖ *sweetly . . . 'tis*] V. R. "quickly . . . it's."

¶ *O, none but gods have power*] V. R. "*O none* haue power but gods."

Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his hoves *
Checks the submissive ground; so he that loves,
The more he is restrain'd, the worse he fares:
What is it now but mad Leander dares?
"O Hero, Hero!" thus he cried full oft;
And then he got him to a rock aloft,
Where having spied her tower, long star'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toiling Hellespont
To part in twain, that he might come and go;
But still the rising billows answer'd, "No."
With that, he stripp'd him to the ivory skin,
And, crying, "Love, I come," leap'd lively in:
Whereat the sapphire-visag'd god grew proud,
And made his capering Triton sound aloud,
Imagining that Ganymede, displeas'd,
Had left the heavens; therefore on him he seiz'd.
Leander striv'd; the waves about him wound,
And pull'd him to the bottom, where the ground
Was strew'd with pearl, and in low coral groves
Sweet-singing mermaids sported with their loves
On heaps of heavy gold, and took great pleasure
To spurn in careless sort the shipwreck treasure;†
For here the stately azure palace stood,
Where kingly Neptune and his train abode.
The lusty god embrac'd him, call'd him "love,"
And swore he never should return to Jove:
But when he knew it was not Ganymed,
For under water he was almost dead,
He heav'd him up, and, looking on his face,
Beat down the bold waves with his triple mace,
Which mounted up, intending to have kiss'd him,
And fell in drops like tears because they miss'd him.
Leander, being up, began to swim,
And, looking back, saw Neptune follow him:
Whereat aghast, the poor soul gan to cry,
"O, let me visit Hero ere I die!"
The god put Helle's bracelet on his arm,
And swore the sea should never do him harm.
He clapp'd his plump ‡ cheeks, with his tresses play'd,
And, smiling wantonly, his love bewray'd;
He watch'd his arms, and, as they open'd wide
At every stroke, betwixt them would he slide,
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,
And, as he turn'd, cast many a lustful glance,
And throw § him gaudy toys to please his eye,
And dive into the water, and there pry
Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,
And up again, and close beside him swim,
And talk * of love. Leander made reply,
"You are deceiv'd; I am no woman, I."
Thereat smil'd Neptune, and then told a tale,
How that a shepherd, sitting in a vale,
Play'd with a boy so lovely-fair † and kind,
As for his love both earth and heaven pin'd;
That of the cooling river durst not drink,
Lest water-nymphs should pull him from the brink;
And when he sported in the fragrant lawns,
Goat-footed Satyrs and up-staring ‡ Fauns
Would steal him thence. Ere half this § tale was done,
"Ay me," Leander cried, "th' enamour'd sun,
That now should shine on Thetis' glassy bower,
Decends upon my radiant || Hero's tower:
O, that these tardy arms of mine were wings!"
And, as he spake, upon the waves he springs.
Neptune was angry that he gave no ear,
And in his heart revenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace; but, as it went,
He call'd it in, for love made him repent:
The mace, returning back, his own hand hit,
As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
When this fresh-bleeding wound Leander view'd,
His colour went and came, as if he ru'd
The grief which Neptune felt: in gentle breasts
Relenting thoughts, remorse, and pity ¶ rests;
And who have hard hearts and obdurate minds,
But vicious, hare-brain'd, and illiterate hinds?
The god, seeing him with pity to be mov'd,
Thereon concluded that he was belov'd;
(Love is too full of faith, too credulous,
With folly and false hope deluding us;)
Wherefore, Leander's fancy to surprise,
To the rich ocean for gifts he flies:
'Tis wisdom to give much; a gift prevails
When deep-persuading oratory fails.
By this, Leander, being near the land,
Cast down his weary feet, and felt the sand.
Breathless albeit he were, he rested not
Till to the solitary tower he got;
And knock'd, and call'd: at which celestial noise
The longing heart of Hero much more joys,
Than nymphs and shepherds when the timbrel rings,
Or crookèd dolphin when the sailor sings.

* *hoves*] i. e. hoofs,—for the rhyme.
† *shipwreck treasure*] V. R. "shipwrackt *treasure*."
‡ *clapp'd his plump*] V. R. "claps *his* plumpt" (and "plumpts").
§ *throw*] Old eds. "threw."

* *talk*] V. R. "talkt."
† *so lovely-fair*] V. R. "*so faire*."
‡ *up-staring*] V. R. "*vp*-starting."
§ *this*] V. R. "his."
|| *radiant*] V. R. "raiant."
¶ *remorse, and pity*] All but synonymes.

She stay'd not for her robes, but straight arose,
And, drunk with gladness, to the door she goes;
Where seeing a naked man, she screech'd for fear,
(Such sights as this to tender maids are rare,)
And ran into the dark herself to hide
(Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied).
Unto her was he led, or rather drawn,
By those white limbs which sparkled through the lawn.
The nearer that he came, the more she fled,
And, seeking refuge, slipt into her bed;
Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,
Through* numbing cold, all feeble, faint, and wan.
"If not for love, yet, love, for pity-sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosom take;
At least vouchsafe these arms some little room,
Who, hoping to embrace thee, cheerly swoom:
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow."
Herewith affrighted, Hero shrunk away,
And in her lukewarm place Leander lay;
Whose lively heat, like fire from heaven fet,†
Would animate gross clay, and higher set
The drooping‡ thoughts of base-declining souls,
Than dreary-Mars-carousing nectar bowls.
His hands he cast upon her like a snare:
She, overcome with shame and sallow§ fear,
Like chaste Diana when Actæon spied her,
Being suddenly betray'd, div'd down to hide her;
And, as her silver body downward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her own mind thought herself secure,
O'ercast with dim and darksome coverture.
And now she lets him whisper in her ear,
Flatter, entreat, promise, protest, and swear:
Yet ever, as‖ he greedily assay'd
To touch those dainties,¶ she the harpy play'd,
And every limb did, as a soldier stout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foeman** out;
For though the rising ivory mount he scal'd,
Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I term this,
By which Love sails to regions full of bliss,)
Yet there with Sisyphus he toil'd in vain,
Till gentle parley did the truce obtain.

Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing,*
She trembling strove: this strife of hers, like that
Which made the world, another world begat
Of unknown joy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yield herself she sought.
Seeming not won, yet won she was at length:
In such wars women use but half their strength.
Leander now, like Theban Hercules,
Enter'd the orchard of th Hesperides;
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but he
That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree.
Wherein Leander, on her quivering breast,
Breathless spoke something,† and sigh'd out the rest;
Which so prevail'd, as he,‡ with small ado,
Enclos'd her in his arms, and kiss'd her too:
And every kiss to her was as a charm,
And to Leander as a fresh alarm:
So that the truce was broke, and she, alas,
Poor silly maiden, at his mercy was
Love is not full of pity, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.
And now she§ wish'd this night were never done,
And sigh'd to think upon th' approaching sun;
For much it griev'd her that the bright day-light
Should know the pleasure of this‖ blessèd night,
And them, like Mars and Erycine, display¶
Both in each other's** arms chain'd as they lay.††
Again, she knew not how to frame her look,
Or speak to him, who‡‡ in a moment took
That which so long, so charily she kept;
And fain by stealth away she would have crept,
And to some corner secretly have gone,
Leaving Leander in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the sudden cling'd her so about,

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* *Through*] V. R. "Though."
† *fet*] i. e. fetched.
‡ *drooping*] V. R. "dropping."
§ *sallow*] V. R. "shallow."
‖ *ever, as*] V. R. "*euer* after *as*."
¶ *dainties*] V. R. "daintie."
** *foeman*] V. R. "foemen."

* *Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,*
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing] "The Editor has taken the liberty to alter the situation of this couplet, which as it originally stands after '*But deaf and cruel where he means to prey*' [the 22nd line of this col.], is an awkward excrescence. By the present transposition it becomes a lively and beautifully appropriate simile." *Ed.* 1821. The transposition is unquestionably right.
† *something*] V. R. "*some* things."
‡ *he*] Omitted in one 4to.
§ *she*] V. R. "we."
‖ *this*] V. R. "the."
¶ *them . . . display*] Old eds. "then . . . displaid."
** *other's*] V. R. "other."
†† *lay*] Old eds. "laid."
‡‡ *who*] V. R. "whom."

That, mermaid-like, unto the floor she slid;
One* half appear'd, the other half was hid.
Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through the air,†
As from an orient cloud, glimps'd ‡ here and there;
And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born.
So Hero's ruddy cheek Hero betray'd,
And her all naked to his sight display'd:
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took
Than Dis,* on heaps of gold fixing his look.
By this, Apollo's golden harp began
To sound forth music to the ocean;
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,
But he the bright Day-bearing car † prepar'd,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaring beams mock'd ugly Night,
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,
Dang'd down to hell her loathsome carriage. ‡

THE THIRD SESTIAD.

The Argument of the Third Sestiad.

Leander to the envious light
Resigns his night-sports with the night,
And swims the Hellespont again.
Thesme, the deity sovereign
Of customs and religious rites,
Appears, reproving § his delights,
Since nuptial honours he neglected;
Which straight he vows shall be effected.
Fair Hero, left devirginate,
Weighs, and with fury wails her state:
But with her love and woman's ‖ wit
She argues and approveth it.

NEW light gives new directions, fortunes new,
To fashion our endeavours that ensue.
More harsh, at least more hard, more grave and high
Our subject runs, and our stern Muse must fly.
Love's edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Those thoughts, joys, longings, that before became
High unexperienc'd blood, and maids' ¶ sharp plights,
Must now grow staid, and censure ** the delights,
That, being enjoy'd, ask judgment; now we praise,
As having parted: evenings crown the days.
And now, ye wanton Loves, and young Desires,
Pied Vanity, the mint of strange attires,
Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,
Relentful Musics, and attractive Dances,
And you detested Charms constraining love!
Shun love's stoln sports by that these lovers prove.
By this, the sovereign of heaven's golden fires,
And young Leander, lord of his desires,
Together from their lovers' arms arose:
Leander into Hellespontus throws
His Hero-handled body, whose delight
Made him disdain each other epithite.
And as amidst th' enamour'd waves he swims,
The god of gold of § purpose gilt his limbs,
That, this word *gilt* including double sense,
The double guilt of his incontinence
Might be express'd, that had no stay t' employ
The treasure which the love-god let him joy
In his dear Hero, with such sacred thrift
As had beseem'd so sanctified‖ a gift;
But, like a greedy vulgar prodigal,
Would on the stock dispend, and rudely fall,

* *One*] V. R. "And."

† *air*] Old eds. "heare" and "haire."—"The old copies read '*hair*,' which was certainly not intended here, though it is a picturesque image." *Ed.* 1821. If that reading had been intended, Marlowe would have written "*her* (not *the*) hair." Compare a passage at p. 291, sec. col.;

"she look'd out,
And *all the air she purpled* round about," &c.

‡ *glimps'd*] Old eds. "glympse" ("glymse" and "glimse").

§ *reproving*] Old eds. "improuing" (Compare, at p. 291, first col.;

"Thus she appear'd, and sharply did *reprove*
Leander's bluntness in his violent love," &c.)

‖ *woman's*] V. R. "womens."

¶ *maids'*] V. R. "made" and "make."

** *censure*] i. e. pass judgment on.

* *Dis*] i. e. Pluto,—whom even the Greeks themselves occasionally confounded with Plutus, the god of riches.

† *the bright Day-bearing car*] Old eds. "*the* day *bright-bearing car.*"

‡ *Dang'd down to hell her loathsome carriage*] V. R. "Hurld *down*," &c.—2to 1598 ends here, with the words "*Desunt nonnulla.*" The continuation of the poem is wholly by Chapman: see note *, p. 279.

§ *of*] i. e. on.—V. R. "a."

‖ *so sanctified*] V. R. "to sanctifie."

Before his time, to that unblessèd blessing
Which, for lust's plague, doth perish with possessing:
Joy graven in sense, like snow in water, wasts;*
Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts.
What man is he, that† with a wealthy eye
Enjoys a beauty richer than the sky,
Through whose white skin, softer than soundest‡ sleep,
With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep,
And runs in branches through her azure veins,
Whose mixture and first fire his love attains;
Whose both hands limit both love's deities,
And sweeten human thoughts like Paradise;
Whose disposition silken is and kind,
Directed with an earth-exempted mind;—
Who thinks not heaven with such a love is given?
And who, like earth, would spend that dower§ of heaven,
With rank desire to joy it all at first?
What simply kills our hunger, quencheth thirst,
Clothes but our nakedness, and makes us live,
Praise doth not any of her favours give:
But what doth plentifully minister
Beauteous apparel and delicious cheer,
So order'd that it still excites desire,
And still gives pleasure freeness to aspire,
The palm of Bounty ever moist preserving;
To Love's sweet life this is the courtly carving.
Thus Time and all-states-ordering Ceremony
Had banish'd all offence: Time's golden thigh
Upholds the flowery body of the earth
In sacred harmony, and every birth
Of men and actions‖ makes legitimate;
Being us'd aright, the use of time is fate.
Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more
This prize of love home to his father's shore;
Where he unlades himself of that false wealth
That makes few rich,—treasures compos'd by stealth;
And to his sister, kind Hermione,
(Who on the shore kneel'd, praying to the sea
For his return,) he all love's goods¶ did show,
In Hero seis'd for him, in him for Hero.
His most kind sister all his secrets knew,
And to her, singing, like a shower, he flew,
Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs took in
Streams dead for love, to leave his ivory skin,
Which yet a snowy foam did leave above,
As soul to the dead water that did love;
And from thence did the first white roses spring
(For love is sweet and fair in every thing),
And all the sweeten'd shore, as he did go,
Was crown'd with odorous roses, white as snow.
Love-blest Leander was with love so fill'd,
That love to all that touch'd him he instill'd;
And as the colours* of all things we see,
To our sight's powers communicated be,
So to all objects that in compass came
Of any sense he had, his senses' flame
Flow'd from his parts with force so virtual,
It fir'd with sense things mere† insensual.
Now, with warm baths and odours comforted,
When he lay down, he kindly kiss'd his bed,
As consecrating it to Hero's right,
And vow'd thereafter, that whatever sight
Put him in mind of Hero or her bliss,
Should be her‡ altar to prefer a kiss.
Then laid he forth his late-enrichèd arms,
In whose white circle Love writ all his charms,
And made his characters sweet Hero's limbs,
When on his breast's warm sea she sideling swims;
And as those arms, held up in circle, met,
He said, "See, sister, Hero's carquenet!§
Which she‖ had rather wear about her neck,
Than all the jewels that do¶ Juno deck."
But, as he** shook with passionate desire
To put in flame his other secret fire,
A music so divine did pierce his ear,
As never yet his ravish'd sense did hear;
When suddenly a light of twenty hues
Brake through the roof, and, like the rainbow, views
Amaz'd Leander: in whose beams came down
The goddess Ceremony, with a crown
Of all the stars; and Heaven with her descended:
Her flaming hair to her bright feet extended,
By which hung all the bench of deities;
And in a chain, compact of ears and eyes,
She led Religion: all her body was
Clear and transparent as the purest glass,

* *wasts*] i. e. wastes—for the rhyme.—V. R. "wastes."
† *that*] V. R. "who."
‡ *than soundest*] V. R. "*than* the *soundest*."
§ *dower*] V. R. "power."
‖ *Of men and actions*] The editor of 1826 printed "*Of men* audacious;" which is the reading in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, p. 285.
¶ *goods*] V. R. "good."

* *colours*] V. R. "colour."
† *mere*] i. e. whole,—wholly.
‡ *her*] V. R. "the."
§ *carquenet*] Or *carcanet*, i. e. necklace.
‖ *she*] V. R. "we."
¶ *do*] V. R. "doth."
** *he*] V. R. "she."

For she was all* presented to the sense:
Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence,
Her shadows were; Society, Memory;
All which her sight made live, her absence die.
A rich disparent pentacle she wears,
Drawn full of circles and strange characters.
Her face was changeable to every eye;
One way look'd ill, another graciously;
Which while men view'd, they cheerful were and holy,
But looking off, vicious and melancholy.
The snaky paths to each observèd law
Did Policy in her broad bosom draw.
One hand a mathematic crystal sways,
Which, gathering in one line a thousand rays
From her bright eyes, Confusion burns to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth:†
By it Morality and Comeliness
Themselves in all their sightly figures dress.
Her other hand a laurel rod applies,
To beat back Barbarism and Avarice,
That follow'd, eating earth and excrement
And human limbs; and would make proud ascent
To seats of gods, were Ceremony slain.
The Hours and Graces bore her glorious train;
And all the sweets of our society
Were spher'd and treasur'd in her bounteous eye.
Thus she appear'd, and sharply did reprove
Leander's bluntness in his violent love;
Told him how poor was substance without rites,
Like bills unsign'd; desires without delights;
Like meats unseason'd; like rank corn that grows
On cottages, that none or reaps or sows;
Not being with civil forms confirm'd and bounded,
For human dignities and comforts founded;
But loose and secret all their glories hide;
Fear fills the chamber, Darkness decks the bride.
She vanish'd, leaving pierc'd Leander's heart
With sense of his unceremonious part,
In which, with plain neglect of nuptial rites,
He close and flatly fell to his delights:
And instantly he vow'd to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his married state.
So up he gets, and to his father goes,
To whose glad ears he doth his vows disclose.
The nuptials are resolv'd with utmost power;
And he at night would swim to Hero's tower,

* *she was all*] V. R. "as *she* was."
† *distinguisheth*] V. R. "extinguisheth."

From whence he meant to Sestos' forked* bay
To bring her covertly, where ships must stay,
Sent by his† father, throughly rigg'd and mann'd,
To waft her safely to Abydos' strand.
There leave we him; and with fresh wing pursue
Astonish'd Hero, whose most wishèd view
I thus long have forborne, because I left her
So out of countenance, and her spirits bereft her:
To look of‡ one abash'd is impudence,
When of slight faults he hath too deep a sense.
Her blushing het§ her chamber: she look'd out,
And all the air she purpled round about;
And after it a foul black day befell,
Which ever since a red morn doth foretell,
And still renews our woes for Hero's woe;
And foul it prov'd, because it figur'd so
The next night's horror; which prepare to hear;
I fail, if it profane your daintiest ear.
Then, ho,‖ most strangely-intellectual fire,
That, proper to my soul, hast power t' inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy unspherèd flame visit'st the springs
Of spirits immortal! Now (as swift as Time
Doth follow Motion) find th' eternal clime
Of his¶ free soul, whose living subject stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,
And drunk to me half this Musæan story,
Inscribing it to deathless memory:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep;
Tell it how much his late desires I tender
(If yet it know not), and to light** surrender
My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die
To loves, to passions, and society.
Sweet Hero, left upon her bed alone,
Her maidenhead, her vows, Leander gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crew
Of new-come thoughts, that yet she never knew,
Even to herself a stranger, was much like
Th' Iberian city†† that War's hand did strike

* *forked*] V. R. "forged."
† *his*] Old eds. "her."
‡ *of*] i. e. on.—V. R. "on."
§ *het*] i. e. heated.
‖ *ho*] Spelt in the old eds. (as the word was often spelt formerly) "how." The modern editors print "now."
¶ *his*] i. e. Marlowe's.
** *it know not . . . . to light*] V. R. "I *know not . . . . to* delight."
†† *Th' Iberian city*] "Cadiz. The expedition against it sailed June 1, 1596; and was under the joint command of Essex, and Lord Howard, the High Admiral of England; assisted by the councils and presence of Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir F. Vere, Sir George Carew, and Sir Conyers Clifford." Ed. 1821.

By English force in princely Essex' guide,*
When† Peace assur'd her towers had fortified,
And golden-finger'd India had bestow'd
Such wealth on her, that strength and empire flow'd
Into her turrets, and her virgin waist
The wealthy girdle of the sea embrac'd;‡
Till our Leander, that made Mars his Cupid,
For soft love-suits, with iron thunders chid;
Swum to her town,§ dissolv'd her virgin‖ zone;
Led in his power, and made Confusion
Run through her streets amaz'd, that she suppos'd
She had not been in her own walls enclos'd,
But rapt by wonder to some foreign state,
Seeing all her issue so disconsolate,
And all her peaceful mansions possess'd
With war's just spoil, and many a foreign guest
From every corner driving an enjoyer,
Supplying it with power of a destroyer.
So far'd fair Hero in th' expugnèd fort
Of her chaste bosom; and of every sort
Strange thoughts possess'd her, ransacking her breast
For that that¶ was not there, her wonted rest.
She was a mother straight, and bore with pain
Thoughts that spake straight, and wish'd their mother slain;
She hates their lives, and they their own and hers:
Such strife still grows where sin the race prefers:
Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extremes.
She mus'd how she could look upon her sire,
And not shew that without, that was intire;**
For as a glass is an inanimate eye,
And outward forms embraceth inwardly,
So is the eye an animate glass, that shews
In-forms without us; and as Phœbus throws
His beams abroad, though he in clouds be clos'd,
Still glancing by them till he find oppos'd
A loose and rorid vapour that is fit
T' event his searching beams, and useth it
To form a tender twenty-colour'd eye,
Cast in a circle round about the sky;
So when our fiery soul, our body's star,
(That ever is in motion circular,)
Conceives a form, in seeking to display it
Through all our cloudy parts, it doth convey it
Forth * at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this event, uncourtly Hero thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks have wrought;
For yet the world's stale cunning she resisted,
To bear foul thoughts, yet forge what looks she listed,
And held it for a very silly sleight,
To make a perfect metal counterfeit,
Glad to disclaim herself, proud of an art
That makes the face a pandar to the heart.
Those be the† painted moons, whose lights profane
Beauty's true heaven, at full still in their wane;
Those be the lapwing-faces that still cry,
"Here 'tis!" when that they vow is nothing nigh:
Base fools! when every moorish fool‡ can teach
That which men think the height of human reach.
But custom, that the § apoplexy is
Of bed-rid nature and lives led amiss,
And takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet braz'd not Hero's brow with impudence;
And this she thought most hard to bring to pass,
To seem in countenance other than she was,
As if she had two souls, one for the face,
One for the heart, and that they shifted place
As either list to utter or conceal
What they conceiv'd, or as one soul did deal
With both affairs at once, keeps and ejects
Both at an instant contrary effects;‖
Retention and ejection in her powers
Being acts alike; for this one vice of ours,
That forms the thought, and sways the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our utterance.
These and more grave conceits toil'd Hero's spirits;
For, though the light of her discoursive wits
Perhaps might find some little hole to pass
Through all these worldly cinctures, yet, alas!
There was a heavenly flame encompass'd her,—
Her goddess, in whose fane she did prefer
Her virgin vows, from whose impulsive sight
She knew the black shield of the darkest night
Could not defend her, nor wit's subtlest art:
This was the point pierc'd Hero to the heart;

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* *guide*] "i. e. guidance." Ed. 1821.
† *When*] V. R. "Whence."
‡ *embrac'd*] V. R. "imblaste."
§ *town*] Old eds. "townes."
‖ *virgin*] V. R. "virgins."
¶ *that*] V. R. "which."
** *intire*] "i. e. within." *Ed.* 1821.

* *Forth*] V. R. "For."
† *the*] V. R. "his."
‡ *moorish fool*] i. e. silly bird of the moor,—such as the lapwing before alluded to.—(Since Chapman, like our other early poets, affects the repetition of words, we are forbidden to conjecture that here he wrote "*moorish* fowl.")
§ *the*] Omitted in one 4to.
‖ *effects*] V. R. "affects."

Who, heavy to the death, with a deep sigh,
And hand that languish'd, took a robe was nigh,
Exceeding large, and of black cypres * made,
In which she sate, hid † from the day in shade,
Even over head and face, down to her ‡ feet;
Her left hand made it at her bosom meet,
Her right hand lean'd on her heart-bowing knee,
Wrapp'd in unshapeful folds, 'twas § death to see;
Her knee stay'd that, and that her falling face;
Each limb help'd other to put on disgrace:
No form was seen, where form held all her sight;
But, like an embryon that saw never light,
Or like a scorchèd statue made a coal
With three-wing'd lightning, or a wretched soul
Muffled with endless darkness, she did sit:
The night had never such a heavy spirit.
Yet might a penetrating ‖ eye well see
How fast her clear tears melted on her knee
Through her black veil, and turn'd as black as it,
Mourning to be her tears. Then wrought her wit
With her broke vow, her goddess' wrath, her fame,—
All tools that enginous despair could frame:
Which made her strew the floor with her torn hair,
And spread her mantle piece-meal in the air.
Like Jove's son's club, strong passion struck her down,
And with a piteous shriek enforc'd her swoun: ¶
Her shriek made with another shriek ascend
The frighted matron that on her did tend;
And as with her own cry her ** sense was slain,
So with the other it was call'd again.
She rose, and to her bed made forcèd way,
And laid her down even where Leander lay;
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Ebb'd with Leander: but now turn'd the flood,
And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in,
With child of sail,†† and did hot fight begin
With those severe conceits she too much mark'd:
And here Leander's beauties were embark'd.
He came in swimming, painted all with joys,
Such as might sweeten hell: his thought destroys
All her destroying thoughts; she thought she felt
His heart in hers, with her contentious melt,
And chide * her soul that it could so much err,
To check the true joys he † deserv'd in her.
Her fresh-heat blood cast figures in her eyes,
And she suppos'd she saw in Neptune's skies
How her star wander'd, wash'd in smarting brine,
For her love's sake, that with immortal wine
Should be embath'd, and swim in more heart's-ease
Than there was water in the Sestian seas.
Then said her Cupid-prompted spirit; "Shall I
Sing moans to such delightsome ‡ harmony?
Shall slick-tongu'd Fame, patch'd up with voices rude,
The drunken bastard of the multitude,
(Begot when father Judgment is away,
And, gossip-like, says because others § say,
Takes ‖ news as if it were too hot to eat,
And spits it slavering forth for dog-fees meat,)
Make me, for forging a fantastic vow,
Presume to bear what makes grave matrons bow?
Good vows are never broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad: vows are but seeds,
And good deeds fruits; even those good deeds that grow
From other stocks than from th' observèd vow.
That is a good deed that prevents a bad:
Had I not yielded, slain myself I had.
Hero Leander is, Leander Hero;
Such virtue love hath to make one of two.
If, then, Leander did my maidenhead git, ¶
Leander being myself, I still retain it:
We break chaste vows when we live loosely ever,
But bound as we are, we live loosely never:
Two constant lovers being join'd in one,
Yielding to one another, yield to none.
We know not how to vow till love unblind us,
And vows made ignorantly never bind us.
Too true it is, that, when 'tis gone, men hate
The joys ** as vain they took in love's estate:
But that's since they have lost the heavenly light
Should shew them way to judge of all things right.

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* *cypres*] i. e. a fine kind of gauze, nearly the same as crape. (The word is variously spelt.)

† *hid*] V. R. "had."

‡ *her*] V. R. "the."

§ *'twas*] V. R. "was."

‖ *a penetrating*] So the modern editors, most probably from conjecture. All the 4tos which I have seen give "an imitating."

¶ *swoun*] i. e. swoon.

** *her*] V. R. "the."

†† *With child of sail*] i. e. full of sail.—The modern editors print "With *crowd* of sail."

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* *chide*] V. R. "chid."

† *the true joys he*] V. R. "*the true joyes* she," and "*the true joyes* she."

‡ *delightsome*] V. R. "delightfull."

§ *others*] V. R. "other."

‖ *Takes*] V. R. "Take."

¶ *git*] i. e. get—for the rhyme.

** *joys*] Qy. "joy," on account of "'tis" in the preceding line? but our early writers frequently make "it" refer to a plural substantive.

When life is gone, death must implant his terror:
As death is foe to life, so love to error.
Before we love, how range we through this sphere,
Searching the sundry fancies hunted here!
Now with desire of wealth transported quite
Beyond our free humanity's delight;
Now with ambition climbing falling towers,
Whose hope to scale, our fear to fall devours;
Now rapt with pastimes, pomp, all joys impure:
In things* without us no delight is sure.
But love, with all joys crown'd, within doth sit:
O goddess, pity love, and pardon it!"
Thus† spake she‡ weeping: but her goddess' ear
Burn'd with too stern a heat, and would not hear.
Ay me! hath heaven's strait fingers no more graces
For such as Hero§ than for homeliest faces?
Yet she‖ hop'd well, and in her sweet conceit
Weighing her arguments, she thought them weight,
And that the logic of Leander's beauty,
And them together, would bring proofs of duty;
And if her soul, that was a skilful glance
Of heaven's great essence, found such imperance¶
In her love's beauties, she had confidence
Jove lov'd him too, and pardon'd her offence:
Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,
It supples* rigour, and it lessens sin.
Thus, her sharp wit, her love, her secrecy,
Trooping together, made her wonder why
She should not leave her bed, and to the temple;
Her health said she must live; her sex, dissemble.
She view'd Leander's place, and wish'd he were
Turn'd to his place, so his place were Leander.
"Ay me," said she, "that love's sweet life† and sense
Should do it harm! my love had‡ not gone hence,
Had he been like his place: O blessèd place,
Image of constancy! Thus my love's grace
Parts no where, but it leaves something behind
Worth observation: he renowns his kind:
His motion is, like heaven's, orbicular,
For where he once is, he is ever there.
This place was mine; Leander, now 'tis thine;
Thou being myself, then it is double mine,
Mine, and Leander's mine, Leander's mine.
O, see what wealth it yields me, nay, yields him!
For I am in it, he for me doth swim.
Rich, fruitful love, that, doubling self estates,
Elixir-like contracts, though separates!
Dear place, I kiss thee, and do welcome thee,
As from Leander ever sent to me."

THE FOURTH SESTIAD.

The Argument of the Fourth Sestiad.

Hero, in sacred habit deckt,
Doth private sacrifice effect.
Her scarf's description, wrought by Fate;
Ostents that threaten her estate;
The strange, yet physical, events,
Leander's counterfeit** presents.
In thunder Cyprides descends,
Presaging both the lovers' ends:
Ecte, the goddess of remorse,††
With vocal and articulate force
Inspires Leucote, Venus' swan,
T' excuse the beauteous Sestian.
Venus, to wreak her rites' abuses,
Creates the monster Eronusis,‡‡
Inflaming Hero's sacrifice
With lightning darted from her eyes;
And thereof springs the painted beast
That ever since taints every breast.

Now from Leander's place she rose,§ and found
Her hair and rent robe scatter'd on the ground;
Which taking up, she every piece did lay
Upon an‖ altar, where in youth of day
She us'd t' exhibit private sacrifice:
Those would she offer to the deities
Of her fair goddess and her powerful son,
As relics of her late-felt passion;
And in that holy sort she vow'd to end them,
In hope her violent fancies, that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her love's holy fire,
As they should in the flames she meant t' inspire.

* *things*] V. R. "thing."
† *Thus*] A. R. "This."
‡ *she*] Old eds. "he."
§ *such as Hero*] V. R. "*such* a *Hero*," and "*such Hero*."
‖ *she*] V. R. "he."
¶ *imperance*] i. e. command, power.
** *counterfeit*] i. e. picture.
†† *remorse*] i. e. pity.
‡‡ *Eronusis*] V. R. "Eronosus."

* *supples*] V. R. "supplics."
† *life*] V. R. "loue."
‡ *had*] V. R. "hath."
§ *rose*] V. R. "arose."
‖ *an*] V. R. "the."

Then put she on all her religious weeds,
That deck'd her in her secret sacred deeds;
A crown of icicles, that sun nor fire
Could ever melt, and figur'd chaste* desire;
A golden star shin'd in† her naked breast,
In honour of the queen-light of the east.
In her right hand she held a silver wand,
On whose bright top Peristera‡ did stand,
Who was a nymph, but now transform'd a dove,
And in her life was dear in Venus' love;
And for her sake she ever since that time
Choos'd doves to draw her coach through heaven's blue clime.
Her plenteous hair in curlèd billows swims
On her bright shoulder: her harmonious limbs
Sustain'd no more but a most§ subtile veil,
That hung on them, as it durst not assail
Their different concord; for the weakest air
Could raise it swelling from her beauties‖ fair;
Nor did it cover, but adumbrate only
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eye
Might see, as it did shadow, fearfully,
All that all-love-deserving paradise:
It was as blue as the most freezing skies;
Near the sea's hue, for¶ thence her goddess came:
On it a scarf she wore of wondrous frame;
In midst whereof she** wrought a virgin's face,
From whose each cheek a fiery blush did chase
Two crimson flames, that did two ways extend,
Spreading the ample scarf to either end;
Which figur'd the division of her mind,
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclin'd,
And stood not resolute to wed Leander;
This serv'd her white neck for a purple sphere,
And cast itself at full breadth down her back:
There, since the first breath that begun the wrack
Of her free quiet from Leander's lips,
She wrought a sea, in one flame, full of ships;
But that one ship where all her wealth did pass,
Like simple merchants' goods, Leander was;
For in that sea she naked figur'd him;
Her diving needle taught him how to swim,
And to each thread did such resemblance give,
For joy to be so like him it did live:
Things senseless live by art, and rational die
By rude contempt of art and industry.

Scarce could she work, but, in her strength of thought,
She fear'd she prick'd Leander as she wrought,*
And oft would shriek so, that her guardian, frighted,
Would staring haste, as with some mischief cited:
They double life that dead things' grief† sustain;
They kill that feel not their friends' living pain.
Sometimes she fear'd he sought her infamy;
And then, as she was working of his eye,
She thought to prick it out to quench her ill;
But, as she prick'd, it grew more perfect still:
Trifling attempts no serious acts advance;
The fire of love is blown‡ by dalliance.
In working his fair neck she did so grace it,
She still was working her own arms t' embrace it:
That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seen
Above the stream; and with a pure sea-green
She did so quaintly shadow every limb,
All might be seen beneath the waves to swim.
In this conceited scarf she wrought beside
A moon in change, and shooting stars did glide
In number after her with bloody beams;
Which figur'd her affects§ in their extremes,
Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,
And did her thoughts running on change imply;
For maids take more delight,‖ when they prepare,
And think of wives' states, than when wives they are.
Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman,¶
Drawing his nets from forth the** ocean;
Who drew so hard, ye might discover well
The toughen'd sinews in his neck did swell:
His inward strains drave†† out his blood-shot eyes,
And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise;

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* *chaste*] V. R. "strange."
† *in*] i. e. on. See note †, p. 17.
‡ *Peristera*] Gr. περιστερά (a dove).
§ *most*] V. R. "more."
‖ *beauties*] V. R. "beauteous."
for] V. R. "from."
** *she*] The modern editors print "she'd."

* *She fear'd she prick'd Leander as she wrought*] This conceit was suggested to Chapman by a passage in Skelton's *Phyllyp Sparowe;*

> "But whan I was sowing his beke,
> Methought, my sparow did speke,
> And opened his prety byll,
> Saynge, Mayd, ye are in wyll
> Agayne me for to kyll,
> Ye prycke me in the head."
>
> *Works*, 1, 57, ed. Dyce.

† *grief*] V R. "gviefes."
‡ *blown*] V. R. "drawne."
§ *affects*] "i. e. affections." *Ed.* 1821.
‖ *delight*] V. R. "delights."
¶ *Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman*, &c.] This description of the fisherman, as well as the picture which follows it, are borrowed (with alterations) from the First *Idyl* of Theocritus.
** *the*] V. R. "that."
†† *drave*] V. R. "drue" (and "drew.")

Yet was of naught but of a serpent sped,
That in his bosom flew and stung* him dead:
And this by Fate into her mind was sent,
Not wrought by mere instinct of her intent.
At the scarf's other end her hand did frame,
Near the fork'd† point of the divided flame,
A country virgin keeping of a vine,
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
Snares for the stubble-loving grasshopper,
And by her lay her scrip that nourish'd her.
Within a myrtle shade she sate and sung;
And tufts of waving‡ reeds about her sprung,
Where lurk'd two foxes, that, while she applied
Her trifling snares, their thieveries did divide,
One to the vine, another to her scrip,
That she did negligently overslip;
By which her fruitful vine and wholesome fare
She suffer'd spoil'd,§ to make a childish snare.
These ominous fancies did her soul express,
And every finger made a prophetess,
To shew what death was hid in love's disguise,
And make her judgment conquer Destinies.
O, what sweet forms fair ladies' souls do shroud,
Were they made seen and forcèd through their blood;
If through their beauties, like rich work through lawn,
They would set forth their minds with virtues drawn,
In letting graces from their fingers fly,
To still their eyas‖ thoughts with industry;
That their plied wits in number'd silks might¶ sing
Passion's huge conquest, and their needles leading
Affection prisoner through their own-built cities,
Pinion'd with stories and Arachnean ditties.
Proceed we now with Hero's sacrifice:
She odours burn'd,** and from their smoke did rise
Unsavoury fumes, that air with plagues inspir'd;
And then the consecrated sticks she fir'd,
On whose pale flame an angry spirit flew,
And beat it down still as it upward grew;
The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,
When she inflam'd them, burn'd as red as blood;*
All sad ostents of that too near success,†
That made such moving beauties motionless.
Then Hero wept; but her affrighted eyes
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice,
Shut them, and inwards for Leander look'd,
Search'd her soft bosom, and from thence she pluck'd
His lovely picture: which when she had view'd,
Her beauties were with all love's‡ joys renew'd;
The odours sweeten'd, and the fires burn'd clear,
Leander's form left no ill object there:
Such was his beauty, that the force of light,
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite,
The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had plac'd in it to make it known,
Art was her daughter, and what human wits
For study lost, entomb'd in drossy spirits.
After this accident, (which for her glory
Hero could not but make a history,)
Th' inhabitants of Sestos and Abydos
Did every year, with feasts propitious,
To fair Leander's picture sacrifice:
And they were persons of especial price
That were allow'd it, as an ornament
T' enrich their houses, for the continent
Of the strange virtues all approv'd it held;
For even the very look of it repell'd
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature
In those diseases that no herbs could cure:
The wolfy sting of avarice it would pull,
And make the rankest miser bountiful;
It kill'd the fear of thunder and of death;
The discords that conceit§ engendereth
'Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease;
The flames of love it quench'd, and would increase;
Held in a prince's hand, it would put out
The dreadful'st comet; it would ease‖ all doubt
Of threaten'd mischiefs; it would bring asleep
Such as were mad; it would enforce to weep

* *stung*] V. R. "flung."
† *fork'd*] V. R. "forke."
‡ *waving*] V. R. "wauering."
§ *spoil'd*] "i. e. *to be* spoil'd." *Ed.* 1821.
‖ *eyas*] Spelt in the old eds. "yas." The substantive *eyas*,—a young hawk, just taken from the nest,—is of common occurrence. But, except in the present passage, and in the following line of Spenser's *Hymn of Heavenly Love*, I do not recollect to have met with the adjective *eyas*,—

"Ere flitting Time could wag his *eyas* wings;"

i. e. *unfledged* wings. To determine the exact sense in which Chapman uses the word, is not so easy: qy. are we to understand it as equivalent to—restless?
¶ *might*] V. R. "must."
** *burn'd*] V. R. "burne."

* *them, burn'd as red as blood*] V. R. "*them, burn'd as blood,*" and "*them,* then they *burn'd as blood.*"
† *success*] "i. e. succeeding event." *Ed.* 1821.
‡ *love's*] V. R. "love."
§ *conceit*] i. e. fancy, imagination.—V. R. "conceits."
‖ *ease*] V. R. "end."

Most barbarous eyes; and many more effects
This picture wrought, and sprung* Leandrian† sects;
Of which was Hero first; for he whose form,
Held in her hand, clear'd such a fatal storm,
From hell she thought his‡ person would defend her,
Which night and Hellespont would quickly send her.
With this confirm'd, she vow'd to banish quite
All thought of any check to her delight;
And, in contempt of silly bashfulness,
She would the faith of her desires profess,
Where her religion should be policy,
To follow love with zeal her piety;
Her chamber her cathedral-church should§ be,
And her Leander her chief deity;
For in her love these did the gods forego;
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
Did greatest hold in her self-greatest part,
That she did make her god; and 'twas less naught
To leave gods in profession and in thought,
Than in her love and life; for therein lies
Most of her duties and their dignities;
And, rail the brain-bald world at what it will,
That's the grand atheism that reigns in it still.
Yet singularity she would use no more,
For she was singular too much before;
But she would please the world with fair pretext;
Love would not leave her conscience perplext:
Great men that will have less do for them, still
Must bear them out, though th' acts be ne'er so ill;
Meanness must pander be to Excellence‖;
Pleasure atones¶ Falsehood and Conscience:
Dissembling was the worst, thought Hero then,
And that was best, now she** must live with men.
O virtuous love, that taught her to do best
When she did worst, and when she thought it least!
Thus would she still proceed in works divine,
And in her sacred state of priesthood shine,
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
As if therein she did Jove's thunder hold,
And need not fear those menaces of error,
Which she at others threw with greatest terror.

O lovely Hero, nothing is thy sin,
Weigh'd with those foul faults other priests are in!
That having neither faiths, nor works, nor beauties,
T' engender* any 'scuse† for slubber'd duties,
With as much countenance fill their holy chairs,
And sweat denouncements‡ 'gainst profane affairs,
As if their lives were cut out by their places,
And they the only fathers of the graces.
Now, as with settled mind she§ did repair
Her thoughts to sacrifice her ravish'd hair
And her torn robe, which on the altar lay,
And only for religion's fire did stay,
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In such a volley‖ as the world did threaten,
Given Venus as she parted th' airy sphere,
Descending now to chide with Hero here:
When suddenly the goddess' waggoners,
The swans and turtles that, in coupled pheres,¶
Through all worlds' bosoms draw her influence,
Lighted in Hero's window, and from thence
To her fair shoulders flew the gentle doves,—
Graceful Ædone** that sweet pleasure loves,
And ruff-foot Chreste†† with the‡‡ tufted crown;
Both which did kiss her, though their goddess frown.
The swans did in the solid flood, her glass,
Proin their fair plumes;§§ of which the fairest was
Jove-lov'd Leucote,‖‖ that pure brightness is;
The other bounty-loving Dapsilis.¶¶
All were in heaven, now they with Hero were:
But Venus' looks*** brought wrath, and urgèd fear.

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* *sprung*] i. e. caused to spring, produced.
† *Leandrian*] V. R. "Leanders."
‡ *his*] V. R. "her."
§ *should*] V. R. "shall."
‖ *Excellence*] V. R. "Excellencie."
¶ *atones*] i. e. reconciles.
** *now she*] V. R. "she now."

* *T' engender*] V. R. "T' engendred."
† *'scuse*] i. e. excuse.—V. R. "sense," and "fence."
‡ *denouncements*] V. R. "denouncement."
§ *she*] V. R. "they."
‖ *volley*] V. R. "valley."
¶ *coupled pheres*] *Phere* or *fere* means—a companion, a mate, a wife, or husband. The word seems to be used here, rather awkwardly, for *pairs*.
** *Ædone*] Gr. ἡδονή (pleasure).
†† *Chreste*] I know not to what Greek word the derivation of this name can be referred; surely, not to χρηστός. Was not Chapman thinking of the Latin — *Crista, cristatus*?
‡‡ *the*] V. R. "a.
§§ *Proin their fair plumes*] V. R. "*Proyne their plumes*," and "*Proine* vp *their plumes*."—*Proin*, i. e. *prune*, dress; —the word means properly—to pick out damaged or superfluous feathers.
‖‖ *Leucote*] Gr. λευκός (white); λευκότης (whiteness).
¶¶ *Dapsilis*] Gr. δαψιλής (abundant, plentiful).
*** *looks*] V. R. "looke."

Her robe was scarlet; black her head's attire;
And through her naked breast shin'd streams of fire,
As when the rarified air is driven
In flashing streams, and opes the darken'd heaven.
In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore;
And, breaking th' icy wreath sweet Hero wore,
She fore'd about her brows her wreath of yew,
And said, "Now, minion, to thy fate be true,
Though not to me; endure what this portends:*
Begin where lightness will, in shame it ends.
Love makes thee cunning; thou art current now,
By being counterfeit: thy broken vow
Deceit with her pied garters must rejoin,
And with her stamp thou countenances must coin;
Coyness, and pure † deceits, for purities,
And still a maid wilt‡ seem in cozen'd eyes,
And have an antic face to laugh within,
While thy smooth looks make men digest thy sin.
But since thy lips (least thought forsworn) forswore,
Be never virgin's vow worth § trusting more!"
When Beauty's dearest did her goddess hear
Breathe such rebukes 'gainst that she could not clear,
Dumb sorrow spake aloud in tears and blood,
That from her grief-burst veins, in piteous flood,
From the sweet conduits of her favour‖ fell.
The gentle turtles did with moans ¶ make swell
Their shining gorges; the white black-ey'd swans
Did sing as woful epicedians,
As they would straightways die: when Pity's queen,
The goddess Ecte,** that had ever been
Hid in a †† watery cloud near Hero's cries,
Since the first instant of her broken eyes,
Gave bright Leucote voice, and made her speak,
To ease her anguish, whose swoln breast did break
With anger at her goddess, that did touch
Hero so near for that she us'd so much;
And, thrusting her white neck at Venus, said:
"Why may not amorous Hero seem a maid,
Though she be none, as well as you suppress
In modest cheeks your inward wantonness?
How often have we drawn you from above,
T' exchange with mortals rites for rites in love!
Why in your priest, then, call you that offence,
That shines in you, and is* your influence?"
With this, the Furies stopp'd Leucote's lips,
Enjoin'd by Venus; who with rosy whips
Beat the kind bird. Fierce lightning from her eyes
Did set on fire fair Hero's sacrifice,
Which was her torn robe and enforcèd hair;
And the bright flame became a maid most fair
For her aspèct: her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts, set all† on fire,
Struggled in pants, and could not get releast;
Her arms were all with golden pincers drest,
And twenty-fashion'd knots, pulleys, and brakes,
And all her body girt‡ with painted snakes;
Her down-parts in a scorpion's tail combin'd,
Freckled with twenty colours; pied wings shin'd
Out of her shoulders; cloth had never dye,
Nor sweeter colours never viewèd eye,
In scorching Turkey, Cares,§ Tartary,
Than shin'd about this spirit notorious;
Nor was Arachne's web so glorious.
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot;
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was Eronusis.‖ Venus flew
From Hero's sight, and at her chariot drew
This wondrous creature to so steep a height,
That all the world she might command with sleight
Of her gay wings; and then she bade her haste,—
Since Hero had dissembled, and disgrac'd
Her rites so much,— and every breast infect
With her deceits: she made her architect
Of all dissimulation; and since then
Never was any trust in maids or ¶ men.
O, it spited
Fair Venus' heart to see her most delighted,
And one she choos'd, for temper** of her mind,
To be the only ruler of her kind,

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* *portends*] V. R. "protends."
† *Coyness, and pure*] V. R. "Coyne, *and* impure."
‡ *wilt*] V. R. "will."
§ *vow worth*] V. R. "*vow* with," and "now with."
‖ *favour*] i. e. countenance.—V. R. "sauor."
¶ *moans*] V. R. "moane."
** *Ecte*] Derived, perhaps, rather from ἰκτήκω (metaph. to let melt away, to pine away), than from οἶκτος (pity).
†† *a*] V. R. "the."

* *is*] V. R. "in."
† *set all*] V. R. "all set."
‡ *girt*] V. R. "girdled."
§ *Cares*] "*Cares*, or *Kareis*, a town of European Turkey, situate on Mount Athos."—*Ed.* 1821.
‖ *Eronusis*] One 4to. "Eronusius." The modern editors print "Eronusus": but compare the *Argument* to this Sestiad, p. 294.—"A compound, probably, from ἔρως [lovo] and νόσος or νοῦσος *Ionice* [disease, mischief, plague]." *Ed.* 1821.
¶ *or*] V. R. "nor."
** *temper*] V. R. "tempter."

So soon to let her virgin race be ended !
Not simply for the fault a whit offended,
But that in* strife for chasteness with the Moon,
Spiteful Diana bade her shew but one
That was her servant vow'd, and liv'd a maid;
And, now she thought to answer that upbraid,
Hero had lost her answer: who knows not
Venus would seem as far from any spot
Of light demeanour, as the very skin
'Twixt Cynthia's brows? sin is asham'd of sin.
Up Venus flew, and scarce durst up for fear
Of Phœbe's laughter, when she pass'd her sphere:
And so most ugly-clouded was the light,
That day was hid in day; night came ere night;
And Venus could not through the thick air pierce,
Till the day's king, god of undaunted verse,
Because she was so plentiful a theme
To such as wore his laurel anademe,
Like to a fiery bullet made descent,
And from her passage those fat vapours rent,
That, being not throughly rarified to rain,
Melted like pitch, as blue as any vein;
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrink
Under their fervor, and the world did think
In every drop a torturing spirit flew,
It pierc'd so deeply, and it burn'd so blue.
Betwixt all this and Hero, Hero held
Leander's picture, as a Persian shield;
And she was free from fear of worst success:
The more ill threats us, we suspect the less:
As we grow hapless, violence subtle grows,
Dumb, deaf, and blind, and comes when no man knows.

THE FIFTH SESTIAD.

The Argument of the Fifth Sestiad.

Day doubles her accustom'd date,
As loath the Night, incens'd by Fate,
Should wreck our lovers. Hero's plight;
Longs for Leander and the night:
Which ere her thirsty wish recovers,
She sends for two betrothèd lovers,
And marries them, that, with their crew,
Their sports, and ceremonies due,
She covertly might celebrate,
With secret joy, her own estate.
She makes a feast, at which appears
The wild nymph Teras, that still bears
An ivory lute, tells ominous tales,
And sings at solemn festivals.

Now was bright Hero weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in Leander's stay.
Sol and the soft-foot Hours hung on his arms,
And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harms:
That day Aurora double grace obtain'd
Of her love Phœbus; she his horses rein'd,
Set† on his golden knee, and, as she list,
She pull'd him back; and, as she pull'd, she kiss'd,
To have him turn to bed: he lov'd her more,
To see the love Leander Hero bore:
Examples profit much; ten times in one,
In persons full of note, good deeds are done.
Day was so long, men walking fell asleep;
The heavy humours that their eyes did steep
Made them fear mischiefs. The hard streets were beds
For covetous churls and for ambitious heads,
That, spite of Nature, would their business ply:
All thought they had the falling epilepsy,
Men grovell'd so upon the smother'd ground;
And pity did the heart of Heaven confound.
The Gods, the Graces, and the Muses came
Down to the Destinies, to stay the frame
Of the true lovers' deaths, and all world's tears:
But Death before had stopp'd their cruel ears.
All the celestials parted mourning then,
Pierc'd with our human miseries more than men:
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischief fill,
But want of feeling one another's ill!
With their descent the day grew something fair,
And cast a brighter robe upon the air.
Hero, to shorten time with* merriment,
For young Alcmane† and bright Mya‡ sent,
Two lovers that had long crav'd marriage-dues
At Hero's hands: but she did still refuse;
For lovely Mya was her consort vow'd
In her maid§ state, and therefore not allow'd

* *in*] V. R. "for."
† *Set*] Altered by the modern editors to "Sat." But "*Set*" may be a participle here.

* *with*] V. R. "for."
† *Alcmane*] Qy. "Alcmæon"?
‡ *Mya*] "Qy. 'Maia'?"—*Ed.* 1821.
§ *maid*] V. R. "maids."

To amorous nuptials: yet fair Hero now
Intended to dispense with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marry her:
The rites would pleasing matter minister
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.
They came; sweet Music usher'd th' odorous way,
And wanton Air in twenty sweet forms danc'd
After her fingers; Beauty and Love advanc'd
Their ensigns in the downless rosy faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all these Hero made a friendly feast,
Welcom'd them kindly, did much love protest,
Winning their hearts with all the means she might,
That, when her fault should chance t' abide the light,
Their loves might cover or extenuate it,
And high in her worst fate make pity sit.
She married them; and in the banquet came,
Borne by the virgins. Hero striv'd to frame
Her thoughts to mirth: ay me! but hard it is
To imitate a false and forcèd bliss;
Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,
Nor hath constrainèd laughter any grace.
Then laid she wine on cares to make them sink:
Who fears the threats of Fortune, let him drink.
To these quick nuptials enter'd suddenly
Admirèd Teras* with the ebon thigh;
A nymph that haunted the green Sestian gróves,
And would consort soft virgins in their loves,
At gaysome triumphs and on solemn days,
Singing prophetic elegies and lays,
And fingering of a silver lute she tied†
With black and purple scarfs by her left side.
Apollo gave it, and her skill withal,
And she was term'd his dwarf, she was so small:
Yet great in virtue, for his beams enclos'd
His virtues in her; never was propos'd
Riddle to her, or augury, strange or new,
But she resolv'd‡ it; never slight tale flew
From her charm'd lips without important sense,
Shown in some grave succeeding consequence.
This little sylvan, with her songs and tales,
Gave such estate to feasts and nuptials,
That though ofttimes she forewent tragedies,
Yet for her strangeness still she pleas'd their§ eyes;
And for her smallness they admir'd her so,
They thought her perfect born, and could not grow.
All eyes were on her. Hero did command
An altar deck'd with sacred state should stand
At the feast's upper end, close by the bride,
On which the pretty nymph might* sit espied.
Then all were silent; every one so hears,
As all their senses climb'd into their ears:
And first this amorous tale, that fitted well
Fair Hero and the nuptials, she did tell.

The Tale of Teras.

Hymen, that now is god of nuptial rites,
And crowns with honour Love and his delights,
Of Athens was a youth, so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the female race;
Such quickening brightness did his clear eyes dart,
Warm went their beams to his beholder's heart,
In such pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,
That there your nuptial contracts first were sign'd;
For as proportion, white and crimson, meet
In beauty's mixture, all right clear and sweet,
The eye† responsible, the golden hair,
And none is held, without the other, fair;
All spring together, all together fade;
Such intermix'd affections‡ should invade
Two perfect lovers; which being yet unseen,
Their virtues and their comforts copied been
In beauty's concord, subject to the eye;
And that, in Hymen, pleas'd so matchlessly,
That lovers were esteem'd in their full grace,
Like form and colour mix'd in Hymen's face;
And such sweet concord was thought worthy then
Of torches, music, feasts, and greatest men.
So Hymen look'd, that even the chastest mind
He mov'd to join in joys of sacred kind;
For only now his chin's first down consorted
His head's rich fleece, in golden curls contorted;
And as he was so lov'd, he lov'd so too:
So should best beauties, bound by nuptials, do.
Bright Eucharis, who was by all men said
The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid
Of all th' Athenian damsels, Hymen lov'd
With such transmission, that his heart remov'd
From his white breast to hers: but her estate,
In passing his, was so interminate

* *Teras*] "τέρας, portentum."—*Ed.* 1821.
† *lute she tied*, &c.] i. e. lute *which* she tied, &c.
‡ *resolv'd*] i. e. solved.
§ *their*] V. R. "her."

* *might*] V. R. "may."
† *eye*] V. R. "eyes."
‡ *affections*] V. R. "affection."

For wealth and honour, that his love durst feed
On naught but sight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requital, the grand prize of love;
Nor could he hear or see, but he must prove
How his rare beauty's music would* agree
With maids in consort; therefore robbèd he
His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,
And, clad in such attire as virgins wore,
He kept them company; and might right well,
For he did all but Eucharis excel
In all the fair† of beauty: yet he wanted
Virtue to make his own desires implanted
In his dear Eucharis; for women never
Love beauty in their sex, but envy ever.
His judgment yet, that durst not suit address,
Nor, past due means, presume of due success,
Reason gat Fortune in the end to speed
To his best prayers:‡ but strange it seem'd, indeed,
That Fortune should a chaste affection bless:
Preferment seldom graceth bashfulness.
Nor grac'd it Hymen yet; but many a dart,
And many an amorous§ thought, enthrill'd‖ his heart,
Ere he obtain'd her; and he sick became,
Forc'd to abstain her sight; and then the flame
Rag'd in his¶ bosom. O, what grief did fill him!
Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill him.
The virgins wonder'd where Diætia stay'd,
For so did Hymen term himself, a maid.
At length with sickly looks he greeted them:
'Tis strange to see 'gainst what an extreme stream
A lover strives; poor Hymen look'd so ill,
That as in merit he increasèd still
By suffering much, so he in grace decreas'd:
Women are most won, when men** merit least:
If Merit look not well, Love bids stand by;
Love's special lesson is to please the eye.
And Hymen soon recovering all he lost,
Deceiving still these maids, but himself most,
His love and he with many virgin dames,
Noble by birth, noble by beauty's flames,
Leaving the town with songs and hallow'd lights,
To do great Ceres Eleusina rites
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a prey
To barbarous rovers, that in ambush lay,
And with rude hands enforc'd their shining spoil,
Far from the darken'd city, tir'd with toil:
And when the yellow issue of the sky
Came trooping forth, jealous of cruelty
To their bright fellows of this* under-heaven,
Into a double night they saw them driven,—
A horrid cave, the thieves' black mansion;
Where, weary of the journey they had gone,
Their last night's watch, and drunk with their sweet gains,
Dull Morpheus enter'd, laden with silken† chains,
Stronger than iron, and bound the‡ swelling veins
And tirèd senses of these lawless swains.
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burn'd,
O, what a hell was heaven in! how they mourn'd,
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow! golden storms
Fell from their eyes; as when the sun appears,
And yet it rains, so shew'd their eyes their tears:
And, as when funeral dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse§
What pains he felt, how long in pain he lay,
How little food he eat, what he would say;
And then mix mournful tales of others' deaths,
Smothering themselves in clouds of their own breaths;
At length, one cheering other, call for wine;
The golden bowl drinks‖ tears out of their eyne,
As they drink wine from it; and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieve their woes;
So cast these virgins' beauties mutual¶ rays,
One lights another, face the face displays;
Lips by reflection kiss'd, and hands hands shook,
Even by the whiteness each of other took.
But Hymen now us'd friendly Morpheus' aid,
Slew every thief, and rescu'd every maid:
And now did his enamour'd passion take
Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make
His hope of bounteous Eucharis more strong;
And now came Love with Proteus, who had long
Juggled the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,

* *would*] V. R. "will."
† *fair*] i. e. fairness.
‡ *prayers*] Old eds. "prayes," "praies," "preies," and "pryes."
§ *an amorous*] V. R. "enamorous."
‖ *enthrill'd*] Old eds. "enthrald" and "inthrald."
¶ *his*] V. R. "her."
** *men*] Omitted in some 4tos.

* *this*] V. R. "the."
† *silken*] V. R. "silke."
‡ *the*] V. R. "their."
§ *remorse*] i. e. pity.
‖ *drinks*] V. R. "drinke."
¶ *mutual*] V. R. 'mortall."

To win Love's stay with him, and make him love him;
And when he saw no strength of sleight could move him
To make him love or stay, he nimbly turn'd
Into Love's self, he so extremely burn'd.
And thus came Love, with Proteus and his power,
T' encounter Eucharis: first, like the flower
That Juno's milk did spring,* the silver lily,
He fell on Hymen's hand, who straight did spy
The bounteous godhead, and with wondrous joy
Offer'd it† Eucharis. She, wondrous coy,
Drew back her hand: the subtle flower did woo it,
And, drawing it near, mix'd so you‡ could not know it:
As two clear tapers mix in one their light,
So did the lily and the hand their white.
She view'd it; and her view the form bestows
Amongst her spirits; for, as colour flows
From superficies of each thing we see,
Even so with colours forms emitted be;
And where Love's form is, Love is; Love is form:
He enter'd at the eye; his sacred storm
Rose from the hand, Love's sweetest instrument:
It stirr'd her blood's sea so, that high it went,
And beat in bashful waves 'gainst the white shore
Of her divided cheeks; it rag'd the more,
Because the§ tide went 'gainst the haughty wind
Of her estate and birth: and, as we find,
In fainting ebbs, the flowery Zephyr hurls
The green-hair'd Hellespont, broke in silver curls,
'Gainst Hero's tower; but in his blast's retreat,
The waves obeying him, they after beat,
Leaving the chalky shore a great way pale,
Then moist it freshly with another gale;
So ebb'd and flow'd‖ in Eucharis's face,
Coyness and Love striv'd which had greatest grace;
Virginity did fight on Coyness' side,
Fear of her parents' frowns, and female pride
Loathing the lower place, more than it loves
The high contents desert and virtue moves.

With Love fought Hymen's beauty and his valure,*
Which scarce could so much favour† yet allure
To come to strike, but fameless idle stood:
Action is fiery valour's sovereign good.
But Love, once enter'd, wish'd no greater aid
Than he could find within; thought thought betray'd;
The brib'd, but incorrupted, garrison
Sung "Io Hymen;" there those songs begun,
And Love was grown so rich with such a gain,
And wanton with the ease of his free reign,
That he would turn into her roughest frowns
To turn them out; and thus he Hymen crowns
King of his thoughts, man's greatest empery;
This was his first brave step to deity.
Home to the mourning city they repair,
With news as wholesome as the morning air,
To the sad parents of each saved maid:
But Hymen and his Eucharis had laid
This plat,‡ to make the flame of their delight
Round as the moon at full, and full as bright.
Because the parents of chaste Eucharis
Excceding Hymen's so, might cross their bliss;
And as the world rewards deserts, that law
Cannot assist with force; so when they saw
Their daughter safe, take vantage of their own,
Praise Hymen's valour much, nothing bestown;
Hymen must leave the virgins in a grove
Far off from Athens, and go first to prove,
If to restore them all with fame and life,
He should enjoy his dearest as his wife.
This told to all the maids, the§ most agree:
The riper sort,‖ knowing what 'tis to be
The first mouth of a news so far deriv'd,
And that to hear and bear news brave folks liv'd.
As being a carriage special hard to bear
Occurrents, these occurrents being so dear,
They did with grace protest, they were content
T' accost their friends with all their compliment,
For Hymen's good; but to incur their harm,
There he must pardon them. This wit went warm

* *spring*] See note *, p. 297.
† *it*] V. R. "in."
‡ *you*] V. R. "she."
§ *the*] V. R. "their."
‖ *flow'd*] V. R. "flood."

* *valure*] "i. c. worth." Ed. 1826. But is it not rather *valour*, the spelling being altered (as in several other words throughout this poem) for the sake of the rhyme? Compare the third line after this, and a later line in the present col., "Praise *Hymen's valour* much, nothing bestown."
† *favour*] V. R. "valure."
‡ *plat*] i. e. plan, scheme.—V. R. "plot."
§ *the*] V. R. "they."
‖ *sort*] Omitted in one 4to.

To Adolesche's brain,* a nymph born high,
Made all of voice and fire, that upwards fly:
Her heart and all her forces' nether train
Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her brain,
Since it could go no higher; and it must go;
All powers she had, even her tongue, did so:
In spirit and quickness she much joy did take,
And lov'd her tongue, only for quickness' sake;
And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay:
Hymen goes one, the nymph another way;
And what became of her I'll tell at last:
Yet take her visage now;—moist-lipp'd, long-fac'd,
Thin like an iron wedge, so sharp and tart,
As 'twere of purpose made to cleave Love's heart:
Well were this lovely beauty rid of her.
And Hymen did at Athens now prefer
His welcome suit, which he with joy aspir'd:
A hundred princely youths with him retir'd
To fetch the nymphs; chariots and music went;
And home they came: heaven with applauses rent.
The nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the town,
Fresh in their joys, might do them most renown.
First, gold-lock'd Hymen did to church repair,
Like a quick offering burn'd in flames of hair;
And after, with a virgin firmament
The godhead-proving bride attended went
Before them all:† she look'd in her command,
As if form-giving Cypria's silver hand
Gripp'd all their beauties, and crush'd out one flame;
She blush'd to see how beauty overcame
The thoughts of all men. Next, before her went
Five lovely children, deck'd with ornament
Of her sweet colours, bearing torches by;
For light was held a happy augury
Of generation, whose efficient right
Is nothing else but to produce to light.
The odd disparent number they did choose,
To shew the union married loves should use,
Since in two equal parts it will not sever,
But the midst holds one to rejoin it ever,
As common to both parts: men therefore deem
That equal number gods do not esteem,
Being authors of sweet peace and unity,
But pleasing to th' infernal empery,
Under whose ensigns Wars and Discords fight,
Since an even number you may disunite
In two parts equal, naught in middle left
To reunite each part from other reft;
And five they hold in most especial prize,*
Since 'tis the first odd number that doth rise
From the two foremost numbers' unity,
That odd and even are; which are† two and three;
For one no number is; but thence doth flow
The powerful race of number. Next, did go
A noble matron, that did spinning bear
A huswife's rock and spindle, and did wear
A wether's skin, with all the snowy fleece,
To intimate that even the daintiest piece
And noblest-born dame should industrious be:
That which does good disgraceth no degree.
And now to Juno's temple they are come,
Where her grave priest stood in the marriage-room:
On his right arm‡ did hang a scarlet veil,
And from his shoulders to the ground did trail,
On either side, ribands of white and blue:
With the red veil he hid the bashful hue
Of the chaste bride, to shew the modest shame,
In coupling with a man, should grace a dame.
Then took he the disparent silks, and tied
The lovers by the waists, and side to side,
In token that thereafter§ they must bind
In one self-sacred knot each other's‖ mind.
Before them on an altar he presented
Both fire and water, which was first invented,
Since to ingenerate every human creature
And every other birth produc'd by Nature,
Moisture and heat must mix; so man and wife
For human race must join in nuptial life.
Then¶ one of Juno's birds, the painted jay,
He sacrific'd, and took the gall away;
All which he did behind the altar throw,
In sign no bitterness of hate** should grow,
'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdain.
Nothing they spake, for 'twas esteem'd too plain
For the most silken mildness of a maid,
To let a public audience hear it said,
She boldly took the man; and so respected
Was bashfulness in Athens, it erected

* *To Adolesche's brain*, &c.] "ἀδολίσχης, garrulus." *Ed.* 1821.
† *all*] Omitted in some 4tos.

* *prize*] "i. e. value." Ed. 1821.—V. R. "price."
† *are*] Omitted in some 4tos.
‡ *arm*] V. R. "hand."
§ *thereafter*] V. R. "hereafter."
‖ *other's*] V. R. "other."
¶ *Then*] V. R. "The."
** *bitterness of hate*] V. R. "hate of bitternesse."

To chaste Agneia,* which is Shamefacedness,
A sacred temple, holding her a goddess.
And now to feasts, masks, and triumphant shows,
The shining troops return'd, even till earth-throes
Brought forth with joy the thickest part of night,
When the sweet nuptial song, that us'd to cite
All to their rest, was by Phemonöe† sung,
First Delphian prophetess, whose graces sprung
Out of the Muses' well: she sung before
The bride into her chamber; at which door
A matron and a torch-bearer did stand:
A painted box of confits‡ in her hand
The matron held, and so did other some
That compass'd round the honour'd nuptial room.
The custom was, that every maid did wear,
During her maidenhead, a silken sphere
About her waist, above§ her inmost weed,
Knit with Minerva's knot, and that was freed
By the fair bridegroom on the marriage-night,
With many ceremonies of delight:
And yet eterniz'd Hymen's tender bride,
To suffer it dissolv'd so, sweetly cried.
The maids that heard, so lov'd and did adore her,
They wish'd with all their hearts to suffer for her.
So had the matrons, that with confits stood
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,
And so true feeling of her harmless pains,
That every one a shower of confits rains;
For which the bride-youths scrambling‖ on the ground,
In noise of that sweet hail her¶ cries were drown'd.
And thus blest Hymen joy'd his gracious bride,
And for his joy was after deified.
The saffron mirror by which Phœbus' love,
Green Tellus, decks her, now he held above
The cloudy mountains: and the noble maid,
Sharp-visag'd Adolesche, that was stray'd
Out of her way, in hasting with her news,
Not till this** hour th' Athenian turrets views;

And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,
That her long kept occurrents would* be stale,
And how fair Hymen's honours did excel
For† those rare news which she came short to tell.
To hear her dear tongue robb'd of such a joy,
Made the well-spoken nymph take such a toy,‡
That down she sunk: when lightning from above
Shrunk her lean body, and, for mere free love,
Turn'd her§ into the pied-plum'd Psittacus,
That now the Parrot is surnam'd by us,
Who still with counterfeit confusion prates
Naught but news common to the common'st mates.—
This told, strange Teras touch'd her lute, and sung
This ditty, that the torchy‖ evening sprung.¶

Epithalamion Teratos.

Come, come, dear Night! Love's mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his** ambitious line,
The fruitful summer of his blisses!
Love's glory doth in darkness shine.
O, come, soft rest of cares! come, Night!
Come, naked Virtue's only tire,
The reapèd†† harvest of the light,
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire!
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
On glorious Day's outfacing face;
And all thy crownèd flames command,
For torches to our nuptial grace!
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

No need have we of factious Day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Her balls of discord in thy‡‡ way:
Here Beauty's day doth never cease;

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* *Agneia*] "ἁγνία, *pudicitia.*" Ed. 1821.
† *Phemonöe*] "Vid. Pausan. l. x. c. 5."—*Ed.* 1821. Old eds. "Phemonor" and "Phemoner."
‡ *confits*] i. e. comfits.
§ *above*] V. R. "about."
‖ *scrambling*] V. R. "scrabling" (the mark for the *m*, over the *a*, having been omitted).
¶ *her*] Old eds. "their."
** *this*] Old eds. "his."

* *would*] V. R. "should."
† *For*] Altered by the modern editors to "Far," very erroneously.
‡ *toy*] "Sudden strange humour, or fancy." Ed. 1821.
§ *her*] Omitted in some 4tos.
‖ *torchy*] V. R. "trochie."
¶ *sprung*] See note *, p. 297, and note *, p. 302.
** *his*] V. R. "this."
†† *The reapèd*] V. R. "*The* reapest," and "That reapest."
‡‡ *thy*] V. R. "the."

Day is abstracted* here,
And varied in a triple sphere.
Hero, Alcmane, Mya, so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here, let Thetis thrice refine thee.
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

The evening star I see:
Rise, youths! the evening star
Helps Love to summon war;
Both now embracing be.
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!
Now the bright marigolds, that deck† the skies,
Phœbus' celestial flowers, that, contrary
To his flowers here, ope when he shuts his eye,
And shut when he doth open, crown your sports:
Now Love in Night, and Night in Love exhorts
Courtship and dances: all your parts employ,
And suit Night's rich expansure with your joy.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!
Rise, virgins! let fair nuptial loves enfold
Your fruitless breasts: the maidenheads ye‡ hold
Are not your own alone, but parted are;
Part in disposing them your parents share,*
And that a third part is; so must ye save
Your loves a third, and you your thirds must have.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!

Herewith the amorous spirit, that was so kind
To Teras' hair, and comb'd it down with wind,
Still as it, comet-like, brake from her brain,
Would needs have Teras gone, and did refrain
To blow it down: which, staring up,† dismay'd
The timorous feast; and she no longer stay'd;
But, bowing to the bridegroom and the bride,
Did, like a shooting exhalation, glide
Out of their sights: the turning of her back
Made them all shriek, it look'd so ghastly black.
O hapless Hero! that most hapless cloud
Thy soon-succeeding tragedy foreshow'd.
Thus all the nuptial crew to joys depart;
But much-wrung‡ Hero stood Hell's blackest dart:
Whose wound because I grieve so to display,
I use digressions thus t'increase the day.

* *abstracted*] V. R. "obstracted."
† *deck*] V. R. "deckt."
‡ *ye*] V. R. "you."

* *share*] V. R. "are."
† *staring up*] V.R. "starting *up*."—It is perhaps hardly necessary to cite any passages in support of the former reading:

"My *haire doth stare*, my bones for fear do quake."
Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, p. 50, ed. 1641.

"Whose *hair doth stare*, like bristled porcupine."
Id. p. 101.

‡ *much-wrung*] Old eds. "*much*-rong," "*much*-rongd," and "*much*-wrong'd."

THE SIXTH SESTIAD.

The Argument of the Sixth Sestiad.

Leucote flies to all the Winds,
And from the Fates their outrage blinds,
That Hero and her love may meet.
Leander, with Love's complete fleet
Mann'd in himself, puts forth to seas;
When straight the ruthless Destinies,
With Até, stir§ tho winds to war‖
Upon the Hellespont: their jar¶
Drowns** poor Leander. Hero's eyes,
Wet witnesses of his surprise,
Her torch blown out, grief casts her down
Upon her love, and both doth drown:
In whose just ruth the god of seas
Transforms them to th' Acanthides.

No longer could the Day nor Destinies
Delay the Night, who now did frowning rise
Into her throne; and at her humorous breasts
Visions and Dreams lay sucking: all men's rests
Fell like the mists of death upon their eyes,
Day's too-long darts so kill'd their faculties.

§ *With Até, stir*] V. R. "*With* Arte *stir*,' and "*With* Art doe *stir*."
‖ *war*] V. R. "wars."
¶ *jar*] V. R. "iarres."
** *Drowns*] V. R. "Drowne."

The Winds yet, like the flowers, to cease began;
For bright Leucote, Venus' whitest swan,
That held sweet Hero dear, spread her fair wings,
Like to a field of snow, and message brings
From Venus to the Fates, t'entreat them lay
Their charge upon the Winds their rage to stay,
That the stern battle of the seas might cease,
And guard Leander to his love in peace.
The Fates consent;—ay me, dissembling Fates!
They shew'd their favours to conceal their hates,
And draw Leander on, lest seas too high
Should stay his too obsequious destiny:
Who like a fleering * slavish parasite,
In warping profit or a traitorous sleight,
Hoops round his rotten body with devotes,
And pricks his descant face full of false notes;
Praising with open throat, and oaths as foul
As his false heart, the beauty of an owl;
Kissing his skipping hand with charmèd skips,
That cannot leave, but leaps upon his lips
Like a cock-sparrow, or a † shameless quean
Sharp at a red-lipp'd youth, and naught doth mean
Of all his antic shows, but doth repair
More tender fawns, and takes a scatter'd hair
From his tame subject's shoulder; whips and calls
For every thing he lacks; creeps 'gainst the walls
With backward humbless,‡ to give needless way:
Thus his false fate did with Leander play.
First to black Eurus flies the white Leucote,
(Born 'mongst the negroes in the Levant sea,
On whose curl'd head[s] the glowing sun doth rise,)
And shews the sovereign will of Destinies,
To have him cease his blasts; and down he lies.
Next, to the fenny Notus course she holds,
And found him leaning, with his arms in folds,
Upon a rock,§ his white hair full of showers;
And him she chargeth by the fatal powers,
To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice.
To Zephyr then that doth in flowers rejoice:
To snake-foot Boreas next she did remove,
And found him tossing of his ravish'd love, ||
To heat his frosty bosom hid in snow;
Who with Leucote's sight did cease to blow.
Thus all were still to Hero's heart's desire;
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire
Of flaming gums and comfortable spice,
To light her torch, which in such curious price
She held, being object to Leander's sight,
That naught but fires perfum'd must give it light.
She lov'd it so, she griev'd to see it burn,
Since it would waste, and soon to ashes turn:
Yet, if it burn'd not, 'twere not worth her eyes;
What made it nothing, gave it all the prize.
Sweet torch, true glass of our society!
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?
But thou wert lov'd for good, held high, given show;
Poor virtue loath'd for good, obscur'd, held low:
Do good, be pin'd,—be deedless good, disgrac'd;
Unless we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet Hero with these thoughts her torch did spend:
When bees make * wax, Nature doth not intend
It should † be made a torch; but we, that know
The proper virtue of it, make it so,
And, when 'tis made, we light it: nor did Nature
Propose one life to maids; but each such creature
Makes by her soul the best of her true state,
Which without love is rude, disconsolate,
And wants love's fire to make it mild and bright,
Till when, maids are but torches wanting light.
Thus 'gainst our grief, not cause of grief, we fight:
The right of naught is glean'd, but the delight.
Up went she: but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended!
She was the rule of wishes, sum, and end,
For all the parts that did on love depend:
Yet cast the torch his brightness further forth;
But what shines nearest best, holds truest worth.
Leander did not through such tempests swim
To kiss the torch, although it lighted him:
But all his powers in her desires awakèd,
Her love and virtues cloth'd him richly naked.
Men kiss but fire that only shows pursue;
Her torch and Hero, figure show and virtue.
Now at oppos'd Abydos naught was heard
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slain for the nuptials; cracks of falling woods;
Blows of broad axes; pourings‡ out of floods.
The guilty Hellespont was mix'd and stain'd
With bloody torrent § that the shambles rain'd;
Not arguments of feast, but shows that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followèd.

* *fleering*] V. R. "fleeting."
† *a*] Omitted in one 4to.
‡ *humbless*] V. R. "humblenesse."
§ *rock*] V. R. "rocky."
|| *his ravish'd love*] i. e. Orithyia.

* *make*] V. R. "makes."
† *should*] V. R. "shall."
‡ *pourings*] V. R. "powring."
§ *torrent*] Qy. "torrents"?

More blood was spilt, more honours were addrest,
Than could have gracèd any happy feast;
Rich banquets, triumphs, every pomp employs
His sumptuous hand; no miser's nuptial joys.
Air felt continual thunder with the noise
Made in the general marriage-violence;
And no man knew the cause of this * expense,
But the two hapless lords, Leander's sire,
And poor Leander, poorest where the fire
Of credulous love made him most rich surmis'd:
As short was he of that himself so priz'd,†
As is ‡ an empty gallant full of form,
That thinks each look an act, each drop a storm,
That falls from his brave breathings; most brought up
In our metropolis, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts; and much palm bears
For his rare judgment in th' attire he wears;
Hath seen the hot Low-Countries, not their heat,
Observes their rampires and their buildings yet;
And, for § your sweet discourse with mouths, is heard
Giving instructions with his very beard;
Hath gone with an ambassador, and been
A great man's mate in travelling, even to Rhene;
And then puts all his worth in such a face
As he saw brave men make, and strives for grace
To get his news forth: as when you descry
A ship, with all her sail contends to fly
Out of the narrow Thames with winds unapt,
Now crosseth here, then there, then this way rapt,
And then hath one point reach'd, then alters all,
And to another crookèd reach doth fall
Of half a bird-bolt's shoot,‖ keeping more coil
Than if she danc'd upon the ocean's toil;
So serious is his trifling company,
In all his swelling ship of vacantry
And so short of himself in his high thought
Was our Leander in his fortunes brought,
And in his fort of love that he thought won;
But otherwise he scorns comparison.
O sweet Leander, thy large worth I hide
In a short grave! ill-favour'd storms must chide
Thy sacred favour; ¶ I in floods of ink
Must drown thy graces, which white papers drink,
Even as thy beauties * did the foul black seas;
I must describe the hell of thy decease,
That heaven did merit: yet I needs must see
Our painted fools and cockhorse peasantry
Still, still usurp, with long lives, loves, and lust,
The seats of Virtue, cutting short as dust
Her dear-bought † issue: ill to worse converts,
And tramples in the blood of all deserts.
Night close and silent now goes fast before
The captains and the soldiers to the shore,
On whom attended ‡ the appointed fleet
At Sestos' bay, that should Leander meet,
Who feign'd he in another ship would pass:
Which must not be, for no one mean there was
To get his love home, but the course he took.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty look,
And saw her through her torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the sun a face of gold,
Form'd in strong thoughts, by that tradition's force
That says a god sits there and guides his course.
His sister was with him; to whom he shew'd
His guide by sea, and said, "Oft have you view'd
In one heaven many stars, but never yet
In one star many heavens till now were met.
See, lovely sister! see, now Hero shines,
No heaven but her § appears; each star repines,
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourn'd
To be by influence of earth out-burn'd.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth Virtue's train
Still to be constant in hell's blackest reign,
Though even the gods themselves do so entreat‖ them
As they did hate, and earth as she would eat them."
Off went his silken ¶ robe, and in he leapt,
Whom the kind waves so licorously cleapt,**
Thickening for haste, one in another, so,
To kiss his skin, that he might almost go
To Hero's tower, had that kind minute lasted.
But now the cruel Fates with Até hasted
To all the Winds, and made them battle fight
Upon the Hellespont, for either's right
Pretended to the windy monarchy;
And forth they brake, the seas mix'd with the sky,
And toss'd distress'd Leander, being in hell,
As high as heaven: bliss not in height doth dwell.

* *this*] V. R. "his."
† *himself so priz'd*] Old eds. "*himselfe* he *prisde*," "*himselfe* he surprisde," and "*himselfe* surpris'd."
‡ *is*] V. R. "in."
§ *And, for*] V. R. "*And* as *for*."
‖ *a bird-bolt's shoot*]—*bird-bolt*, i. e. an arrow so formed as to kill birds by the force of the blow, without piercing them.
¶ *favour*] i. e. look, countenance,—beauties.

* *beauties*] V. R. "beauty."
† *dear-bought*] V. R. "*deare* brought."
‡ *attended*] V. R. "attend."
§ *her*] V. R. "hers."
‖ *entreat*] i. e. treat.
¶ *silken*] V. R. "silke."
** *cleapt*] An alteration, for the rhyme, of *clipt*, i. e. embraced.

The Destinies sate dancing on the waves,
To see the glorious Winds with mutual braves
Consume each other: O, true glass, to see
How ruinous ambitious statists be
To their own glories! Poor Leander cried
For help to sea-born Venus she denied;*
To Boreas, that, for his Atthæa's sake,†
He would some pity on his Hero take,
And for his own love's sake, on his desires;
But Glory never blows cold Pity's fires.
Then call'd he Neptune, who, through all the noise,
Knew with affright his wreck'd Leander's voice,
And up he rose; for haste his forehead hit
'Gainst heaven's hard crystal; his proud waves he smit
With his fork'd sceptre, that could not obey;
Much greater powers‡ than Neptune's gave them sway.
They lov'd Leander so, in groans they brake
When they came near him; and such space did take
'Twixt one another, loath to issue on,
That in their shallow furrows earth was shown,
And the poor lover took a little breath:
But the curst Fates sate spinning of his death
On every wave, and with the servile Winds
Tumbled them on him. And now Hero finds,
By that she felt, her dear Leander's state:
She wept, and pray'd for him to every Fate;
And every Wind that whipp'd her with her hair
About the face, she kiss'd and spake it fair,
Kneel'd to it, gave it drink out of her eyes
To quench his thirst: but still their cruelties
Even her poor torch envi'd, and rudely beat
The baiting flame § from that dear food it eat;
Dear, for it nourish'd her Leander's life;
Which with her robe she rescu'd from their strife:
But silk too soft was such hard hearts to break;
And she, dear soul, even as her silk, faint, weak,
Could not preserve it; out, O, out it went!
Leander still call'd Neptune, that now rent
His brackish curls, and tore his wrinkled face,
Where tears in billows did each other chase;
And, burst with ruth, he hurl'd his marble mace
At the stern Fates: it wounded Lachesis
That drew Leander's thread, and could not miss
The thread itself, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.
The more kind Neptune rag'd, the more he raz'd
His love's life's fort, and kill'd as he embrac'd:
Anger doth still his own mishap increase;
If any comfort live, it is in peace.
O thievish Fates, to let blood, flesh, and sense,
Build two fair temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poison'd influence!
Though souls' gifts starve, the bodies are held dear
In ugliest things; sense-sport preserves a bear:
But here naught serves our turns: O heaven and earth,
How most-most wretched is our human birth!
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing there was a storm in Hero's heart,
Greater than they could make, and scorn'd their smart.
She bow'd herself so low out of her tower,
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her hour,
With searching the lamenting waves for him:
Like a poor snail, her gentle supple limb
Hung on her turret's top, so most downright,
As she would dive beneath the darkness quite,
To find her jewel;—jewel!—her Leander,
A name of all earth's jewels pleas'd not her
Like his dear name: "Leander, still my choice,
Come naught but my Leander! O my voice,
Turn to Leander! henceforth be all sounds,
Accents, and phrases, that shew all griefs' wounds,
Analyz'd in Leander! O black change!
Trumpets, do you, with thunder of your clange,*
Drive out this change's horror! My voice faints:
Where all joy was, now shriek out all complaints!"
Thus cried she; for her mixèd soul could tell
Her love was dead: and when the Morning fell
Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe,
Blushes, that bled out of her cheeks, did shew
Leander brought by Neptune, bruis'd and torn
With cities' ruins he to rocks had worn,
To filthy usuring rocks, that would have blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She saw him, and the sight was much-much more
Than might have serv'd to kill her: should her store
Of giant sorrows speak?—Burst,†—die,—bleed,
And leave poor plaints to us that shall succeed.

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* *she denied*] i. e. *which* she denied.

† *for his Atthæa's sake*] i. e. for the sake of "Orithyia the fair Athenian princess; '*Attheia*' [*Atthæa*] being formed by Chapman from '*Ατθίς, Attica.*" Ed. 1821.—Here Chapman had an eye to a line of the Pseudo-Musæus.

ΑΤΘΙΔΟΣ εὐ Βορίην ἀμνήμονα κάλλιπε ΝΥΜΦΗΣ. v. 322.

‡ *powers*] V. R. "power."

§ *The baiting flame*] i. e. the flame taking *bait* (refreshment), feeding. (In the former edition I retained the spelling of the old copies, "bating," and wrongly explained it to mean "fluttering.")

* *clange*] i. e. *clang*,—so spelt for the rhyme.

† *Burst*, &c.] Qy. "No: *burst*", &c.

She fell on her love's bosom, hugg'd it fast,
And with Leander's name she breath'd her last.
Neptune for pity in his arms did take them,
Flung them into * the air, and did awake them
Like two sweet birds, surnam'd th' Acanthides, †
Which we call Thistle-warps, that near no seas
Dare ever come, but still in couples fly,
And feed on thistle-tops, to testify
The hardness of their first life in their last;
The first, in thorns of love, that sorrows past:
And so most beautiful their colours show,
As none (so little) like them; her sad brow
A sable velvet feather covers quite,
Even like the forehead-cloth that, in the night,
Or when they sorrow, ladies use * to wear:
Their wings, blue, red, and yellow, mix'd appear;
Colours that, as we construe colours, paint
Their states to life;—the yellow shews their saint,
The dainty Venus, left them; blue, their truth;
The † red and black, ensigns of death and ruth.
And this ‡ true honour from their love-death sprung,—
They were the first that ever poet sung.§

* *into*] V. R. "in."

† *Acanthides*] *Gr.* ἀκανθίδες, *thistle-finches*, generally translated *gold-finches*.

* *use*] Old eds. "vsde"; which the context ("when they *sorrow*") shews to be wrong.

† *The*] V. R. "Their."

‡ *this*] V. R. "thus."

§ *They were the first that ever poet sung*] "Chapman alludes to the '*Hero and Leander*' of Musæus the grammarian, which he here, as well as in the title to his rare translation of that poem (12mo. 1616,) ascribes to the traditionary Musæus, the son [or disciple] of Linus." Ed. 1821.

OVID'S ELEGIES.

Epigrammes and Elegies. By I. D. and C. M. At Middleborugh. This title-page is followed by the "*Epigrammata*", at the end of which are the initials "*I. D.*" Next is a copy of verses headed "*Ignoto*". Then comes a second title-page, *Certaine of Ovids Elegies. By C. Marlow. At Midleborugh,—n. d.*, 12*mo.*—Referred to in the notes as Ed. A.

All Ovids Elegies: 3. *Bookes. By C. M. Epigrams by J. D. At Middlebourgh, n. d.*, 12*mo.*—Referred to in the notes as Ed. B.

All Ovids Elegies: 3. *Bookes. By C. M. Epigrams by J. D. At Middlebovrgh, n. d.* 12*mo.*—Referred to in the notes as Ed. C.

OVID'S ELEGIES.

P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

ELEGIA I.

Quemadmodum a Cupidine pro bellis amores scribere coactus sit.

WE which were Ovid's five books, now are three;*
For these before the rest preferreth he.
If, reading five, thou plain'st of tediousness,
Two ta'en away, thy† labour will be less.

With Muse prepar'd, I meant‡ to sing of arms,
Choosing a subject fit for fierce alarms:
Both verses were alike, till Love, men say,
Began to smile, and took§ one foot away.
Rash boy, who gave thee power to change a line?
We are the Muses' prophets, none of thine.
What‖ if thy mother take Diana's bow,
Shall Dian fan when love begins to glow?
In woody groves is't meet that Ceres reign,
And quiver-bearing Dian till the plain?
Who'll set the fair-tress'd Sun in battle-ray,
While Mars doth take th' Aonian harp to play?
Great are thy kingdoms, over-strong, and large:
Ambitious imp, why seek'st thou further charge?
Are all things thine? the Muses' Tempe* thine?
Then scarce can Phœbus say, "This harp is mine."
When in this work's† first verse I trod aloft,
Love‡ slack'd my Muse, and made my numbers§ soft.
I have no mistress nor no favorite,
Being fittest matter for a wanton wit:
Thus I complain'd; but Love unlock'd his quiver,
Took out the shaft ordain'd my heart to shiver,
And bent his sinewy bow upon his knee,
Saying, "Poet, here's a work beseeming thee."
O, woe is me! he never shoots but hits:
I burn; love in my idle bosom sits.
Let my first verse be six, my last five feet:
Farewell, stern war, for blunter poets meet!
Elegian Muse, that warblest amorous lays,
Girt my shine‖ brow with sea-bank myrtle-sprays![¶]

* *We which were Ovid's five books, &c.*] When Mr. Collier (*Bridgewater Cat.*, p. 189) quoted these four lines as a proof that Marlowe "took some liberties with his original," he was not aware that they are a literal translation of Ovid's *Epigramma in Amores suos.*

† *thy*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "the."

‡ *prepar'd, I meant*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "vpreard, *I* meane."

§ *took*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "take."

‖ *What*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "That.—We read in the original,—

"Quid? si præripiat flavæ Venus arma *Minervæ*,
Ventilet accensas flava *Minerva* faces?"

But Marlowe must have read "Dianæ" and "Diana."

* *Tempe*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C. "Temple."

† *work's*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "worke."

‡ *Love*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "I."

§ *numbers*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "number."

‖ *shine*] i. e. *sheen*, shining.

¶ *sprays*] Old eds. "praise."—At the end of this elegy, Ed. A has "C. Marlowe."

ELEGIA II.

Quod, primo amore correptus, in triumphum duci se a Cupidine patiatur.

WHAT makes my bed seem hard, seeing it is soft?**
Or why slips down the coverlet so oft?

** *it is soft*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*it is* so *soft.*'

Although the nights be long, I sleep not tho ;*
My sides are sore with tumbling to and fro.
Were Love the cause, it's like I should descry
him ;
Or lies he close, and shoots where none can spy
him ?
'Twas so ; he struck † me with a slender ‡ dart ;
'Tis cruel Love turmoils my captive heart.
Yielding, or struggling,§ do we give him might ?
Let's yield : a burden easily borne is light.
I saw a brandish'd fire increase in strength ;
Which being not shak'd,‖ I saw it die at length.
Young oxen newly-yok'd are beaten more
Than oxen which ¶ have drawn the plough
before ;
And rough jades' mouths with stubborn bits are
torn,
But manag'd horses' heads are lightly borne.
Unwilling lovers Love doth more torment
Than such as in their bondage feel content.
Lo, I confess, I am thy captive, I !
And hold my conquer'd hands for thee to tie.
What need'st thou war ? I sue to thee for
grace :
With arms to conquer armless men is base.
Yoke Venus' doves, put myrtle on thy hair :
Vulcan will give thee chariots rich and fair.
The people thee applauding, thou shalt stand,
Guiding the harmless pigeons with thy ** hand :
Young men and women shalt thou lead as thrall;
So will thy triumph †† seem magnifical :
I, lately caught, will have a new-made wound,
And captive-like be manacled and bound :
Good meaning, shame,‡‡ and such as seek love's
wrack,
Shall follow thee, their hands tied at their back :
Thee all shall fear, and worship as a king;
Iö triumphing shall thy people sing :
Smooth speeches, fear,§§ and rage shall by thee
ride,
Which troops have always been on Cupid's side :
Thou with these soldiers conquer'st gods and
men :
Take these away, where is thine‖‖ honour then?

Thy mother shall from heaven applaud this show,
And on their faces heaps of roses strow :
With beauty of thy wings thy fair hair gilded,*
Ride, golden Love, in chariots richly builded !
Unless I err, full many shalt thou burn,
And give wounds † infinite at every turn :
In spite of thee, forth will thine ‡ arrows fly ;
A scorching flame burns all the standers by.
So, having conquer'd Inde, was Bacchus' hue :
Thee pompous birds, and him two tigers, drew.
Then, seeing I grace thy show in following thee,
Forbear to hurt thyself in spoiling me.
Behold thy kinsman § Cæsar's prosperous bands,
Who guards the‖ conquer'd with his conquering
hands !

ELEGIA III.

Ad amicam.

I ASK but right : let her ¶ that caught me late,
Either love, or cause that I may never ** hate.
I crave †† too much : would she but let me love
her !
Jove knows with such-like prayers I daily move
her.
Accept him that will serve thee all his youth,
Accept him that will love with ‡‡ spotless truth.
If lofty titles cannot make me thine,§§
That am descended but of knightly line,
(Soon may you plough the little land ‖‖ I have ;
I gladly grant my parents given to save,)
Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses may,¶¶
And Cupid who hath mark'd me for thy prey ;
My spotless life, which but to gods gives*** place,
Naked simplicity, and modest grace.
I love but one, and her ††† I love change never :
If men have faith, I'll live with thee for ever ;

* *tho*] i. e. thou.
† *struck*] So ed. C.—Ed. A "strok."—Ed. B "strook."
‡ *slender*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "tender."
§ *struggling*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "striuing."
‖ *shak'd*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C "slackt."
¶ *which*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "that."
** *thy*] So eds. B, C.—Not in ed. A.
†† *triumph*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "triumphes."
‡‡ *Good meaning, shame*] "Mens Bona . . . Et Pudor."
§§ *fear*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "*Terror.*" The right reading is "Error."
‖‖ *thine*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "thy."

* *With beauty of thy wings thy fair hair gilded*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "Tu, *penna pulchros gemina* variante capillos."
† *wounds*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "wordes."
‡ *thine*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "thy."
§ *kinsman*] Old eds. "kinsmans."
‖ *the*] Old eds. "thee."
¶ *her*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "hie."
** *never*] So eds. B, C.—Not in ed. A.
†† *crave*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "aske."
‡‡ *love with*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*loue* thee *with*."
§§ *make me thine*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "cause *me* to be *thine*."
‖‖ *land*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "landes."
¶¶ *may*] i. e. may make me thine.
*** *gives*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "giue."
††† *her*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "he."

The years that fatal Destiny shall give
I'll live with thee, and die ere * thou shalt † grieve.
Be thou the happy subject of my books,
That I may write things worthy thy fair looks:
By verses horned ‡ Iö got her name;
And she to whom in shape of swan § Jove came;
And she that on a feign'd bull swam to land,
Griping his false horns with her virgin hand.
So likewise we will through the world be rung,
And with my name shall thine be always sung.

ELEGIA IV.‖

Amicam, qua arte quibusve nutibus in cœna, presente viro, uti debeat, admonet.

THY husband to a banquet goes with me;
Pray God it may his latest supper be!
Shall I sit gazing as a bashful guest,
While others touch the damsel I love best?
Wilt, lying under him, his bosom clip? ¶
About thy neck shall he at pleasure skip?
Marvel not though the fair bride did incite
The drunken Centaurs to a sudden fight:
I am no half-horse, nor in woods I dwell;
Yet scarce my hands from thee contain I well.
But how thou shouldst behave thyself now know,
Nor let the winds away my warnings ** blow.
Before thy husband, come; though I not see
What may be done, yet there before him be.
Lie with him gently, when his limbs he spread
Upon the bed; but on my foot first tread.
View me, my becks, and speaking countenance;
Take and return †† each secret amorous glance.
Words without voice shall on my eyebrows sit;
Lines thou shalt read in wine, by my hand writ.
When our lascivious toys come in thy mind,
Thy rosy cheeks be to thy thumb ‡‡ inclin'd.
If aught of me thou speak'st in inward thought,
Let thy soft finger to thy ear be brought.
When I, my light, do or say aught that please thee,
Turn round thy gold ring, as it were to ease thee.

Strike on the board, like them that pray for evil,
When thou dost wish thy husband at the devil.
What wine he fills thee, wisely will him drink; *
Ask thou the boy what † thou enough dost think.
When thou hast tasted, I will take the cup,
And where thou drink'st, on that part I will sup.
If he gives thee what first himself did taste,
Even in his face his offer'd gobbets ‡ cast.
Let not thy neck by his vile arms be prest,
Nor lean § thy soft head on his boisterous breast.
Thy bosom's roseate buds let him not finger;
Chiefly on thy lips let not his lips linger.
If thou giv'st kisses, I shall all disclose,
Say they are mine, and hands on thee impose.
Yet this I'll see: but, if thy gown aught cover,
Suspicious fear in all my veins will hover.
Mingle not thighs, nor to his leg join thine,
Nor thy soft foot with his hard foot combine.
I have been wanton, therefore am ‖ perplex'd,
And with mistrust of the like measure vex'd:
I and my wench oft under clothes did lurk,
When pleasure mov'd us to our sweetest work.
Do not thou so; but throw thy mantle hence,
Lest I should think thee guilty of offence.
Entreat thy husband drink; but do not kiss;
And, while he drinks, to add more do not miss.
If he lies down, with wine and sleep opprest,
The thing and place shall counsel us the rest.
When to go homewards we rise all along,
Have care to walk in middle of the throng.
There will I find thee, or be found by thee:
There touch whatever thou canst touch of me.
Ay me, I warn ¶ what profits some few hours!
But we must part when heaven with black night lours.
At night thy husband clips ** thee: I will weep,
And to the doors sight of thyself [will] keep. ††
Then will he kiss thee, and not only kiss,
But force thee give him my stolen honey-bliss.

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* *ere*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "or."
† *shalt*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "shall."
‡ *horned*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C. "honored."
§ *swan*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Bull."
‖ *Elegia* IV.] Not in ed. A.
¶ *clip*] i. e. embrace.
** *warnings*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "warning."
†† *return*] Old eds. "receiue."—"Excipe furtivas, et *refer* ipsa, notas."
‡‡ *thumb*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "tombe."

* *will him drink*] i. e. desire him to drink.
† *Ask thou the boy what*] i. e. Ask thou the boy *for* what, &c.
‡ *gobbets*] i. e. morsels, bits.—Old eds. "goblets."—The absolute necessity of the alteration which I have made here, is proved by the original,—"Rejice libatos illius ore *cibos*." I need hardly add, that Marlowe mistakes the meaning of the line.
§ *lean*] So ed. C.—Ed. B. "leaue."
‖ *am*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "are."
¶ *warn*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "warme."
** *clips*] i. e. embraces (as frequently in these *Elegies*; see the opposite col, &c.), our author (who seems to have read "iucludit") having here misunderstood the original,—"Nocte vir *includet* [i. e. will shut you up, like a wild beast]."
†† *And to the doors sight of thyself* [*will*] *keep*] "Quâ licet, ad sævas prosequar usque fores."

Constrain'd against thy will, give it the peasant:
Forbear sweet words, and be* your sport unpleasant.
To him I pray it no delight may bring,
Or, if it do, to thee no joy thence spring.
But, though this night thy fortune be to try it,
To me to-morrow† constantly deny it.

ELEGIA V.

Corinnæ concubitus.

In summer's heat, and mid-time of the day,
To rest my limbs, upon a bed I lay.
One window shut, the other open stood;
Which gave such light as twinkles in a wood,
Like twilight glimpse at setting of the sun,
Or night being past, and yet not day begun;
Such light to shamefac'd maidens must be shown,
Where they may sport, and seem to be unknown.
Then came Corinna in a long loose gown,
Her white neck hid with tresses‡ hanging down;
Resembling fair Semiramis going to bed,
Or Läis of a thousand lovers§ sped.‖
I snatch'd her gown: being thin, the harm was small;
Yet striv'd she to be cover'd therewithal;
And striving thus, as one that would be cast,
Betray'd herself, and yielded at the last.
Stark naked as she stood before mine eye,
Not one wen¶ in her body could I spy.
What arms and shoulders did I touch and see!
How apt her breasts were to be press'd by me!
How smooth a belly under her waist saw I,
How large a leg, and what a lusty thigh!
To leave the rest, all lik'd** me passing well:
I cling'd her naked body; †† down she fell.
Judge you the rest: being tir'd,‡‡ she bade me kiss:
Jove send me more such afternoons as this!

* *be*] So ed. B.—Ed. C. "in."

† *To me to-morrow*, &c.] "Cras mihi constanti voce dedisse nega."

‡ *tresses*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "trells."

§ *lovers*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "wooers."

‖ *sped*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "spread."

¶ *wen*] "menda."

** *lik'd*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "pleasde."

†† *her naked body*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*her* faire white *body*."—"Et *nudam* pressi corpus ad usque meum."

‡‡ *tir'd*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "tride," "try'd."—At the end of this Elegy ed. A has "C. Marlow."

ELEGIA VI.*

Ad janitorem, ut fores sibi aperiat.

Unworthy porter, bound in chains full sore,
On movèd hooks set ope the churlish door.
Little I ask: a little entrance make;
The gate half-ope my bent side in will take.
Long love my body to such use make[s] slender,
And to get out doth like apt members render.
He shews me how unheard to pass the watch,
And guides my feet, lest, stumbling, falls they catch.
But in times past I fear'd vain shades and night,
Wondering if any walkèd without light.
Love, hearing it,† laugh'd with his tender mother,
And smiling said, "Be thou as bold as other."
Forthwith love came: no dark night-flying sprite,
Nor hands prepar'd to slaughter, me affright.
Thee fear I too much;‡ only thee I flatter:
Thy lightning can my life in pieces batter.
Why enviest me? this hostile den§ unbar:
See, how the gates with my tears water'd are!
When thou stood'st naked, ready to be beat,
For thee I did thy mistress fair entreat.
But what entreats for thee sometimes took place,
(O mischief!) now for me obtain small grace.
Gratis thou mayst be free;‖ give like for like;
Night goes away; the doors bar backward strike:
Strike; so again hard chains shall bind thee never,
Nor servile water shalt thou drink for ever.
Hard-hearted porter, dost and wilt not hear?
With stiff oak propp'd the gate doth still appear.
Such rampir'd gates besiegèd cities aid;
In midst of peace why art of arms afraid?
Exclud'st a lover, how wouldst use a foe?
Strike back the bar; night fast away doth go.
With arms or armèd men I come not guarded;
I am alone, were furious Love discarded:
Although I would, I cannot him cashier,
Before I be divided from my gear.¶

* *Elegia* VI.] Not in ed. A.

† *hearing it*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "ut *audivit*."

‡ *Thee fear I too much*] Imperfectly rendered. "Te nimium lentum timeo."

§ *den*] Old eds. "dende."—"claustra."—Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Aspice, ut *invideas*," &c.

‖ *Gratis thou mayst be free*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid having had "Gratis licet esse quod opto." How the original should be read here, seems doubtful.

¶ *from my gear*] "A membris . . . meis."

See, Love with me, wine moderate in my brain,
And on my hairs a crown of flowers remain.
Who fears these arms? who will not go to meet them?
Night runs away; with open entrance greet them.
Art careless? or is't sleep forbids thee hear,
Giving the winds my words running in thine ear?
Well I remember, when I first did hire thee,
Watching till after mid-night did not tire thee.
But now perchance thy wench with thee doth rest:
Ah, how thy lot is above my lot blest!
Though it be so, shut me not out therefore:
Night goes away; I pray thee, ope the door.
Err we? or do the turnèd hinges sound,
And opening doors with creaking noise abound?
We err; a strong blast seem'd the gates to ope:
Ay me, how high that gale did lift my hope!
If, Boreas, bears't* Orithyia's rape in mind,
Come break these deaf doors with thy boisterous wind.
Silent the city is; night's dewy host
March fast away: the bar strike from the post;
Or I more stern than fire or sword will turn,
And with my brand these† gorgeous houses burn.
Night, love, and wine to all extremes persuade;
Night, shameless wine, and love are fearless made.
All have I spent: no threats or prayers move thee;
O, harder than the doors thou guard'st I prove thee!
No pretty wench's keeper mayst thou be!
The careful prison is more meet for thee.
Now frosty night her flight begins to take,
And crowing cocks poor souls to work awake.
But thou, my crown, from sad hairs ta'en away,
On this hard threshold till the morning lay;
That when my mistress there beholds thee cast,
She may perceive how we the time did wast.‡
Whate'er thou art, farewell; be like me pain'd!
Careless, farewell, with my fault not distain'd.§
And farewell, cruel posts, rough threshold's block,
And doors conjoin'd with an hard iron lock.

* *If, Boreas, bears't*] i. e. If, Boreas, *thou* bearest.—Old eds. "*If Boreas* beares."

† *these*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "the."

‡ *wast*] i. e. waste,—for the rhyme.

§ *with my fault not distain'd*] So ed. B.—Ed. C. "—disdaind."—"nec admisso turpis amante."

ELEGIA VII.*

Ad pacandam amicam, quam verberaverat.

Bind fast my hands, they have deservèd chains,
While rage is absent, take some friend the pains;
For rage against my wench mov'd my rash arm;
My mistress weeps whom my mad hand did harm.
I might have then my parents dear misus'd,
Or holy gods with cruel strokes abus'd.
Why, Ajax, master of the seven-fold shield,
Butcher'd the flocks he found in spacious field;
And he, who on his mother veng'd his sire,
Against the Destinies durst sharp darts require.†
Could I therefore her comely tresses tear?
Yet was she gracèd with her ruffled hair.
So fair she was, Atalanta she resembled,
Before whose bow th' Arcadian wild beasts trembled.
Such Ariadne was, when she bewails
Her perjur'd Theseus' flying vows and sails.
So, chaste Minerva, did Cassandra fall,
Deflower'd except,‡ within thy temple-wall.
That I was mad and barbarous all men cried:
She nothing said; pale fear her tongue had tied.
But secretly her looks with checks did trounce me;
Her tears, she silent, guilty did pronounce me.
Would of mine arms my shoulders had been scanted!
Better I could part of myself have wanted.
To mine own self have I had strength so furious,
And to myself could I be so injurious?
Slaughter and mischief's instruments, no better,
Deservèd chains these cursèd hands shall fetter.
Punish'd I am, if I a Roman beat;
Over my mistress is my right more great?
Tydides left worst§ signs of villany;
He first a goddess struck; another, I.
Yet he harm'd less: whom I profess'd to love,
I harm'd; a foe did Diomede's anger move.
Go now, thou conqueror, glorious triumphs raise;
Pay vows to Jove; engirt thy hairs with bays;

* *Elegia* VII.] Not in ed. A.

† *require*] "poscere."

‡ *Deflower'd except*] I know not how our poet read the original here.—"Sic, nisi vittatis quod erat, Cassandra, capillis," &c.

§ *worst*] "Pessima."

And let the troops which shall thy chariot follow,
"Iö, a strong man conquer'd this wench," hollow.
Let the sad captive foremost, with locks spread
On her white neck, but for hurt cheeks,* be led.
Meeter it were her lips were blue with kissing,
And on her neck a wanton's† mark not missing.
But, though I like a swelling flood was driven,
And as a prey unto blind anger given,
Was't not enough the fearful wench to chide?
Nor thunder, in rough threatenings, haughty pride?
Nor shamefully her coat pull o'er her crown,
Which to her waist her girdle still kept down?
But cruelly, her tresses having rent,
My nails to scratch her lovely cheeks I bent.
Sighing she stood: her bloodless white looks shew'd
Like marble from the Parian mountains hew'd;
Her half-dead joints and trembling limbs I saw,
Like poplar leaves blown with a stormy flaw,‡
Or slender ears with gentle Zephyr shaken,
Or waters'§ tops with the warm south-wind taken;
And down her cheeks the trickling tears did flow,
Like water gushing from consuming snow.
Then first I did perceive I had offended;
My blood the tears were that from her descended.
Before her feet thrice prostrate down I fell;
My fearèd hands thrice back she did repel.‖
But doubt thou not¶ (revenge doth grief appease)
With thy sharp nails upon my face to seize;
Descratch mine eyes; spare not my locks to break;—
Anger will help thy hands, though ne'er so weak;—
And, lest the sad signs of my crime remain,
Put in their place thy kembèd** hairs again.

* *but for hurt cheeks*] "Si sinerent læsæ, candida tota, genæ."
† *wanton's*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "wanton."—"blandi dentis."
‡ *flaw*] i. e. gust.
§ *waters'*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "water."
‖ *repel*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "expell."
¶ *not*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "art."
** *kembèd*] i. e. combed,—arranged.—Here the old eds. have "keembed"; but afterwards "*kembed*."

ELEGIA VIII.*

Execratur lenam quæ puellam suam meretricis arte instituebat.

There is,—whoe'er will know a bawd aright,
Give ear,—there is an old trot, Dipsas hight.†
Her name comes from the thing: she, being wise,‡
Sees not the Morn on rosy horses rise.
She magic arts and Thessal charms doth know,
And makes large streams back to their fountains flow.
She knows with grass, with threads on wrung§ wheels spun,
And what with mares' rank humour may be done.
When she will, clouds the darken'd heaven obscure;
When she will, day shines every where most pure.
If I have faith, I saw the stars drop blood;
The purple moon with sanguine visage stood.
Her I suspect among night's spirits to fly,
And her old body in birds' plumes to lie:
Fame saith as I suspect; and in her eyes
Two eye-balls shine, and double light thence flies.
Great-grandsires from their ancient graves she chides,
And with long charms the solid earth divides.
She draws chaste women to incontinence,
Nor doth her tongue want harmful eloquence.
By chance I heard her talk; these words she said,
While closely hid betwixt two doors I laid.
"Mistress, thou know'st thou hast a blest youth pleas'd:
He stay'd, and on thy looks his gazes seiz'd.
And why shouldst not please? none thy face exceeds:
Ay me, thy body hath no worthy weeds!
As thou art fair, would thou wert fortunate!
Wert thou rich, poor‖ should not be my state.
Th' opposèd star of Mars hath done thee harm:
Now Mars is gone, Venus thy side doth warm,
And brings good fortune; a rich lover plants
His love on thee, and can supply thy wants.

* *Elegia* VIII.] Not in ed. A.
† *hight*] i. e. called.
‡ *wise*] A strange translation of "sobria."
§ *wrung*] "*torto* conicta rhombo licia."—Old eds. "wrong" (and so perhaps our author may have spelt the word here).
‖ *poor*] Used here as a disyllable. If not, perhaps the author wrote "estate" at the end of the line.

Such is his form as may with thine compare:
Would he not buy thee,* thou for him shouldst care."—
She blush'd.—"Red shame becomes white cheeks: but this,
If feign'd, doth well; if true, it doth amiss.
When on thy lap thine eyes thou dost deject,
Each one according to his gifts respect.
Perhaps the Sabines rude, when Tatius reign'd,
To yield their love to more than one disdain'd.
Now Mars doth rage abroad without all pity,
And Venus rules in her Æneas' city:
Fair women play:† she's chaste whom none will have,
Or, but for bashfulness, herself would crave.
Shake off these wrinkles that thy front assault;
Wrinkles in beauty is a grievous fault.
Penelope in bows her youths' strength tried;
Of horn the bow was that approv'd‡ their side.
Time flying slides hence closely,§ and deceives us,
And with swift horses‖ the swift year soon leaves us.
Brass shines with use; good garments would be worn;
Houses, not dwelt in, are with filth forlorn.
Beauty, not exercis'd, with age is spent;
Nor one or two men are sufficient.
Many to rob is more sure, and less hateful;
From dog-kept flocks come preys to wolves most grateful.
Behold, what gives the poet but new verses?
And thereof many thousand he rehearses.
The poet's god, array'd in robes of gold,
Of his gilt harp the well-tun'd strings doth hold.
Let Homer yield to such as presents bring:
Trust me, to give, it is a witty thing.¶
Nor, so thou mayst obtain a wealthy prize,
The vain name** of inferior slaves despise.
Nor let the arms of ancient lines†† beguile thee:
Poor lover, with thy grandsires I exile thee.
Who seeks, for being fair, a night to have,
What he will give, with greater instance crave.

Make a small price, while thou thy nets dost lay,
Lest they should fly; being ta'en, the tyrant play.
Dissemble so, as lov'd he may be thought,
And take heed lest he gets that love for nought.
Deny him oft: feign now thy head doth ache;
And Isis now will shew what 'scuse to make.
Receive him soon, lest patient use he gain,*
Or lest his love, oft beaten back, should wane.
To beggars shut, to bringers ope thy† gate;
Let him within hear barr'd out lovers prate.
And, as first wrong'd, the wrongèd sometimes banish;
Thy fault, with his fault so repuls'd, will vanish.
But never give a spacious time to ire;
Anger delay'd doth oft to hate retire.
And let thine eyes constrainèd learn to weep,
That this or that man‡ may thy cheeks moist keep.
Nor, if thou cozen'st one, dread to forswear;
Venus to mock'd men lends a senseless ear.
Servants fit for thy purpose thou must hire,
To teach thy lover what thy thoughts desire.
Let them ask somewhat: many asking little,
Within a while great heaps grow of a tittle.
And sister,§ nurse, and mother spare him not:
By many hands great wealth is quickly got.
When causes fail thee to require a gift,
By keeping of thy birth make but a shift.
Beware lest he, unrivall'd, loves secure:
Take strife away, love doth not well endure.
On all the bed men's tumbling let him view,‖
And thy neck with lascivious marks made blue.
Chiefly shew him the gifts which others send:
If he gives nothing, let him from thee wend.
When thou hast so much as he gives no more,
Pray him to lend what thou mayst ne'er restore.
Let thy tongue flatter, while thy mind harm works:
Under sweet honey deadly poison lurks.
If this thou dost,¶ to me by long use known,
(Nor let my words be with the winds hence blown,)

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* *Would he not buy thee*, &c.] "Si te non emtam vellet, emendus erat."

† *play*] Our author's copy of Ovid had "*Ludunt*" instead of "Ludite."

‡ *approv'd*] i. e. proved. "Qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat."

§ *closely*] "occulte."

‖ *And with swift horses*, &c.] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "*Et* celer admissis labitur *annus equis*."

¶ *it is a witty thing*] "res est ingeniosa."

** *name*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "*nomen*" instead of "crimen."

†† *lines*] Old eds. "liues."

* *lest patient use he gain*] "ut nullum patiendi colligat usum."

† *thy*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "the."

‡ *That this or that man*] Our author read "*Ut . . . ille* vel *ille*."

§ *And sister*, &c.] i. e. And *let* sister, &c.

‖ *On all the bed men's tumbling let him view*] Old eds. "*On all the* beds men," &c.—"Ille viri toto videat vestigia lecto."

¶ *If this thou dost*, &c.] "Hæc si præstiteris, usu mihi cognita longo."

Oft thou wilt say, 'Live well;'* thou wilt pray oft,
That my dead bones may in their grave lie soft."
As thus she spake, my shadow me betray'd:
With much ado my hands I scarcely stay'd,
But her blear eyes, bald scalp's thin hoary fleeces,
And rivell'd cheeks, I would have pull'd a-pieces.
The gods send thee no house, a poor old age,
Perpetual thirst, and winter's lasting rage!

ELEGIA IX.†

Ad Atticum, amantem non oportere desidiosum esse, sicuti nec militem.

All lovers war, and Cupid hath his tent:
Attic, all lovers are to war far sent.
What age fits Mars, with Venus doth agree:
'Tis shame for eld‡ in war or love to be.
What years in soldiers captains do require,
Those in their lovers pretty maids desire.
Both of them watch: each on the hard earth sleeps;
His mistress' doors this, that his captain's keeps.
Soldiers must travel far: the wench forth send,§
Her valiant lover follows without end.
Mounts, and rain-doubled floods he passeth over,
And treads the deserts snowy heaps do ‖ cover.
Going to sea, east winds he doth not chide,
Nor to hoist sail attends fit time and tide.
Who but a soldier or a lover's bold,
To suffer storm-mix'd snows with night's sharp cold?
One as a spy doth to his enemies go;
The other eyes his rival as his foe.
He cities great, this thresholds lies before;
This breaks town-gates, but he his mistress' door.
Oft to invade the sleeping foe 'tis good,
And arm'd to shed unarmèd people's blood.
So the fierce troops of Thracian Rhesus fell,
And captive horses bade their lord farewell.
Sooth,¶ lovers watch till sleep the husband charms,
Who slumbering, they rise up in swelling arms.

* *'Live well'*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "*vivas* bene."
† *Elegia* IX.] Not in ed. A.
‡ *eld*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "old."
§ *the wench forth send*] "mitte puellam."
‖ *do*] Old eds. "to."
¶ *Sooth*] So ed. B. (Our poet's copy of Ovid had "*Nempe* maritorum," &c.)—Ed. C "Such."

The keepers' hands and corps-du-gard to pass,
The soldier's and poor lover's work e'er was.
Doubtful is war and love: the vanquish'd rise;
And who thou never think'st should fall down, lies.
Therefore whoe'er love slothfulness doth call,
Let him surcease;* love tries wit best of all.
Achilles burn'd, Briseis being ta'en away:
Trojans, destroy the Greek wealth, while you may.
Hector to arms went from his wife's embraces,
And on Andromache his helmet laces.
Great Agamemnon was, men say, amaz'd,
On Priam's loose-tress'd daughter when he gaz'd.
Mars in the deed the blacksmith's net did stable;
In heaven was never more notorious fable.
Myself was dull and faint, to sloth inclin'd;
Pleasure and ease had mollified my mind.
A fair maid's care expell'd this sluggishness,
And to her tents will'd me myself address.
Since mayst thou see me watch, and night-wars move:
He that will not grow slothful, let him love.

ELEGIA X.†

Ad puellam, ne pro amore præmia poscat.

Such as the cause was of two husbands' war,
Whom Trojan ships fetch'd from Europa‡ far;
Such as was Leda, whom the god deluded,
In snow-white plumes of a false swan included;
Such as Amymone through the dry fields stray'd,
When on her head a water-pitcher lay'd;
Such wert thou; and I fear'd the bull and eagle,
And whate'er Love made Jove, should thee inveigle.
Now all fear with my mind's hot love abates;
No more this beauty mine eyes captivates.
Ask'st§ why I change? because thou crav'st reward;
This cause hath thee from pleasing me debarr'd.
While thou wert plain, I lov'd thy mind and face:
Now inward faults thy outward form disgrace.
Love is a naked boy, his years saunce ‖ stain,
And hath no clothes, but open doth remain.

* *Let him surcease*] "Desinat."
† *Elegia* X.] Not in ed. A.
‡ *Europa*] Our author's copy of Ovid having had wrongly "*Europa*," instead of "Eurotâ."
§ *Ask'st*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "Ask't."
‖ *saunce*] i. e. *sans*,—without.

Will you for gain have Cupid sell himself?
He hath no bosom, where to hide base pelf.
Love * and Love's son are with fierce arms at † odds;
To serve for pay beseems not wanton gods.
The whore stands to be bought for each man's money,
And seeks vile ‡ wealth by selling of her coney.
Yet greedy bawd's command she curseth still,
And doth, constrain'd, what you do of good will.
Take from irrational beasts a precedent:
'Tis shame their wits should be more excellent.
The mare asks not the horse, the cow the bull,
Nor the mild ewe gifts from the ram doth pull.
Only a woman gets spoils from a man,
Farms out herself on nights for what she can;
And lets § what both delight, what both desire,
Making her joy according to her hire.
The sport being such, as both alike sweet try it,
Why should one sell it, and the other buy it?
Why should I lose, and thou gain, by the pleasure
Which man and woman reap in equal measure?
Knights of the post || of perjuries make sale,
The unjust judge for bribes becomes a stale.
'Tis shame sold tongues the guilty should defend,
Or great wealth from a judgment-seat ascend.
'Tis shame to grow rich by bed-merchandize, ¶
Or prostitute thy beauty for bad price.
Thanks worthily are due for things unbought;
For beds ill-hir'd we are indebted nought.
The hirer payeth all; his rent discharg'd,
From further duty he rests then enlarg'd.
Fair dames, forbear rewards for nights to crave:
Ill-gotten goods good end will never have.
The Sabine gauntlets were too dearly won,
That unto death did press the holy nun.
The son slew her that forth to meet him went,
And a rich necklace caus'd that punishment.
Yet think no scorn to ask a wealthy churl;
He wants no gifts ** into thy lap to hurl.
Take cluster'd grapes from an o'erladen vine;
May †† bounteous love Alcinous' fruit resign.

Let poor men shew their service, faith, and care;
All for their mistress, what they have, prepare.
In verse to praise kind wenches, 'tis my part,
And whom I like eternize by mine * art.
Garments do wear, jewels and gold do wast: †
The fame that verse gives doth for ever last.
To give I love, but to be ask'd disdain:
Leave asking, and I'll give what I refrain.

ELEGIA XI.‡

Napen alloquitur, ut paratas tabellas ad Corinnam perferat.

In skilful gathering ruffled hairs in order,
Napè, free-born, whose cunning hath no border,
Thy service for night's scapes is known commodious,
And to give signs dull wit to thee is odious.
Corinna clips § me oft by thy persuasion:
Never to harm me made thy faith evasion.
Receive these lines; them to my mistress carry;
Be sedulous; let no stay cause thee tarry.
Nor flint nor iron are in thy soft breast,
But || pure simplicity in thee doth rest.
And 'tis suppos'd Love's bow hath wounded thee:
Defend the ensigns of thy war in me.
If what I do, she asks, say "Hope for night;"
The rest my hand doth in my letters write.
Time passeth while I speak: give her my writ;
But see that forthwith she peruseth it.
I charge thee, mark her eyes and front in reading:
By speechless looks we guess at things succeeding.
Straight being read, will ¶ her to write much back:
I hate fair paper should writ matter lack.
Let her make verses, and some blotted letter
On the last edge to stay mine eyes the better.
What need she tire ** her hand to hold the quill?
Let this word, "*Come*," alone the tables fill.
Then with triumphant laurel will I grace them,
And in the midst of Venus' temple place them,
Subscribing, that to her I consecrate
My faithful tables, being vile maple late.

---

* *Love*] i. e. Venus.
† *at*] Old eds. "to."
‡ *vile*] Old eds. "vild." See note ||, p. 68.
§ *lets*] i. e. lets out for money.
|| *Knights of the post*, &c.] "Non bene conducti venduut perjuria testes."
¶ *bed-merchandize*] So ed B.—Ed. C "bad *merchandize*."
** *He wants no gifts*, &c.] "Munera poscenti quod dare possit, habet."
†† *May*, &c.] Old eds. "Many," &c.—"Præbeat Alcinoi poma benignus ager." But Marlowe seems to have read "—— benignus *amor*."

* *mine*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "my."
† *wast*] i. e. waste,—for the rhyme.
‡ *Elegia* XI.] Not in ed. A.
§ *clips*] i. e. embraces.
|| *But*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "*Sed* tibi," &c.
¶ *will*] i. e. bid.
** *tire*] Old eds. "try."—"lassare."

ELEGIA XII.*

Tabellas quas miserat execratur quod amica noctem negabat.

Bewail my chance: the sad book is return'd;
This day denial hath my sport adjourn'd.
Presages are not vain: when she departed,
Napè, by stumbling on the threshold, started.
Going out again, pass forth the door more wisely,
And somewhat higher bear thy foot precisely.
Hence, luckless tables! funeral wood, be flying!
And thou, the wax, stuff'd full with notes denying!
Which I think gather'd from cold hemlock's flower,
Wherein bad honey Corsic bees did pour:
Yet, as if mix'd with red lead, thou wert ruddy;
That colour rightly did appear so bloody.
As evil wood, thrown in the highways, lie,
Be broke with wheels of chariots passing by!
And him that hew'd you out for needful uses,
I'll prove had hands impure with all abuses.
Poor wretches on the tree themselves did strangle;
There sat the hangman for men's necks to angle;
To hoarse screech-owls foul shadows it allows;
Vultures and Furies† nestled in the boughs.
To these my love I foolishly committed,
And then‡ with sweet words to my mistress fitted.
More fitly had they§ wrangling bonds contain'd,
From barbarous lips of some attorney strain'd.
Among day-books and bills they had lain better,
In which the merchant wails his bankrupt debtor.
Your name approves‖ you made for such-like things:
The number two no good divining brings.
Angry, I pray that rotten age you wracks,
And sluttish white-mould overgrow the wax!

ELEGIA XIII.

Ad Auroram, ne properet.

Now, o'er¶ the sea, from her old love comes she
That draws the day from heaven's cold axle-tree.
Aurora, whither slid'st thou? down again!
And birds for** Memnon yearly shall be slain.
Now in her tender arms I sweetly bide;
If ever, now well lies she by my side.
The air is cold, and sleep is sweetest now,
And birds send forth shrill notes from every bough.
Whither runn'st thou, that men and women love not?
Hold in thy rosy horses, that they move not.
Ere thou rise, stars teach seamen where to sail;
But when thou com'st, they of their courses* fail.
Poor travellers, though tir'd, rise at thy sight,
And soldiers† make them ready to the fight.
The painful hind by thee to field is sent;
Slow oxen early in the yoke are pent.
Thou cozen'st boys of sleep, and dost betray them
To pedants that with cruel lashes pay them.
Thou mak'st the surety to the lawyer run,
That with one word hath nigh himself undone.
The lawyer and the client hate‡ thy view,
Both whom thou raisest up to toil anew.
By thy means women of their rest are barr'd;
Thou sett'st§ their labouring hands to spin and card.
All‖ could I bear: but that the wench should rise,
Who can endure, save him with whom none lies?
How oft wish'd I night would not give thee place,
Nor morning stars shun thy uprising face!
How oft that either wind would break thy coach,
Or steeds might fall, forc'd with thick clouds' approach!
Whither go'st thou, hateful nymph? Memnon the elf
Receiv'd his coal-black colour from thyself.
Say that thy love with Cephalus were not known,
Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not shown?
Would Tithon might but talk of thee a while!
Not one in heaven should be more base and vile.
Thou leav'st his bed, because he's faint through age,
And early mount'st thy hateful carriage:
But, held'st¶ thou in thine arms some Cephalus,
Then wouldst thou cry, "Stay, night, and run not thus!"

---

* *Elegia* XII.] Not in ed. A.
† *Furies*] Not answering to "strigis" of the original.
‡ *then*] So, the original convinces me, our author wrote; not "them," as I at first supposed.
§ *they*] Old eds. "thy."
‖ *approves*] i. e. proves.
¶ *o'er*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "on."
** *for*] Old eds. "from."

* *courses*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "course."
† *And soldiers*, &c.] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A omits this line.
‡ *client hate*] So eds. B, C.—Eds. A "*client* both do *hate*."
§ *sett'st*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "seest."
‖ *All*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "This."—"Omnia."
¶ *held'st*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "hadst."

Dost punish* me, because years make him wane?
I did not bid thee wed an agèd swain.
The moon sleeps with† Endymion every day:
Thou art as fair as she; then kiss and play.
Jove, that thou shouldst not haste, but wait his leisure,
Made two nights one to finish up his pleasure.
A chid‡ no more: she blush'd, and therefore heard me;
Yet linger'd not the day, but morning scar'd me.

ELEGIA XIV.§

Puellam consolatur cui præ nimia cura comæ deciderant.

Leave colouring thy tresses, I did cry;
Now hast thou left no hairs at all to dye.
But what had been more fair, had they been kept?
Beyond thy robes thy dangling locks had swept.
Fear'd'st thou to dress them, being fine and thin,
Like to the silk the curious Seres spin,
Or threads which spider's slender foot draws out,
Fastening her light web some old beam about?
Not black nor golden were they to our view;
Yet, although neither,‖ mix'd of either's hue;
Such as, in hilly Ida's watery plains,
The cedar tall, spoil'd of his bark, retains.
Add¶ they were apt to curl an hundred ways,
And did to thee no cause of dolour raise.
Nor hath the needle or the comb's teeth reft them;
The maid that kemb'd** them ever safely left them.
Oft was she dress'd before mine eyes, yet never,
Snatching the comb to beat the wench, out-drive her.
Oft in the morn, her hairs not yet digested,
Half-sleeping on a purple bed she rested;
Yet seemly, like a Thracian Bacchanal
That tir'd doth rashly†† on the green grass fall.
When they were slender, and like downy moss,
Thy‡‡ troubled hairs, alas, endur'd great loss!
How patiently hot irons they did take,
In crookèd trannels§§ crispy curls to make!
I cried, "'Tis sin, 'tis sin, these hairs to burn:
They well become thee; then to spare them turn.
Far off be* force! no fire to them may reach;
Thy very hairs will the hot bodkin teach."
Lost are the goodly locks, which from their crown
Phœbus and Bacchus wish'd were hanging down.
Such were they as Diana painted stands,
All naked, holding in her wave-moist hands.
Why dost thy ill-kemb'd tresses' loss lament?
Why in thy glass dost look, being discontent?
Be not to see with wonted eyes inclin'd;
To please thyself, thyself put out of mind.
No charmèd herbs of any harlot scath'd thee,
No faithless witch in Thessal waters bath'd thee.
No sickness harm'd thee (far be that away!);
No envious tongue wrought thy thick locks' decay.
By thine own hand and fault thy hurt doth grow;
Thou mad'st thy head with compound poison flow.
Now Germany shall captive hair-tires send thee,
And vanquish'd people curious dressings lend thee.
Which some admiring, O, thou oft wilt blush!
And say, "He likes me for my borrow'd bush,
Praising for me some unknown Guelder dame;
But I remember when it was my fame."
Alas, she almost weeps! and her white cheeks,
Dy'd red with shame, to hide from shame she seeks.
She holds and views her old locks in her lap;
Ay me, rare gifts unworthy such a hap!
Cheer up thyself; thy loss thou mayst repair,
And be hereafter seen with native hair.

ELEGIA XV.

Ad invidos, quod fama poetarum sit perennis.

Envy, why carp'st† thou my time's spent so ill,
And term'st my‡ works fruits of an idle quill?
Or that, unlike the line from whence I sprung,§
War's dusty‖ honours are refus'd, being young?

* *Dost punish*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Punish ye."
† *with*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "and."
‡ *chid*] Old eds. "chide."
§ *Elegia* XIV.] Not in ed. A.
‖ *neither*] Old eds. "either."
¶ *Add*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "And."—"Adde."
** *kemb'd*] i. e. combed,—dressed.
†† *rashly*] "temere."
‡‡ *Thy*] Old eds. "They."
§§ *trannels*] See Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* and Richardson's *Dict.* in v.: but the explanation of the word there given does not suit the present passage.—"Ut fieret torto flexilis orbe sinus."—The Editor of Marlowe's *Works*, 1826, printed "trammels."
* *be*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "by."
† *carp'st*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "crapest."
‡ *term'st my*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "tearmes our."
§ *sprung*] Old eds. "come." Compare the second version of this Elegy, p. 324, scc. col.
‖ *dusty*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "rustie."—"pulverulenta."

Nor that I study not the brawling laws,
Nor set my voice to sale in every cause?
Thy scope is mortal; mine, eternal fame,
That all the world may * ever chant my name.
Homer shall live while Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or into † sea swift Simois doth ‡ slide.
Ascræus lives while grapes with new wine swell,
Or men with crookèd sickles corn down fell.
The world shall of Callimachus ever speak;
His art excell'd,§ although his wit was weak.
For ever lasts high Sophocles' proud vein:
With sun and moon Aratus shall remain.
While bondmen cheat, fathers [be] hard,‖ bawds whorish,
And strumpets flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Rude Ennius, and Plautus full of wit,¶
Are both in Fame's eternal legend writ.
What age of Varro's name shall not be told,
And Jason's Argo,** and the fleece of gold?
Lofty Lucretius shall live that hour
That Nature shall dissolve this earthly bower.
Æneas' war and Tityrus shall be read
While Rome of all the conquer'd †† world is head.
Till Cupid's bow and fiery shafts be broken,
Thy verses, sweet Tibullus, shall be spoken.
And Gallus shall be known from east to west;
So shall Lycoris whom he lovèd best.
Therefore, when flint and iron wear away,
Verse is immortal and shall ne'er ‡‡ decay.
To verse let kings give place,§§ and kingly shows,
And ‖‖ banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.
Let base-conceited wits admire vile ¶¶ things:
Fair Phœbus lead me to the Muses' springs;
About my head be *** quivering myrtle wound,
And in sad lovers' heads let me be found.
The living, not the dead, can envy bite,
For after death all men receive their right.

Then, though death rocks * my bones in funeral fire,
I'll live, and, as he pulls me down, mount higher.

---

* *may*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "might."

† *into*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "to the."

‡ *doth*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "shall" (but we have "stands" in the preceding line).

§ *The world shall, &c.* } So eds. B, C.—Ed. A omits
His art excell'd, &c. } these two lines.

‖ *hard*] Old eds. "hoord."—"*durus* pater." And compare the second version of this Elegy, next col.

¶ *and Plautus full of wit*] But the original is "animosique *Accius* oris."

** *Argo*] Old eds. "Argos."

†† *conquer'd*] So eds. B, C.—Ed, A "conquering."

‡‡ *ne'er*] So eds. B, C.—Not in ed. A.

§§ *To verse let kings give place*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Let kings giue place to verse."

‖‖ *And*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "The."

¶¶ *vile*] Old eds. "vild." See note ‖, p. 68.

*** *be*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "the."

The same by B. I.†

Envy, why twitt'st thou me my time's spent ill,
And call'st my verse fruits of an idle quill?
Or that, unlike the line from whence I sprung,
War's dusty honours I pursue not young?
Or that I study not the tedious laws,
And prostitute my voice in every cause?
Thy scope is mortal; mine, eternal fame,
Which through the world shall ever chant my name.
Homer will live whilst Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or to the sea fleet Simois doth slide:
And so shall Hesiod too, while vines do bear,
Or crookèd sickles crop the ripen'd ear.
Callimachus, though in invention low,
Shall still be sung, since he in art ‡ doth flow.
No loss shall come to Sophocles' proud vein:
With sun and moon Aratus shall remain.
Whilst slaves be false, fathers hard, and bawds be whorish,
Whilst harlots flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Ennius, though rude, and Accius' high-rear'd strain,
A fresh applause in every age shall gain.
Of Varro's name what ear shall not be told?
Of Jason's Argo, and the fleece of gold?
Then shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die
When earth and seas in fire and flames shall fry.
Tityrus, Tillage, Æney § shall be read
Whilst Rome of all the conquer'd world is head.
Till Cupid's fires be out, and his bow broken,
Thy verses, neat Tibullus, shall be spoken.
Our Gallus shall be known from east to west;
So shall Lycoris whom he now loves best.
The suffering ploughshare or the flint may wear;
But heavenly poesy no death can fear.

---

* *rocks*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "rakes."

† *The same by B. I.*] Not in ed. A.—"*B. I.* i. e. Ben Jonson, who afterwards introduced this version into *The Poetaster;* see his *Works*, ii. 397, ed. Gifford, who is probably right in stating that both the translations are by Jonson, the former one being the rough sketch of the latter.

‡ *in art*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "arte in."

§ *Tityrus, Tillage, Æney*] i. e. the *Bucolics*, the *Georgics*, and the *Æneid*, of Virgil.

Kings shall give place to it, and kingly shows,
The banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.
Kneel hinds to trash: me let bright Phœbus swell
With cups full-flowing from the Muses' well.
The frost-drad * myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad lovers I'll be often read.
Envy the living, not the dead, doth bite,
For after death all men receive their right.
Then when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire.

P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM

LIBER SECUNDUS.

ELEGIA I.*

Quod pro gigantomachia amores scribere sit coactus.

I, Ovid, poet, of my † wantonness,
Born at Peligny, to write more address.
So Cupid wills. Far hence be the severe!
You are unapt my looser lines to hear.
Let maids whom hot desire to husbands lead,‡
And rude boys, touch'd with unknown love, me read;
That some youth hurt, as I am, with Love's bow,
His own flame's best-acquainted signs may know,
And, long-admiring, say, "By what means learn'd,
Hath this same poet my sad chance discern'd?"
I durst the great celestial battles tell,
Hundred-hand Gyges, and had done it well;
With Earth's revenge, and how Olympus' top
High Ossa bore, mount Pelion up to prop;
Jove and Jove's thunderbolts I had in hand,
Which, for his heaven, fell on the giants' band.
My wench her door shut: Jove's affairs I left;
Even Jove himself out of my wit was reft.
Pardon me, Jove! thy weapons aid me nought;
Her shut gates greater lightning than thine brought.
Toys and light elegies, my darts, I took:
Quickly soft words hard doors wide-open strook.
Verses reduce the hornèd bloody moon,
And call the sun's white horses back § at noon.
Snakes leap by verse from caves of broken mountains,†
And turnèd streams run backward to their fountains.
Verses ope doors; and locks put in the post,
Although of oak, to yield to verses boast.
What helps it me of fierce Achill to sing?
What good to me will either Ajax ‡ bring?
Or he who warr'd and wander'd twenty year?
Or woful Hector whom wild jades did tear?
But when I praise a pretty wench's face,
She in requital doth me oft embrace:
A great reward! Heroes of § famous names,
Farewell! your favour naught my mind inflames.
Wenches, apply your fair looks to my verse,
Which golden Love doth unto me rehearse.

ELEGIA II.‖

Ad Bagoum, ut custodiam puellæ sibi commissæ laxiorem habeat.

Bagous, whose care doth thy ¶ mistress bridle,
While I speak some few, yet fit words, be idle.
I saw the damsel walking yesterday,
There, where the porch doth Danaüs' fact display

---

* *Elegia* I.] Not in ed. A.

† *my*] Old eds. "thy."

‡ *whom hot desire to husbands lead*] I should have supposed that here "*desire*" was a typographical error for "desires", had I not found similar violations of grammar in other places of these *Elegies:* so, p. 334, sec. col., "And on the soft ground fertile green grass *grow*"; p. 339, first col., "While thus I speak, black dust her white robes *ray*."—The original is "Me legat in sponsi façio non frigida virgo."

§ *back*] Old eds. "blacke."

* *frost-drad*] "metuentem frigora."

† *Snakes leap by verse from caves of broken mountains*] A marvellous mis-translation of "Carmine dissiliunt, abruptis faucibus, angues."

‡ *either Ajax*] Our poet's copy of Ovid having had "*Ajaces* alter et alter." The approved reading is "Atrides," &c.

§ *of*] Old eds. "O."

‖ *Elegia* II.] Not in ed. A.

¶ *thy*] So ed. B.—Ed. C. "my."

She pleas'd me soon: I sent, and did her woo;
Her trembling hand writ back she might not do;
And asking why, this answer she redoubled,
Because thy* care too much thy mistress troubled.
Keeper, if thou be wise, cease hate to cherish;
Believe me, whom we fear, we wish to perish.
Nor is her husband wise: what needs defence,
When unprotected† there is no expense?
But furiously he follows‡ his love's fire,
And thinks her chaste whom many do desire.
Stoln liberty she may by thee obtain;
Which giving her, she may give thee again.
Wilt thou her fault learn? she may make thee tremble:
Fear to be guilty, then thou mayst dissemble.
Think, when she reads, her mother letters sent her:
Let him go forth known, that unknown did enter.
Let him go see her, though she do not languish;
And then report her sick and full of anguish.
If long she stays,§ to think the time more short,
Lay down thy forehead in thy lap to snort.
Inquire not what with Isis may be done,
Nor fear lest she to the theàtres run.
Knowing her scapes, thine honour shall increase;
And what less labour than to hold thy peace?
Let him please, haunt the house, be kindly us'd,
Enjoy the wench; let all else be refus'd.
Vain causes feign of him, the true to hide,
And what she likes, let both hold ratified.
When most her husband bends the brows and frowns,
His fawning wench with her desire he crowns.
But yet sometimes to chide thee let her fall,
Counterfeit tears, and thee lewd‖ hangman call.
Object thou then, what she may well excuse,
To stain all faith in truth by false crimes use.
Of wealth and honour so shall grow thy heap;
Do this, and soon thou shalt thy freedom reap.
On tell-tales' necks thou seest the link-knit chains;
The filthy prison faithless breasts restrains.
Water in waters, and fruit flying touch,
Tantalus seeks; his long tongue's gain is such.

While Juno's watchman Iö too much ey'd,
Him timeless death took; she was deified.
I saw one's legs with fetters black and blue,
By whom the husband his wife's incest* knew:
More he deserv'd; to both great harm he fram'd;
The man did grieve, the woman was defam'd.
Trust me, all husbands for such faults are sad,
Nor make they any man that hear[s] them glad.
If he loves not, deaf ears thou dost importune;
Or if he loves, thy tale breeds his misfortune.
Nor is it easily prov'd, though manifest;
She safe by favour of her judge doth rest.
Though himself see, he'll credit her denial,
Condemn his eyes, and say there is no trial.
Spying his mistress' tears, he will lament,
And say, "This blab shall suffer punishment."
Why fight'st 'gainst odds? to thee, being cast, do hap
Sharp stripes; she sitteth in the judge's lap.
To meet for poison or vile† facts we crave not;
My hands an unsheath'd shining weapon have not.
We seek that, through thee, safely love we may:
What can be easier than the thing we pray?

ELEGIA III.‡

Ad eunuchum servantem dominam.

Ay me, an eunuch keeps my mistress chaste,
That cannot Venus' mutual pleasure taste!
Who first depriv'd young boys of their best part,
With self-same wounds he gave, he ought to smart.
To kind requests thou wouldst more gentle prove,
If ever wench had made lukewarm thy love.
Thou wert not born to ride, or arms to bear;
Thy hands agree not with the warlike spear.
Men handle those: all manly hopes resign;
Thy mistress' ensigns must be likewise thine.
Please her; her hate makes others thee abhor;
If she discards thee, what use serv'st thou for?
Good form there is, years apt to play together:
Unmeet is beauty without use to wither.
She may deceive thee, though thou her protect:
What two determine never wants effect.
Our prayers move thee to assist our drift,
While thou hast time yet to bestow that gift.

---

* *thy*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "they."

† *unprotected*] Old eds. "vn-protested."

‡ *follows*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "follow."—Here Marlowe must have read "Sed *gerit*"; and in the next line "*putat*."

§ *she stays*] From Marlowe's version of the preceding line but one, we might have expected here "*he* stays."

‖ *lewd*] i. e. base.

* *incest*] i. e. adultery.

† *vile*] Old eds. "vil l." See note ‖, p. 63.

‡ *Elegia* III.] Not in ed. A.

ELEGIA IV.

Quod amet mulieres, cujuscunque formæ sint.

I MEAN not to defend the scapes* of any,
Or justify my vices, being many;
For I confess, if that might merit favour,
Here I display my lewd and loose behaviour.
I loathe, yet after that I loathe I run:
O, how the burden irks, that we should† shun!
I cannot rule myself; but where Love please
Am‡ driven, like a ship upon rough seas.
No one face likes § me best; all faces move:
A hundred reasons make me ever love.
If any eye me‖ with a modest look,
I burn,¶ and by that blushful glance** am took:
And she that's coy I like, for being no clown;
Methinks she would be nimble†† when she's down.
Though her sour looks a Sabine's brow resemble,
I think she'll do, but deeply can dissemble.
If she be learn'd, then for her skill I crave her;
If not, because she's simple I would have her.
Before Callimachus one prefers me far:
Seeing she likes my books, why should we jar?
Another rails at me and that I write;
Yet would I lie‡‡ with her, if that I might.
Trips she,—it likes me well; plods she,—what than?§§
She would be nimbler, lying with a man.
And when one sweetly sings, then straight I long
To quaver on her lips even in her song;
Or if one touch the lute with art and cunning,
Who would not love those hands ‖‖ for their swift running?
And her¶¶ I like that with a majesty
Folds up her arms, and makes low courtesy.
To leave myself,*** that am in love with all,
Some one of these might make the chastest fall.

If she be tall, she's like an Amazon,
And therefore fills the bed she lies upon;
If short, she lies the rounder: to say* troth,
Both short and long please me, for I love both.
I think what one undeck'd† would be, being drest;
Is she attir'd? then shew her graces best.
A white wench thralls me; so doth golden yellow;
And nut-brown girls in doing have no fellow.
If her white neck be shadow'd with black hair,
Why, so was Leda's, yet was Leda fair.
Amber-tress'd‡ is she? then on the Morn think I:
My love alludes to every history.
A young wench pleaseth, and an old is good,
This for her looks, that for her womanhood.
Nay, what is she that any Roman loves,
But my ambitious ranging mind approves?

ELEGIA V.§

Ad amicam corruptam.

No love is so dear,—quiver'd Cupid, fly!—
That my chief wish should be so oft to die.
Minding thy fault, with death I wish to revel:
Alas, a wench is a perpetual evil!
No intercepted lines thy deeds display,
No gifts given secretly thy crime bewray.
O, would my proofs as vain might be withstood!
Ay me, poor soul, why is my cause so good?
He's happy, that his love dares‖ boldly credit;
To whom his wench can say, "I never did it."
He's cruel, and too much his grief doth favour,¶
That seeks the conquest by her loose behaviour.
Poor wretch, I saw** when thou didst think I slumber'd;
Not†† drunk, your faults on the spilt wine I number'd.
I saw your nodding eyebrows much to speak,
Even from your cheeks part of a voice did break.

---

* *the scapes*] "mendosos . . . mores."
† *should*] i. e. would.
‡ *Am*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "And."
§ *likes*] i. e. pleases.
‖ *eye me*] Our author's copy of Ovid had "in *me* dejecta."
¶ *burn*] Old eds. (by a manifest error) "blush."—"Uror."
** *glance*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "glas."
†† *would be nimble*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "should *be* quick."
‡‡ *lie*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "be."
§§ *than*] i. e. then.
‖‖ *those hands*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*those* nimble *handes*."
¶¶ *her*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "she."
*** *To leave myself*] "Ut taceam de me."

* *say*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "speak."
† *I think what one undeck'd*, &c.] So eds. B, C.—This line and the next three lines are omitted in ed. A.
‡ *Amber-tress'd*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Yellow *trest*."
§ *Elegia* V.] Not in ed. A.
‖ *dares*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "dare."
¶ *favour*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "sauour."
** *Poor wretch, I saw*, &c.] Old eds. "*Poore* wench *I sawe*," &c.—"Ipse miser vidi."
†† *Not*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "Nor."

Not silent were thine eyes; the board with wine
Was scribbled, and thy fingers writ a line.
I knew your speech (what do not lovers see?),
And words that seem'd for certain marks to be.
Now many guests were gone, the feast being done;
The youthful sort to divers pastimes run:
I saw you then unlawful kisses join
(Such with my tongue it likes me to purloin);
None such the sister gives her* brother grave,
But such kind wenches let their lovers have;
Phœbus gave not† Diana such, 'tis thought,
But Venus often to her Mars such brought.
"What dost?" I cried: "transport'st thou my delight?
My lordly hands I'll throw upon my right.
Such bliss is only common to us two;
In this sweet good why hath a third to do?"
This, and what grief enforc'd me say, I said:
A scarlet blush her guilty face array'd;
Even such as by Aurora hath the sky,
Or maids that their betrothèd husbands spy;
Such as a rose mix'd with a lily breeds,
Or when the moon travails‡ with charmèd steeds;
Or such as, lest long years should turn the dye,
Arachne stains Assyrian ivory:§
To these, or some of these, like was her colour;
By chance her beauty never shinèd fuller.
She view'd the earth; the earth to view, beseem'd her;
She lookèd sad; sad, comely I esteem'd her.
Even kembèd‖ as they were, her locks to rend,
And scratch her fair soft cheeks, I did intend.
Seeing her face, mine uprear'd arms descended;
With her own armour was my wench defended.
I, that erewhile was fierce, now humbly sue,
Lest with worse kisses she should me indue.
She laugh'd, and kiss'd so sweetly as might make
Wrath-kindled Jove away his thunder shake.

I grieve lest others should such good perceive,*
And wish hereby them all unknown to leave.
Also much better were they than I tell,
And ever seem'd as some new sweet befel.
'Tis ill they pleas'd so much; for in my lips
Lay her whole tongue hid, mine in hers she dips.
This grieves me not; no joinèd kisses spent
Bewail I only, though I them lament.
Nowhere can they be taught but in the bed;
I know no master of so great hire sped.

ELEGIA VI.†

In mortem psittaci.

THE parrot, from East India to me sent,‡
Is dead: all fowls, her exequies frequent!
Go, godly birds,§ striking your breasts, bewail,
And with rough claws your tender cheeks assail.
For woful hairs let piece-torn plumes abound;
For long shrild‖ trumpets let your notes resound.
Why, Philomel, dost Tereus' lewdness mourn?
All-wasting years have that complaint now¶ worn:
Thy tunes let this rare bird's sad funeral borrow,
Itys a great,** but ancient cause of sorrow.
All you whose pinions in the clear air soar,
But most, thou friendly turtle-dove, deplore:
Full concord all your lives was you betwixt,
And to the end your constant faith stood fixt;
What Pylades did to Orestes prove,
Such to the parrot was the turtle-dove.
But what avail'd this faith? her rarest hue?
Or voice that how to change the wild notes knew?
What helps it thou wert given to please my wench?
Birds' hapless glory, death thy life doth quench.

---

* *her*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "the."

† *not*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "to."

‡ *travails*] "Aut ubi cantatis Luna laborat equis."

§ *Arachne stains Assyrian ivory*] The original is "Mæonis Assyrium femina tinxit ebur." Marlowe, I presume, was induced to give this extraordinary version of the line by recollecting that in the Sixth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* Arachne is termed "*Mæonis*," while her father is mentioned as a dyer;

"*Mæonis* [i. e. *Arachne Mæonia*] elusam designat imagine tauri
Europen." v. 103.

"Pater huic Colophonius Idmon
Phocaico bibulas tingebat murice lanas." v. 8.

‖ *kembèd*] i. e. combed,—arranged.

* *perceive*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*senserit* alter."

† *Elegia* VI.] Not in ed. A.

‡ *from East India to me sent*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "Eois ales *mihi missus* ab Indis," instead of the approved reading, "Eois imitatrix ales ab Indis."

§ *godly birds*] Old eds. "goodly *birdes*."—"piæ volucres."

‖ *shrild*] i. e. shrill.

¶ *now*] Old eds. "not."

** *Itys a great*, &c.] i. e. Itys *being* a great, &c.—Old eds. "It is as *great*," &c.—"Magna, sed antiqui, [some eds. *antiqua est*] caussa doloris Itys."

Thou with thy quills mightst make green emeralds dark,
And pass our scarlet of red saffron's mark.*
No such voice-feigning bird was on the ground;
Thou spok'st thy words so well with stammering sound.
Envy hath rapt thee: no fierce wars thou mov'd'st;
Vain-babbling speech and pleasant peace thou lov'd'st.
Behold, how quails among their battles live!
Which do perchance old age unto them give.
A little fill'd thee; and, for love of talk,
Thy mouth to taste of many meats did balk.
Nuts were thy food, and poppy caus'd thee sleep;
Pure water's moisture thirst away did keep.
The ravenous vulture lives; the puttock† hovers
Around the air; the cadess‡ rain discovers;
And crow§ survives arms-bearing Pallas' hate,
Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date.
Dead is that speaking image of man's voice,
The parrot given me, the far world's‖ best choice.
The greedy spirits¶ take the best things first,
Supplying their void places with the worst.
Thersites did Protesilaus survive;
And Hector died, his brothers yet alive.
My wench's vows for thee what should I show,
Which stormy south winds into sea did blow?
The seventh day came; none following mightst thou see;
And the Fate's distaff empty stood to thee.
Yet words in thy benummèd palate rung;
"Farewell, Corinna," cried thy dying tongue.
Elysium hath a wood of holm-trees black,
Whose earth doth not perpetual green grass lack.
There good birds rest (if we believe things hidden),
Whence unclean fowls are said to be forbidden.
There harmless swans feed all abroad the river;
There lives the phœnix, one alone bird ever;
There Juno's bird displays his gorgeous feather,
And loving doves kiss eagerly together.
The parrot, into wood receiv'd with these,
Turns all the godly birds** to what she please.

A grave her bones hides: on her corps'great grave,*
The little stones these little verses have,—
This tomb approves† I pleas'd my mistress well;
My mouth in speaking did all birds excel.

ELEGIA VII.‡

Amicæ se purgat, quod ancillam non amet.

Dost me of new crimes always guilty frame?
To overcome, so oft to fight I shame.
If on the marble theatre I look,
One among many is, to grieve thee, took.
If some fair wench me secretly behold,
Thou argu'st she doth secret marks unfold.
If I praise any, thy poor hairs thou tearest;
If blame, dissembling of my fault thou fearest.
If I look well, thou think'st thou dost not move;
If ill, thou say'st I die for others' love.
Would I were culpable of some offence!
They that deserve pain, bear't with patience.
Now rash accusing, and thy vain belief,
Forbid thine anger to procure my grief.
Lo, how the miserable great-ear'd ass,
Dull'd with much beating, slowly forth doth pass!
Behold Cypassis, wont to dress thy head,
Is charg'd to violate her mistress' bed!
The gods from this sin rid me of suspicion,
To like a base wench of dispis'd condition!
With Venus' game who will a servant grace,
Or any back, made rough with stripes, embrace?
Add she was diligent thy locks to braid,
And, for her skill, to thee a grateful maid.
Should I solicit her that is so just,—
To take repulse, and cause her shew my lust?
I swear by Venus, and the wing'd boy's bow,
Myself unguilty of this crime I know!

ELEGIA VIII.§

Ad Cypassim, ancillam Corinnæ.

Cypassis, that a thousand ways trimm'st hair,
Worthy to kemb‖ none but a goddess fair,

---

* *And pass our scarlet of red saffron's mark*] "Tincta gerens rubro punica rostra croco."
† *the puttock*] "milŭus."
‡ *the cadess*] "graculus."
§ *crow*] Old eds. "crowes."
‖ *world's*] Old eds. "words."
¶ *The greedy spirits*] "manibus . . . avaris."
** *godly birds*] Old eds. "goodly *birdes*."—"volucres. . . pias."

* *on her corps' great grave*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "tumulus pro corpore *magnus*." The true reading is "—— parvus."
† *approves*] i. e. proves.
‡ *Elegia* VII.] Not in ed. A.
§ *Elegia* VIII.] Not in ed. A.
‖ *kemb*] i. e. comb,—dress.—So ed. C.—**Ed. B "keemb."**

Our pleasant scapes shew thee no clown to be,
Apt to thy mistress, but more apt to me.
Who that our bodies were comprest bewray'd?
Whence knows Corinna that with thee I play'd?
Yet blush'd I not, nor* us'd I any saying
That might be urg'd to witness our false playing.
What, if a man with bondwomen offend,
To prove him foolish did I e'er contend?
Achilles burn'd with face of captive Brisëis,
Great Agamemnon lov'd his servant Chrysëis.†
Greater than these myself I not esteem:
What gracèd kings, in me no shame I deem.
But when on thee her angry eyes did rush,
In both thy cheeks‡ she did perceive thee § blush.
But being present,‖ might that work the best,
By Venus' deity how did I protest!
Thou, goddess, dost command¶ a warm south blast,
My self oaths in Carpathian seas to cast.
For which good turn my sweet reward repay,
Let me lie with thee, brown Cypass, to-day.
Ungrate, why feign'st new fears, and dost refuse?
Well mayst thou one thing** for thy mistress use.
If thou deniest, fool, I'll our deeds express,
And, as a traitor, mine own fault confess;
Telling thy mistress, where I was with thee,
How oft, and by what means, we did agree.

ELEGIA IX.††

Ad Cupidinem.

O Cupid, that dost never cease my smart,
O boy, that liest so slothful in my heart!
Why me, that always was thy soldier found,
Dost harm, and in thy* tents why dost me wound?
Why burns thy brand, why strikes thy bow thy friends?
More glory by thy vanquish'd foes ascends.
Did not Pelides, whom his spear did grieve,
Being requir'd, with speedy help relieve?
Hunters leave taken beasts, pursue the chase,
And than things found do ever further pace.
We people wholly given thee, feel thine arms;
Thy dull hand stays† thy striving enemies' harms.
Dost joy to have thy hookèd arrows shaked
In naked bones? love hath my bones left naked.
So many men and maidens without love,‡
Hence with great laud thou mayst a triumph move.
Rome, if her strength the huge world had not fill'd,
With strawy cabins now her courts should build.
The weary soldier hath the conquer'd fields,
His sword laid by, safe, though rude places yields; §
The dock inharbours ships drawn from the floods;
Horse freed from service range abroad the woods:
And time it was for me to live in quiet,
That have so oft serv'd pretty wenches' diet.
Yet should I curse a god, if he but said,
"Live without love;" so sweet ill is a maid.
For when my loathing it of heat deprives me,
I know not whither my mind's whirlwind drives me.
Even as a headstrong courser bears away
His rider, vainly striving him to stay;
Or as a sudden gale thrusts into sea
The haven-touching‖ bark, now near the lea; ¶
So wavering Cupid brings me back amain,
And purple Love resumes his darts again.

---

* *Yet blush'd I not, nor*, &c.] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "*Non* tamen erubui, *nec*," &c.

† *his servant Chrysëis*] But "Serva Phœbas" means Cassandra.

‡ *In both thy cheeks*, &c.] Old eds. "*In both* my *cheekes*," &c.—The approved reading of the original line is "Vidi te totis erubuisse genis"; but our author's copy had either "*Sensit* te," &c. or "*Vidit* te," &c.

§ *thee*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "the."

‖ *But being present*, &c.] Here Marlowe has ludicrously mistaken the meaning of "præsentior ipse."

¶ *Thou, goddess, dost command*, &c.] But the original is "Tu dea, tu jubeas animi perjuria," &c.

** *Well mayst thou one thing*, &c.] Not intelligible.—"Unum est à dominis emeruisse [some eds. *promeruisse*] satis."

†† *Elegia* IX.] Not in ed. A.

* *thy*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "my."—I follow the earlier ed.: but, in the line of the original, "meis" is a preferable reading to "tuis."

† *stays*] i. e. forbears from.

‡ *without love*] i. e. *being* without love.

§ *His sword laid by, safe, though rude places yields*] The Editor of Marlowe's Works, 1826, printed . . . . "to *rude places yields*."—This is beyond my comprehension: but it is plain that here our translator utterly mistook the meaning of the original (which alludes to the gladiator, not to the soldier),—"Tutaque deposito [some eds. *sed posito*] poscitur ense rudis."

‖ *haven-touching*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "heauen *touching*."

¶ *now near the lea*] "prope jam prensa tellure."

Strike, boy; I offer thee my naked breast·
Here thou hast strength, here thy right hand doth rest;
Here of themselves thy shafts come. as if shot;
Better than I their quiver knows them not.
Hapless is he that all the night lies quiet,
And slumbering, thinks himself much blessèd by it.
Fool, what is sleep but image of cold death?
Long shalt thou rest when Fates expire thy breath.
But me let crafty damsel's words deceive;
Great joys by hope I inly shall conceive.
Now let her flatter me, now chide me hard;
Let me enjoy her * oft, oft be debarr'd.
Cupid, by thee, Mars in great doubt doth trample,
And thy step-father fights by thy example.
Light art thou, and more windy than thy wings;
Joys with uncertain faith thou tak'st and brings.
Yet, Love, if thou with thy fair mother hear,
Within my breast no desert empire bear;
Subdue the wandering wenches to thy reign;
So of both people shalt thou homage gain.

ELEGIA X.

Ad Græcinum, quod eodem tempore duas amet

Græcinus, (well I wot,) thou told'st me once,
I could not be in love with two at once.
By thee deceiv'd, by thee surpris'd am I,
For now I love two women equally.
Both are well-favour'd, both rich in array;
Which is the loveliest, it is hard to say: †
This seems the fairest, so doth that to me;
And‡ this doth please me most, and so doth she.
Even as a boat toss'd by contrary wind,
So with this love and that wavers my mind.
Venus, why doublest thou my endless smart?
Was not one wench enough to grieve my heart?
Why add'st thou stars to heaven, leaves to green woods,
And to the vast deep § sea fresh water-floods?
Yet this is better far than lie alone:
Let such as be mine enemies have none;

* *me enjoy her*, &c.] Old eds. "her *enjoy* me," &c.—"Sæpe fruar domina, sæpe repulsus eam."

† *Which is the loveliest, it is hard to say*] "Artibus, in dubio est, hæc sit an illa prior." Did our author read "*Artibus*," &c.?

‡ *And*] So eds. B, C.—Not in ed. A.

§ *vast deep*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "deep vast."

Yea, let my foes sleep in an empty bed,
And in the midst * their bodies largely spread.
But may soft love † rouse up my drowsy eyes,
And from my mistress' bosom let me rise.
Let one wench cloy me with sweet love's delight,
If one can do't; if not, two every night.
Though I am slender, I have store of pith;
Nor want I strength, but weight, to press her with.
Pleasure adds fuel to my lustful fire;
I pay them home with that they most desire.
Oft have I spent the night in wantonness,
And in the morn been lively ne'ertheless.
He's happy who‡ Love's mutual skirmish slays;§
And to the gods for that death Ovid prays.
Let soldiers chase their‖ enemies amain,
And with their blood eternal honour gain;
Let merchants seek ¶ wealth with perjurèd lips,
And, being wreck'd, carouse the sea tir'd by their ships:
But when I die, would I might droop with doing,
And, in the midst thereof, set ** my soul going;
That at my funerals some may weeping cry,
"Even as he led his life, so did he die."

ELEGIA XI.††

Ad amicam navigantem.

The lofty pine, from high mount Pelion raught,
Ill ways by rough seas wondering waves first taught;
Which rashly, 'twixt the sharp rocks in the deep,
Carried the famous golden-fleecèd sheep.
O, would that no oars might in seas have sunk!
The Argo‡‡ wreck'd had deadly waters drunk.

* *midst*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "mids."

† *soft love*] Marlowe seems to have read "*suavis* amor."

‡ *who*] i. e. whom.

§ *slays*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "layes."

‖ *soldiers . . . their*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "souldiour . . . his"; and in the next line "his *blood*."

¶ *Let merchants seek*, &c.] A very clumsy translation of—

"Quærat avarus opes; et quæ lassarit arando
Æquora, perjuro naufragus ore bibat."

J. M., in the *Gent. Mag.* for January, 1841, pronounced this distich of Marlowe to be wanting both in metre and sense: but as to the metre, the second line was perhaps intended for an Alexandrine; and as to the sense, it becomes plain enough when we turn to the original.

** *midst . . . set*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "mids. . . .let."

†† *Elegia* XI.] Not in ed. A.

‡‡ *Argo*] Old eds. "Argos."

Lo, country gods and known * bed to forsake
Corinna means, and dangerous ways to take!
For thee the east and west winds make me pale,
With icy Boreas and the southern gale.
Thou shalt admire no woods or cities there;
The unjust seas all blueish do appear.
The ocean hath no painted stones or shells;
The sucking shore† with their abundance swells.
Maids, on the shore, with marble-white feet, tread:
So far 'tis safe; but to go farther, dread.
Let others tell how winds fierce battles wage,
How Scylla's and Charybdis' waters rage;
And with what rock[s] the fear'd Ceraunia threat,
In what gulf‡ either Syrtes have their seat.
Let others tell this; and what each one speaks
Believe; no tempest the believer wreaks.§
Too late you look back, when, with anchors weigh'd,
The crookèd bark hath her swift sails display'd.
The careful shipman now fears angry gusts,
And with the waters sees death near him thrusts.
But if that‖ Triton toss the troubled flood,
In all thy face will be no crimson blood.
Then wilt thou Leda's noble twin-stars pray,
And, he is happy whom the earth holds, say.
It is more safe to sleep, to read a book,
The Thracian harp with cunning to have strook.
But, if my words with wingèd storms hence slip,
Yet, Galatea, favour thou her ship!
The loss of such a wench much blame will gather,
Both to the sea-nymphs and the sea-nymphs' father.
Go, minding to return with prosperous wind,
Whose blast may hither strongly be inclin'd.
Let Nereus bend the waves unto this shore,
Hither the winds blow, here the spring-tide roar.
Request mild Zephyr's help for thy avail,
And with thy hand assist the¶ swelling sail.
I from the shore thy known ship first will see,
And say, it brings her that preserveth me.
I'll clip** and kiss thee with all contentation;
For thy return shall fall the vow'd oblation;
And in the form of beds we'll strew soft sand,
Each little hill shall for a table stand.
There, wine being fill'd, thou many things shalt tell,
How, almost wreck'd, thy ship in main seas fell;
And hasting to me, neither darksome night
Nor violent south-winds did thee aught affright.
I'll think all true, though it be feignèd matter:
Mine own desires why should myself not flatter?
Let the bright day-star cause in heaven this day be,
To bring that happy time so soon as may be.

* *known*] Old eds. "know"

† *The sucking shore*] "bibuli litoris."

‡ *In what gulf*, &c.] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Syrtes *magna minorque* sinu."

§ *wreaks*] i. e. wrecks (for the rhyme).

‖ *But if that*, &c.] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Quod* si concussas," &c.

¶ *the*] Old eds. "thy."

** *clip*] i. e. embrace.

ELEGIA XII.*

Exultat, quod amica potitus sit.

About my temples go, triumphant bays!
Conquer'd Corinna in my bosom† lays;
She whom her husband, guard, and gate, as foes,
Lest art should win her, firmly did enclose.
That victory doth chiefly triumph merit,
Which without bloodshed doth the prey inherit.
No little ditchèd towns, no lowly walls,
But to my share a captive damsel falls.
When Troy by ten years' battle tumbled down,
With the Atrides‡ many gain'd renown:
But I no partner of my glory brook,
Nor can another say his help I took;
I, guide and soldier, won the field and wear her;
I was both horseman, footman, standard-bearer.
Nor in my act hath fortune mingled chance:
O care-got triumph,§ hitherwards advance!
Nor is my war's cause new; but for a queen,
Europe and Asia in firm peace had been;
The Lapiths and the Centaurs, for a woman,
To cruel arms their drunken selves did summon;
A woman forc'd the Trojans new to enter
Wars, just Latinus, in thy kingdom's centre;
A woman against late-built Rome did send
The Sabine fathers, who sharp wars intend.
I saw how bulls for a white heifer strive;
She looking on them did more courage give:
And me with many, but me without murther,‖
Cupid commands to move his ensigns further.

* *Elegia* XII.] Not in ed. A.

† *bosom*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "bosomes."

‡ *the Atrides*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "in *Atridis*."

§ *O care-got triumph*, &c.] "Hue ades, ô curâ parte triumphe meâ."

‖ *but me without murther*] Ed. B "*but* yet *me without murther*."—Ed. C "*but* yet *without murther*."—The original is "sed me sine cæde."

ELEGIA XIII.*

Ad Isidem, ut parientem Corinnam juvet.

WHILE rashly her womb's burden she casts out,
Weary Corinna hath her life in doubt.
She secretly with me † such harm attempted,
Angry I was, but fear my wrath exempted.
But she conceiv'd of me; or I am sure
I oft have done what might as much procure.
Thou ‡ that frequent'st Canopus' pleasant fields,
Memphis, and Pharos that sweet date-trees yields,
And where swift Nile, in his large channel slipping,
By seven huge mouths into the sea is skipping; §
By fear'd Anubis' visage, I thee pray,—
So in thy temples shall Osiris stay,
And the dull snake about thy offerings creep,
And in thy pomp horn'd Apis with thee keep,—
Turn thy looks hither, and in one spare twain:
Thou giv'st my mistress life, she mine again.
She oft hath serv'd thee upon certain days,
Where the French rout engirt themselves with bays. ‖
On labouring women thou dost ¶ pity take,
Whose bodies with their heavy burdens ache,—
My wench, Lucina, I entreat thee favour;
Worthy she is, thou shouldst in mercy save her.
In white, with incense I'll thine altars greet;
Myself will bring vow'd gifts before thy feet,
Subscribing *Naso with Corinna sav'd:*
Do but deserve gifts with this title grav'd.
But, if in so great fear I may advise thee,
To have this skirmish fought, let it suffice thee.

ELEGIA XIV.**

In amicam, quod abortivum ipsa fecerit.

WHAT helps it women †† to be free ‡‡ from war,
Nor, being arm'd, fierce troops to follow far,
If, without battle, self-wrought wounds annoy them,
And their own privy-weapon'd hands destroy them?
Who unborn infants first to slay invented,
Deserv'd thereby with death to be tormented.
Because thy belly should rough wrinkles lack,
Wilt thou thy womb-enclosèd offspring wrack?
Had ancient mothers this vile custom cherish'd,
All human kind by their default * had perish'd;
Or stones,† our stock's original, should be hurl'd,
Again, by some, in this unpeopled world.
Who should have Priam's wealthy substance won,
If watery Thetis had her child fordone?
In swelling womb her twins had Ilia kill'd,
He had not been that conquering Rome did ‡ build.
Had Venus spoil'd her belly's Trojan fruit,
The earth of Cæsars had been destitute.
Thou also, that wert born fair, hadst decay'd,
If such a work thy mother had assay'd.
Myself, that better die with loving may,
Had seen, my mother killing me, no day. §
Why tak'st increasing grapes from vine-trees full?
With cruel hand why dost green apples pull?
Fruits ripe will fall: let springing things increase:
Life is no light price of a small surcease. ‖
Why with hid irons are your bowels torn?
And why dire poison give you babes unborn?
At ¶ Colchis,** stain'd with children's blood, men rail,
And, mother-murder'd Itys, thee †† bewail:
Both unkind parents; but, for causes sad,
Their wedlocks' pledges veng'd their husbands bad.
What Tereus, what Iäson you provokes
To plague your bodies with such harmful strokes?
Armenian tigers never did so ill,
Nor dares the lioness her young whelps kill.
But tender damsels do it, though with pain;
Oft dies she that her paunch-wrapt child hath slain:

---

* *Elegia* XIII.] Not in ed. A.

† *secretly with me*] Our author has mistaken the meaning of "clam me."

‡ *Thou*] i. e. Isis.

§ *skipping*] Old eds. "slipping."

‖ *Where the French rout engirt themselves with bays*] "Qua cingit lauros Gallica turma [*some eds.* turba] tuos." Here Marlowe has confounded *Galli*, the priests of Isis (properly those of Cybele), with *Galli*, Gauls, Frenchmen!

¶ *thou dost*] i. e. thou *that* dost.

** *Elegia* XIV.] Not in ed. A.

†† *women*] Old eds. "woman."

‡‡ *free*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "freed."

* *default*] "vitio."

† *Or stones*, &c.] Old eds. "On *stones*," &c.

‡ *did*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "bid."

§ *no day*] Old eds. "to *day*."—"Vidissem nullos, matre necante, dies."

‖ *Life is no light price of a small surcease*] "Est pretium parvæ non leve vita moræ."

¶ *At*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "And."

** *Colchis*] i. e. Medea.

†† *thee*] As the line is now pointed, there is no objection to this reading; but the original leads me to suspect that Marlowe wrote "they."

She dies, and with loose hairs to grave is sent,
And whoe'er see her, worthily lament.*
But in the air let these words come to nought,
And my presages of no weight be thought.
Forgive her, gracious gods, this one delict,
And on the next fault punishment inflict!

ELEGIA XV.†

Ad annulum, quem dono amicæ dedit.

Thou ring, that shalt my fair girl's finger bind,
Wherein is seen the giver's loving mind,
Be welcome to her; gladly let her take thee,
And, her small joints encircling, round hoop make thee;
Fit her so well as sho is fit for me,
And of just compass for her knuckles be.
Blest ring, thou in my mistress' hand shall lie!
Myself, poor wretch, mine own gifts now envỳ.
O, would that suddenly into my gift
I could myself by secret magic shift!
Then would I wish thee touch my mistress' pap,
And hide thy left hand underneath her lap.
I would get off, though strait and sticking fast,
And in her bosom strangely fall at last.
Then I, that I may seal her privy leaves,
Lest to the wax the hold-fast dry gem cleaves,
Would first my beauteous wench's moist lips touch;
Only I'll sign naught that may grieve me much.
I would not out, might I in one place hit,
But in less compass her small fingers knit.
My life, that I will shame thee never fear,
Or be ‡ a load thou shouldst refuse to bear.
Wear me, when warmest showers thy § members wash,
And through the gem let thy lost waters pash.
But, seeing thee, I think my thing will swell,
And even the ring perform a man's part well.
Vain things why wish I? go, small gift, from hand;
Let her my faith, with thee given, understand.

---

* *And whoe'er see her, worthily lament*] Vilely rendered. "Et clamant, Merito, qui modo cumque vident."

† *Elegia* XV.] Not in ed. A.

‡ *be*] Old eds. "by."

§ *thy*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "my."

ELEGIA XVI.*

Ad amicam, ut ad rura sua veniat.

Sulmo, Peligny's third part, me contains,
A small, but wholesome soil with watery veins.
Although the sun to rive the earth incline,
And the Icarian froward dog-star shine,
Pelignian fields with † liquid rivers flow,
And on the soft ground fertile green grass grow;
With corn the earth abounds, with vines much more,
And some few pastures Pallas' olives bore;
And by the rising herbs, where clear springs slide,
A grassy turf the moisten'd earth doth hide.
But absent is my fire: lies I'll tell none;
My heat is here, what moves my heat is gone.
Pollux and Castor might I stand betwixt,
In heaven, without thee, would I not be fixt.
Upon the cold earth pensive let them lay,
That mean to travel some long irksome way;
Or else will ‡ maidens young men's mates to go,
If they determine to persèver so.
Then on the rough Alps should I tread aloft,
My hard way with my mistress would seem soft.
With her I durst the Libyan Syrts break through,
And raging seas in boisterous south-winds plough.
No barking dogs, that Scylla's entrails bear,
Nor thy gulfs, crook'd Malea,§ would I fear;
No flowing waves with drownèd ships forth-pour'd
By cloy'd Charybdis, and again devour'd.
But if stern Neptune's ‖ windy power prevail,
And water's force force helping gods to fail,
With thy white arms upon my shoulders seize:
So sweet a burden I will bear with ease.
The youth, oft swimming to his Hero kind,
Had then swum over, but the way was blind.
But without thee, although vine-planted ground
Contains me, though the streams the fields ¶ surround,
Though hinds in brooks the running waters bring,
And cool gales shake the tall trees' leafy spring,
Healthful Peligny I esteem naught worth,
Nor do I like the country of my birth;

---

* *Elegia*] XVI.] Not in ed. A.

† *with*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "which."

‡ *will*] i. e. bid.

§ *crook'd Malea*] Here, as the original has "Malēa," I have printed "crook'd": but, the penultima of the name being common, perhaps Marlowe meant us to read the words thus,—"crookèd Malēa."

‖ *But if stern Neptune's*, &c.] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Quod si *Neptuni*," &c.

¶ *the fields*] Ed. B "in *fields*."—Ed. C "in field."

Scythia, Cilicia, Britain are as good,
And rocks dy'd crimson with Prometheus' blood.
Elms love the vines; the vines with elms abide;
Why doth my mistress from me oft divide?
Thou swear'd'st,* division should not 'twixt us rise,
By me, and by my stars, thy radiant eyes;
Maids' words, more vain and light than falling leaves,
Which, as it seems,† hence wind and sea bereaves.
If any godly care of me thou hast,
Add deeds unto thy promises at last;
And, with ‡ swift nags drawing thy little coach,
Their reins let loose, right soon my house approach.
But when § she comes, you || swelling mounts, sink down,
And falling valleys be the smooth ways' crown! ¶

ELEGIA XVII.**

Quod Corinnæ soli sit serviturus.

To serve a wench if any think it shame,
He being judge, I am convinc'd †† of blame:
Let me be slander'd, while my fire she hides,
That Paphos and flood-beat ‡‡ Cythera guides.
Would I had been my mistress' gentle prey,§§
Since some fair one I should of force obey!
Beauty gives heart: Corinna's looks excel;
Ay me, why is it known to her so well?
But by her glass disdainful pride she learns,
Nor she herself, but first trimm'd up, discerns.
Not though thy face in all things make thee reign
(O face, most cunning mine eyes to detain!),
Thou ought'st therefore to scorn me for thy mate:
Small things with greater may be copulate.

* *swear'd'st*] Old eds. "swearest."

† *Which, as it seems*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Irrita*que, ut* visum est."

‡ *with*] So ed. B.—Not in ed. C.

§ *when*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*cum* veniet."

|| *you*] Old eds. "your."

¶ *And falling valleys be the smooth ways' crown*] Very far from plain. "Et faciles curvis vallibus este viæ."

** *Elegia* XVII.] Not in ed. A.

†† *I am convinc'd*] Marlowe must have read "convinc*or*."

‡‡ *and flood-beat*] Old eds. "*and* the *floud-beate*."

§§ *gentle prey*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*mitis* quoque præda."

Love-snar'd Calypso is suppos'd to pray
A mortal nymph's * refusing lord to stay.
Who doubts, with Peleus Thetis did consort?
Egeria with just Numa had good sport;
Venus with Vulcan, though, smith's tools laid by,
With his stump foot he halts ill-favouredly.
This kind of verse is not alike; yet fit
With shorter numbers the heroic sit.
And thou, my light, accept me howsoever;
Lay in the mid bed, there be my lawgiver.
My stay no crime, my flight no joy shall breed,
Nor of our love to be asham'd we need.
For great revenues I † good verses have,
And many by me to get glory crave.
I know a wench reports herself Coriune:
What would not she give that fair name to win?
But sundry floods in one bank never go,
Eurotas cold, and poplar-bearing Po;
Nor in my books shall one but thou be writ;
Thou dost alone give matter to my wit.

ELEGIA XVIII.‡

Ad Macrum, quod de amoribus scribat.

To tragic verse while thou Achilles train'st,
And new-sworn soldiers' maiden arms retain'st,
We, Macer, sit in Venus' slothful shade,§
And tender love hath great things hateful made.
Often at length, my wench depart I bid:
She in my lap sits still as erst she did.
I said, "It irks me": half to weeping fram'd,
"Ay me!" she cries, "to love why || art asham'd"?
Then wreathes about my neck her winding arms,
And thousand kisses gives, that work my harms.
I yield, and back my wit from battles bring,
Domestic acts and mine own wars to sing.
Yet tragedies and sceptres fill'd my lines;
But, though I apt were for such high designs,
Love laughèd at my cloak and buskins painted,
And rule so soon ¶ with private hands acquainted.
My mistress' deity also drew me fro ** it,
And Love triumpheth o'er his buskin'd poet.

* *A mortal nymph's*, &c.] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*nymphæ* mortalis amore."

† *For great revenues I*, &c.] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Sunt mihi* pro magno," &c.

‡ *Elegia* XVIII.] Not in ed. A.

§ *slothful shade*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "ignava."

|| *why*] His copy had "*cur* te, dixit," &c.

¶ *so soon*] His copy had "tam *cito*."

** *fro*] i. e. from.

What lawful is, or we profess love's art,
(Alas, my precepts turn myself to smart!)
We write, or what Penelope sends Ulysses,
Or Phillis' tears that her Demophoon misses;
What thankless Jason, Macareus, and Paris,
Phædra, and Hippolyte may read, my care is;
And what poor Dido, with her drawn sword sharp,
Doth say,* with her that lov'd th' Aonian† harp.
As soon as‡ from strange lands Sabinus came,
And writings did from divers places frame,
White-check'd Penelope knew Ulysses' sign,
The step-dame read Hippolytus' lustless line;
Æneas to Elisa§ answer gives,
And Phillis hath to read, if now she lives;
Jason's sad letter doth Hypsipyle greet;
Sappho her vow'd harp lays‖ at Phœbus' feet.
Nor of thee, Macer, that resound'st forth arms,
Is golden Love hid in Mars' mid alarms.
There Paris is, and Helen's crime's record,
With Laodamia, mate to her dead lord.
Unless I err, to these thou more incline
Than wars, and from thy tents wilt¶ come to mine.

ELEGIA XIX.**

Ad rivalem, cui uxor curæ non erat.

Fool, if to keep thy wife thou hast no need,
Keep her for me, my more desire to breed.
We scorn things lawful; stoln sweets we affect;
Cruel is he that loves whom none protect.
Let us, both lovers, hope and fear alike;
And may repulse place for our wishes strike.
What should I do with fortune that ne'er fails me?
Nothing I love that at all times avails me.
Wily Corinna saw this blemish in me,
And craftily knows†† by what means to win me.
Ah, often, that her hale* head ach'd, she lying,
Will'd me, whose slow feet sought delay, be† flying!
Ah, oft, how much she might,‡ she feign'd offence,
And, doing wrong, made show of innocence!
So, having vex'd, she nourish'd my warm fire,
And was again most apt to my desire.
To please me, what fair terms and sweet words has she!
Great gods, what kisses and how many ga' she!§
Thou also, that late took'st mine eyes away,
Oft cozen me,‖ oft, being woo'd, say nay;
And on thy threshold let me lie dispread,
Suffering much cold by hoary night's frost bred.
So shall my love continue many years;
This doth delight me, this my courage cheers.
Fat love, and too much fulsome,¶ me annoys,
Even as sweet meat a glutted stomach cloys.
In brazen tower had not Danäe dwelt,
A mother's joy by Jove she had not felt.
While Juno Iö keeps, when horns she wore,
Jove lik'd her better** than he did before.
Who covets lawful things, takes leaves from woods,
And drinks stoln waters in surrounding floods.
Her lover let her mock, that long will reign:
Ay me, let not my warnings cause my pain!
Whatever haps,†† by sufferance harm is done:
What flies I follow, what follows me I shun.
But thou, of thy fair damsel too secure,
Begin to shut thy house, at evening, sure.
Search at the door who knocks oft in the dark,
In night's deep silence why the ban-dogs bark;
Whither‡‡ the subtle maid lines brings and carries;
Why she alone in empty bed oft tarries.

---

* *Doth say*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Dictat."

† *Aonian*] His copy had "*Aoniæ*," instead of the right reading "Æoliæ."

‡ *As soon as*, &c.] Far from the meaning of "Quam celer e [*some eds.* cito de] toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus," &c.

§ *Elisa*] See note ‖, p. 266.

‖ *lays*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Dat* votam," &c.

¶ *wilt*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "will."

** *Elegia* XIX.] Not in ed. A.

†† *knows*] Qy. "knew"?—"norat."

* *hale*] Spelt in old eds. "haole."—Here we have a most awkward version of,—

"Ah, quoties sani capitis mentita dolores,
Cunctantem tardo jussit abire pede!"

† *be*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "by."

‡ *how much she might*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "quantumque *licebat*."

§ *ga' she*] Old eds. "gaue *she*."

‖ *Oft cozen me*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Sæpe *face* insidias."

¶ *Fat love, and too much fulsome*] "Pinguis amor, nimiumque patens" [our poet's copy most probably having *potens*].

** *While Juno Iö keeps* / *Jove lik'd her better* } Rendered according to the tenses in the original.

†† *Whatever haps*, &c,] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Quodlibet* eveniat, nocet indulgentia nobis."

‡‡ *Whither*] Old eds. "Whether."—"Quo."

Let this care sometimes bite thee to the quick,
That to deceits it may me forward prick.
To steal sands from the shore he loves a-life,*
That can affect† a foolish wittol's wife.
Now I forewarn, unless to keep her stronger
Thou dost begin, she shall be mine no longer.
Long have I borne much, hoping time would beat thee
To guard her well, that well I might entreat thee.‡
Thou suffer'st what no husband can endure;
But of my love it will an end procure.
Shall I, poor soul, be never interdicted?
Nor never with night's sharp revenge afflicted?
In sleeping shall I fearless draw my breath?
Wilt nothing do, why I should wish thy death?
Can I but loathe a husband grown a bawd?
By thy default thou dost our joys defraud.
Some other seek* that may in patience strive with thee,
To pleasure† me, forbid me to corrive‡ with thee.

P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM

LIBER TERTIUS.

ELEGIA I.§

Deliberatio poetæ, utrum elegos pergat scribere an potius tragœdias.

An old wood stands, uncut of long years' space:
'Tis credible some god-head|| haunts the place;
In midst thereof a stone-pav'd sacred spring,
Where round about small birds most sweetly sing.
Here while I walk, hid close in shady grove,
To find what work my Muse might move, I strove.¶
Elegia came with hairs perfumèd sweet,
And one, I think, was longer, of her feet:
A decent form, thin robe, a lover's look;**
By her foot's blemish greater grace she†† took.
Then with huge steps came violent Tragedy:
Stern was her front, her cloak on ground did lie;‡‡
Her left hand held abroad a regal sceptre;
The Lydian buskin in fit paces§§ kept her.
And first she§ said, "When will thy love be spent,
O poet careless of thy argument?
Wine-bibbing banquets tell thy naughtiness,
Each cross-way's corner doth as much express.
Oft some points at the prophet passing by,
And 'This is he whom fierce love burns,' they cry.
A laughing-stock thou art to all the city,
While without shame thou sing'st thy lewdness ditty.
'Tis time to move grave things in lofty style;
Long hast thou loiter'd; greater works compile.
The subject hides thy wit:|| men's acts resound;
This thou wilt say to be a worthy ground.
Thy Muse hath play'd what may mild girls content,
And by those numbers is thy first youth spent.
Now give the Roman Tragedy a name;
To fill my laws thy wanton spirit frame."
This said, she mov'd her buskins gaily varnish'd,
And seven times¶ shook her head with thick locks garnish'd.
The other smil'd, (I wot) with wanton eyes:
Err I, or myrtle in her right hand lies?
"With lofty words, stout Tragedy," she said,
Why tread'st me down? art thou aye gravely play'd?

* *a-life*] i. e. as his life, excessively.
† *affect*] Old eds. "effect."—"amare."
‡ *that well I might entreat thee*] Was supposed by our poet to convey the meaning of "ut bene verba darem."
§ *Elegia* I.] Not in ed. A.
|| *god-head*] Old eds. "good *head*."
¶ *while I walk . . .* } "dum spatior . . . quærebam."
. . . . . *I strove* }
** *a lover's look*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*vultus* amantis."
†† *she*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "we."
‡‡ *her cloak on ground did lie*] Old eds. "*her* looke *on ground did lie*,"—an obvious error.—"palla jacebat humi."
§§ *buskin in fit paces*] Old eds. "*buskin fit* places." Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Lydius *apta* pedum," &c.

* *seek*] Our poet's copy of Ovid had "quæras" (without an interrogation-point at the end of the line).
† *pleasure*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "please."
‡ *to corrive*] "rivalem . . . esse."
§ *she*] Old eds. "he."
|| *The subject hides thy wit*] "Materiâ premis ingenium."
¶ *times*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "time."

Thou deign'st unequal lines should thee rehearse;
Thou fight'st against me, using mine own verse.
Thy lofty style with mine I not compare:
Small doors unfitting for large houses* are.
Light am I, and with me, my care, light Love;
Not stronger am I than the thing I move.
Venus without me should be rustical;
This goddess' company doth to me befal.
What gate thy stately words cannot unlock,
My flattering speeches soon wide-open knock.
And I deserve more than thou canst in verity,
By suffering much not borne by thy severity.
By me Corinna learns, cozening her guard,
To get the door with little noise unbarr'd;
And slipp'd from bed, cloth'd in a loose night-gown,
To move her feet unheard in setting† down.
Ah, how oft‡ on hard doors hung I engrav'd,
From no man's reading fearing to be sav'd!
But, till the keeper§ went forth, I forget not,‖
The maid to hide me in her bosom let not.¶
What gift with me was on her birth-day sent,
But cruelly by her was drown'd and rent?
First of thy mind the happy seeds I knew;**
Thou hast†† my gift, which she would from thee sue."
She left.‡‡ I said, "You both I must beseech,
To empty air§§ may go my fearful speech.
With sceptres and high buskins th' one would dress me;
So through the world ‖‖ should bright renown express me.
The other gives my love a conquering name;
Come, therefore, and to long verse shorter frame.
Grant, Tragedy, thy poet time's least tittle:¶¶
Thy labour ever lasts; she asks but little."

She gave me leave. Soft loves, in time make hast;*
Some greater work will urge me on at last.

ELEGIA II.†

Ad amicam cursum equorum spectantem.

I SIT not here the noble horse to see;
Yet, whom thou favour'st, pray may conqueror be.
To sit and talk with thee I hither came,
That thou mayst know with love thou mak'st me flame.
Thou view'st the course; I thee: let either heed
What please them, and their eyes let either feed.
What horse-driver thou favour'st most, is best,
Because on him thy care doth hap to rest.
Such chance let me have: I would bravely run,
On swift steeds mounted, till the race were done:
Now would I slack the reins, now lash their hide,
With wheels bent inward now the ring-turn ride.
In running if I see thee, I shall stay,
And from my hands the reins will slip away.
Ah, Pelops from his coach‡ was almost fell'd,
Hippodamia's looks while he beheld!
Yet he attain'd, by her support, to have her:
Let us all conquer by our mistress' favour.
In vain why fli'st back? force conjoins us now:
The place's laws this benefit allow.
But spare my wench, thou at her right hand seated;
By thy side's touching, ill she is entreated.§
And sit thou rounder,‖ that behind us see;
For shame, press not her back with thy hard knee.
But on the ground thy clothes too loosely lie:
Gather them up, or lift them, lo, will I!
Envious garments, so good legs to hide!
The more thou look'st, the more the gown envi'd.¶
Swift Atalanta's flying legs, like these,
Wish in his hands grasp'd did Hippomenes.
Coat-tuck'd Diana's legs are painted like them,
When strong wild beasts, she, stronger, hunts to strike them.

---

* *large houses*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "regia *vasta*."

† *setting*] Old eds. "sitting."

‡ *Ah, how oft*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Ah*, quotics."

§ *keeper*] Ed. B "keepes."—Ed. C "keepers."—"custos."

‖ *I forget not*] "memini."

¶ *let not*] i. e. forbore not.

** *I knew*] Marlowe must have read "Prima tuæ *novi*," &c.

†† *Thou hast*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Munus *habes*," &c.

‡‡ *She left*] i. e. She ceased.—Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Desierat*" (instead of "Desierant").

§§ *To empty air*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "In vacuas *auras*."

‖‖ *So through the world*, &c.] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "magnus in *orbe*."

¶¶ *tittle*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "title."

* *hast*] i. e. haste,—for the rhyme.

† *Elegia* II.] Not in Ed. A.

‡ *his coach*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "concidit *axe*."

§ *ill she is entreated*] "læditur."

‖ *sit thou rounder*] "tua contrahe crura."

¶ *The more thou look'st*, &c.] Wrongly translated. "Quoque magis spectes, invida vestis éras."

Ere these were seen, I burnt: what will these do?
Flames into flame, floods thou pour'st seas into.
By these I judge, delight me may the rest,
Which lie hid, under her thin veil supprest.
Yet in the mean time wilt small winds bestow,
That from thy fan, mov'd by my hand, may blow?
Or is my heat of mind, not of the sky?
Is't women's love my captive breast doth fry?
While thus I speak, black dust her white robes ray:*
Foul dust, from her fair body go away!
Now comes the pomp; themselves let all men cheer:†
The shout is nigh; the golden pomp comes here.
First, Victory is brought with large-spread wing:
Goddess, come here; make my love conquering.
Applaud you Neptune, that dare trust his wave:
The sea I use not; me my earth must have.
Soldier, applaud thy Mars: no wars we move;
Peace pleaseth me, and in mid peace is love.
With augurs Phœbus, Phœbe with hunters stands;
To thee, Minerva, turn the craftsmen's hands.
Ceres and Bacchus countrymen adore;
Champions please‡ Pollux, Castor loves horsemen more.
Thee, gentle Venus, and the boy that flies,
We praise: great goddess, aid my enterprize;
Let my new mistress grant to be belov'd!
She beck'd, and prosperous signs gave as she mov'd.
What Venus promis'd, promise thou we pray:
Greater than her, by her leave, thou'rt, I'll say.
The gods and their rich pomp witness with me,
For evermore thou shalt my mistress be!
Thy legs hang down: thou mayst, if that be best,
A§ while thy tiptoes on the foot-stool‖ rest.
Now greatest spectacles the Prætor sends,
Four-chariot horses from the lists' even ends.
I see whom thou affect'st: he shall subdue;
The horses seem as thy¶ desire they knew.
Alas, he runs too far about the ring!
What dost? thy waggon** in less compass bring.

What dost, unhappy? her good wishes fade:
Let with strong hand the rein to bend be made.
One slow we favour: Romans, him revoke;
And each give signs by casting up his cloak.
They call him back: lest their gowns toss thy hair,
To hide thee in my bosom straight repair.
But now again the barriers open lie,
And forth the gay troops on swift horses fly.
At least now conquer, and out-run the rest:
My mistress' wish confirm with my request.
My mistress hath her wish; my wish remain:*
He holds the palm; my palm is yet to gain.
She smil'd, and with quick eyes behight† some grace:
Pay it not here, but in another place.

ELEGIA III.‡

De amica quæ perjuraverat.

WHAT, are there gods? herself she hath forswore,
And yet remains the face she had before.
How long her locks were ere her oath she took,
So long they be since she her faith forsook.
Fair white with rose-red was before commixt;
Now shine her looks pure white and red betwixt.
Her foot was small; her foot's form is most fit:
Comely tall was she; comely tall she's yet.
Sharp eyes she had; radiant like stars they be,
By which she perjur'd oft hath lied to§ me.
In sooth, th' eternal‖ powers grant maids' society
Falsely to swear; their beauty hath some deity.
By her eyes, I remember, late she swore,
And by mine eyes; and mine were paineèd sore.
Say, gods, if she unpunish'd you deceive,
For other's¶ faults why do I loss receive?
But did you not** so envy Cepheus' daughter,
For her ill-beauteous mother judg'd to slaughter.
'Tis not enough, she shakes your record off,
And, unreveng'd, mock'd gods with me doth scoff;

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* *ray*] i. e. defile.

† *themselves let all men cheer*] Our translator did not understand "linguis animisque favete."

‡ *please*] Ed. B "pleace."—Ed. C "place."

§ *A*] Old eds. "Or."

‖ *foot-stool*] But the original has "Cancellis."

¶ *thy*] Old eds. "they."

** *thy waggon*, &c.] Our author's copy of Ovid had "axe *subi*."

* *my wish remain*] Here "*wish*" is used for *wishes*.—"mea vota supersunt."

† *behight*] "promisit."

‡ *Elegia* III.] Not in ed. A.

§ *to*] Old eds. "by."

‖ *In sooth, th' eternal*, &c.] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Scilicet *æterni*, &c."

¶ *other's*] "Alterius."

** *But did you not*, &c.] i. e. But you did not, &c. This is wrongly rendered. "At non invidiæ vobis Cephëia virgo est" means (the poet speaking ironically)—But forsooth the daughter of Cepheus does not bring odium upon you.

But by my pain to purge her perjuries,
Cozen'd, I am the cozener's sacrifice.
God is a name, no substance, fear'd in vain,
And doth the world in fond belief detain;
Or if there be a god, he loves fine wenches,
And all things too much in their sole power drenches.
Mars girts his deadly sword on for my harm;
Pallas' lance strikes me with unconquer'd arm;
At me Apollo bends his pliant bow;
At me Jove's right hand lightning hath to throw.
The wrongèd gods dread fair ones to offend,
And fear those, that to fear them least intend.
Who now will care the altars to perfume?
Tut, men should not their courage so consume.
Jove throws down woods and castles with his fire,
But bids his darts from perjur'd girls retire.
Poor Semele, among so many, burn'd;
Her own request to her own torment turn'd:*
But when her lover came, had she drawn back,
The father's thigh should unborn Bacchus lack.
Why grieve I, and of heaven reproaches pen?
The gods have eyes and breasts as well as men.
Were I a god, I should give women leave,
With lying lips my godhead to deceive;
Myself would swear the wenches true did swear,
And I would be none of the gods severe.
But yet their gift more moderately use,
Or in mine eyes, good wench, no pain transfuse.

ELEGIA IV.†

Ad virum servantem conjugem.

Rude man, 'tis vain thy damsel to commend
To keeper's trust: their wits should them defend.
Who, without fear, is chaste, is chaste in sooth:
Who, because means want, doeth not, she doth.
Though thou her body guard, her mind is stain'd;
Nor, 'less she will,‡ can any be restrain'd.
Nor canst by watching keep her mind from sin;
All being shut out, th' adulterer is within.
Who may offend, sins least; power to do ill,
The fainting seeds of naughtiness doth kill.
Forbear to kindle vice by prohibition;
Sooner shall kindness gain thy will's fruition.
I saw a horse against the bit stiff-neck'd,
Like lightning go, his struggling mouth being check'd
When he perceiv'd the reins let slack, he stay'd,
And on his loose mane the loose bridle lay'd.
How to attain what is denied we think,
Even as the sick desire forbidden drink.
Argus had either way an hundred eyes,
Yet by deceit Love did them all surprise.
In stone and iron walls Danäe shut,
Came forth a mother, though a maid there put.
Penelope, though no watch look'd unto her,
Was not defil'd by any gallant wooer.
What's kept, we covet more; the care makes theft:
Few love what others have unguarded left.
Nor doth her face please, but her husband's love:
I know not what men think should thee so move.*
She is not chaste that's kept, but a dear whore;†
Thy fear is than her body valu'd more.
Although thou chafe, stoln pleasure is sweet play:
She pleaseth best, "I fear," if any say.
A free-born wench no right 'tis up to lock;
So use we women of strange nations' stock.
Because the keeper may come say, "I did it,"
She must be honest to thy servant's credit.
He is too clownish, whom a lewd wife grieves,
And this town's well-known customs not believes;
Where Mars his sons not without fault did breed,
Remus and Romulus, Ilia's twin-born seed.
Cannot a fair one, if not chaste, please thee?
Never can these by any means agree.
Kindly thy mistress use, if thou be wise;
Look gently, and rough husbands' laws despise.
Honour what friends thy wife gives,—she'll give many;
Least labour so shall win great grace of any.
So shalt thou go with youths to feasts together,
And see at home much that thou ne'er brought'st thither.‡

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* *Her own request to her own torment turn'd*] A wrong version of "Officio est illi pœna reperta suo."

† *Elegia* IV.] Not in ed. A.

‡ *'less she will*] i. e. unless, &c.—Old eds. "least *she will*."—Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "ni velit, *ulla*," &c.

* *I know not what men think should thee so move*] One would hardly imagine that the original has "Nescio quid, quod te ceperit, esse putant."

† *She is not chaste that's kept, but a dear whore*] Perhaps faulty pointing in Marlowe's copy of Ovid occasioned this erroneous version of "Non proba sit, quam vir servat, sed adultera; cara est."

‡ *thou ne'er brought'st thither*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "quo non *tuleris*."

ELEGIA VI.*

Ad amnem, dum iter faceret ad amicam.

FLOOD with reed-grown† slime-banks, till I be past,
Thy waters stay; I to my mistress hast.‡
Thou hast no bridge, nor boat with ropes to throw,
That may transport me, without oars to row.
Thee I have pass'd, and knew thy stream none such,
When thy wave's brim did scarce my ankles touch.
With snow thaw'd from the next hill now thou gushest,§
And in thy foul deep waters thick‖ thou rushest.
What helps my haste? what to have ta'en small rest?
What day and night to travel in her quest?
If, standing here, I can by no means get
My foot upon the further bank to set.
Now wish I those wings noble Perseus had,
Bearing the head with dreadful adders¶ clad;
Now wish the chariot whence corn-fields were found
First to be thrown upon the untill'd ground:
I speak old poets' wonderful inventions;
Ne'er was, nor [e'er] shall be, what my verse mentions.
Rather, thou large bank-overflowing river,
Slide in thy bounds; so shalt thou run for ever.

Trust me, land-stream, thou shalt no envy lack,
If I a lover be by thee held back.
Great floods ought to assist young men in love;
Great floods the force of it do often prove.
In mid Bithynia,* 'tis said, Inachus
Grew pale, and, in cold fords, hot lecherous.
Troy had not yet been ten years' siege' out-stander,
When nymph Neæra rapt thy looks, Scamander.
What, not Alpheus in strange lands to run,
Th' Arcadian virgin's constant love hath won?
And Crusa† unto Xanthus first affied,
They say, Peneus near Phthia's town did hide.
What should I name Asop,‡ that Thebe lov'd,
Thebe who mother of five daughters prov'd?
If, Achelöus, I ask where thy horns stand,
Thou say'st, broke with Alcides' angry hand.
Not Calydon nor Ætolia did please;
One Deïanira was more worth than these.
Rich Nile, by seven mouths to the vast sea flowing,
Who so well keeps his water's head from knowing,
Is by Evadne thought to take such flame,
As his deep whirlpools could not quench the same.
Dry Enipeus,§ Tyro to embrace,
Fly back his stream charg'd;‖ the stream charg'd, gave place.
Nor pass I thee, who hollow rocks down tumbling,
In Tibur's field with watery foam art rumbling;
Whom Ilia pleas'd, though in her looks grief revell'd,
Her cheeks were scratch'd, her goodly hairs dishevell'd.
She, wailing Mars' sin and her uncle's crime,
Stray'd bare-foot through sole places¶ on a time.
Her, from his swift waves, the bold flood perceiv'd,
And from the mid ford his hoarse voice upheav'd,
Saying, "Why sadly tread'st my banks upon,
Ilia, sprung from Idæan Laomedon?

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* *Elegia* VI.] Not in ed. A.—"This, which is the sixth elegy of Ovid, is numbered V. in the edition from which we print,—an error caused by the omission of a translation of the fifth elegy, and running throughout the remainder of the Book. The same mistake occurs in the 'Certaine Elegies', although it only contains two from the third Book. This circumstance furnishes a strong reason for concluding that the 'Certaine Elegies' was a selection from the present edition." *Editor of* 1826,—who here writes very ignorantly and rashly. In numbering the Elegies of this Book, Marlowe followed his copy of the original. The poem, which in the more recent editions of Ovid stands as *Elegia* V. of *Liber* iii ("Nox erat; et somnus lassos submisit ocellos," &c.), does not occupy that place (nor, indeed, any place among the Elegies) in the earlier editions, where, consequently, the present Elegy forms the Fifth of Book Three. With respect to *Certaine of Ovid's Elegies*, &c. (see list of editions, p. 312), the type and spelling of that collection would alone be sufficient to prove its priority in publication to *All Ovid's Elegies*.

† *reed-grown*] Old eds. "redde-*growne*."

‡ *hast*] i. e. haste,—for the rhyme.

§ *gushest*] Old eds. "rushest.

‖ *thick*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "new."

¶ *dreadful adders*] Old eds. "*dreadfull* Arrowes."—"Terribili . . . . angue."

* *In mid Bithynia*, &c.] Marlowe,—who here blunders lamentably,—found in his copy of Ovid,—

"Inachus in *media* Bithynide pallidus isse
Dicitur", &c.

(instead of the right reading, "Melie Bith.").

† *Crusa*] So written here perhaps for the metre, instead of *Creusa*.

‡ *Asop*] Old eds. "Æsope."

§ *Enipeus*] Wrongly used here as a quadrisyllable.

‖ *his stream charg'd*, &c.] Old eds. "*his* shame *chargd*,' &c.—"Cedere jussit aquam; jussa recessit aqua."

¶ *sole places*] "loca sola."

Where's thy attire? why wander'st here alone?
To stay thy tresses white veil hast thou none?
Why weep'st, and spoil'st with tears thy watery eyes?
And fiercely knock'st thy breast that open lies?
His heart consists of flint and hardest steel,
That, seeing thy tears, can any joy then feel.*
Fear not: to thee our court stands open wide;
There shalt be lov'd: Ilia, lay fear aside.
Thou o'er a hundred nymphs or more shalt reign,
For five-score nymphs or more our floods contain.
Nor, Roman stock, scorn me so much, I crave:
Gifts than my promise greater thou shalt have."
This said he. She her modest eyes held down;
Her woful bosom a warm shower did drown.
Thrice she prepar'd to fly, thrice she did stay,
By fear depriv'd of strength to run away.
Yet, rending with enragèd thumb her tresses,
Her trembling mouth these unmeet sounds expresses;
"O, would in my forefathers' tomb deep laid
My bones had been, while yet I was a maid!
Why, being a vestal, am I woo'd to wed,
Deflower'd and stainèd in unlawful bed?
Why stay I? men point at me for a whore;
Shame, that should make me blush, I have no more."†
This said, her coat hoodwink'd her fearful eyes,‡
And into water desperately she flies.
'Tis said the slippery stream held up her breast,
And kindly gave her what she likèd best.
And I believe some wench thou hast affected;
But woods and groves keep your faults undetected.
While thus I speak, the waters more abounded,§
And from the channel all abroad surrounded.
Mad stream, why dost our mutual joys defer?
Clown, from my journey why dost me deter?
How wouldst thou flow, wert thou a noble flood?
If thy great fame in every region stood?
Thou hast no name, but com'st from snowy mountains;‖
No certain house thou hast, nor any fountains;
Thy springs are naught but rain and melted snow,
Which wealth cold winter doth on thee bestow
Either thou'rt muddy in mid-winter tide,
Or, full of dust, dost on the dry earth slide.
What thirsty traveller ever drunk of thee?
Who said with grateful voice "Perpetual be"?
Harmful to beasts and to the fields thou proves:
Perchance these others, me mine own loss moves.
To this I fondly* loves of floods† told plainly;
I shame so great names to have us'd so vainly.
I know not what expecting, I erewhile
Nam'd Achelöus, Inachus, and Nile.‡
But for thy merits I wish thee, white stream,§
Dry winters aye, and suns in heat extreme.

* *can any joy then feel*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*lœtus* in ore videt."

† *Shame, that should make me blush, I have no more*] This, Marlowe thought, was the meaning of what he found in his copy of Ovid,—"Desit *famosus*, qui notet ora, pudor."

‡ *her fearful eyes*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*timidis* . . . . ocellis."

§ *speak . . . abounded*] According to the tenses in the original.

‖ *but com'st from snowy mountains*] Our author's copy of Ovid had "*nivibus* collecto caducis."

ELEGIA VII.

Quod, ab amica receptus, cum ea coire non potuit, conqueritur.

Either‖ she was foul,¶ or her attire was bad,
Or she was not the wench I wish'd t'have had.
Idly I lay with her, as if I lov'd not,**
And, like a burden, griev'd the bed that mov'd not.
Though both of us perform'd our true intent,
Yet could I not cast anchor where I meant.
She on my neck her ivory arms did throw,
Her arms far whiter†† than the Scythian snow;
And eagerly she kiss'd me with her tongue,
And under mine her wanton thigh she flung;
Yea, and she sooth'd me up, and call'd me "Sir,"‡‡
And us'd all speech that might provoke and stir.
Yet, like as if cold hemlock I had drunk,
It mockèd me, hung down the head, and sunk.
Like a dull cypher or rude block I lay;
Or shade or body was I,§§ who can say?

* *fondly*] "demens."

† *floods*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "floude."

‡ *Nile*] Old eds. "Ile."

§ *white stream*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*nunc* candide torrens."

‖ *Either*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Aut* non" in this line; and, in the next, "*Aut*, puto."

¶ *foul*] "non formosa."

** *lov'd not*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*louede* her *not*."

†† *Her arms far whiter*, &c.] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "That were as white as is *the Scithian snow*."—But "*Sithonid* nive" means—*Thracian* snow.

‡‡ "*Sir*"] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "sire."—"Dominum."

§§ *I*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Io."

What will my age do,—age I cannot shun,*—
When† in my prime my force is spent and done?
I blush, that‡ being youthful, hot, and lusty,
I prove neither§ youth nor man, but old and rusty.
Pure rose she, like a nun to sacrifice,
Or one that with her tender brother lies.
Yet boarded I the golden Chie‖ twice,
And Libas and the white-cheek'd Pitho thrice.
Corinna crav'd it in a summer's night,
And nine sweet bouts we had¶ before day-light.
What, waste my limbs through some Thessalian charms?
May** spells and drugs do silly souls such harms?
With virgin wax hath some imbast†† my joints?
And pierc'd my liver with sharp needles'‡‡ points?
Charms change corn to grass, and make it die;
By charms are running springs and fountains dry;
By charms mast drops from oaks, from vines grapes fall,
And fruit from trees when there's no wind at all.
Why might not, then, my sinews be enchanted,
And I grow faint, as with some spirit haunted?
To this, add§§ shame: shame to perform it quail'd me,
And was the second cause why vigour‖‖ fail'd me.
My idle thoughts delighted her no more
Than did the robe or garment which she wore.¶¶
Yet might her touch make youthful Pylius fire,
And Tithon livelier than his years require.
Even her I had, and she had me in vain:
What might I crave more, if I ask again
I think the great gods griev'd they had bestow'd
The*** benefit which lewdly I forslow'd.†††
I wish'd to be receiv'd in,—in I get me;*
To kiss,—I kiss'd;† to lie with her,—she let me.
Why was I blest? why made king, to refuse‡ it?
Chuff-like, had I not gold, and could not use it?
So in a spring thrives he that told so much,§
And looks upon the fruits‖ he cannot touch.
Hath any rose so from a fresh young maid,
As she might straight have gone to church and pray'd?
Well I believe, she kiss'd not as she should,
Nor us'd the sleight and¶ cunning which she could.
Huge oaks, hard adamants might she have mov'd,
And with sweet words caus['d] deaf rocks to have lov'd.**
Worthy she was to move both gods and men,††
But neither was I man nor‡‡ liv'd then.
Can deaf ears§§ take delight when Phemius sings,
Or Thamyris‖‖ in curious-painted things?
What sweet thought is there but I had the same?
And one gave place still as another came.
Yet notwithstanding, like one dead it lay,
Drooping more than a rose pull'd yesterday.
Now, when he should not jet, he bolts upright,
And craves his task, and seeks to be at fight.
Lie down with shame, and see thou stir no more,
Seeing thou¶¶ wouldst deceive me as before.
Thou cozen'st me:*** by thee surpris'd am I,
And bide sore loss††† with endless infamy.
Nay, more, the wench did not disdain a whit
To take it in her hand, and play with it.
But when she saw it would by no means stand,
But still droop'd‡‡‡ down, regarding not her hand,

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* *oge I cannot shun*] Does not answer to "siquidem ventura."

† *When*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Seeing."

‡ *that*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "and."

§ *neither*] Qy. "nor"?

‖ *Chie*] So our poet's copy of Ovid read (instead of "Chlide").

¶ *we had*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "had we."

** *May*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "Nay."

†† *imbast*] Is this to be understood as *embasted*, or as *embased*, impaired, relaxed? The original has "Sagave pœniceâ defixit nomina cerâ?"

‡‡ *And . . . needles*'] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Had . . . . needle."

§§ *add*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "and."

‖‖ *vigour*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "rigor."

¶¶ *wore*] So eds. A, C.—Ed. B "more."

*** *The*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "This."

††† *which lewdly I forslow'd*] i.e. which basely I neglected to make use of. "Quo sum tam turpiter usus."

* *receiv'd in,—in I get me*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "restored *in*, and *in I* got *me*."

† *kiss'd*] Old eds. "kisse."

‡ *to refuse*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "and refusde."

§ *he that told so much*] i.e. Tantalus.—"taciti vulgator."

‖ *fruits*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "fruite."

¶ *and*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "nor."

** *lov'd*] So ed. A.—Ed. B "moned."—Ed. C "moved."

†† *both gods and men*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*divos*que virosque."

‡‡ *nor*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "ne."

§§ *ears*] Ed. A "yeres."—Eds. B, C, "eare"

‖‖ *Thamyris*] Our author's copy of Ovid had "Thamyr*in*," instead of what we now find in the passage, "Thamyr*an*." Either form is right.

¶¶ *Seeing thou*] So eds. B, C.—Ed A "*Seeing* now *thou*."

*** *Thou cozen'st me*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Tu dominum fallis.

††† *sore loss*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "great hurt."

‡‡‡ *droop'd*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "dropt."

"Why mock'st thou me?" she cried, "or, being ill,
Who bade thee lie down here against thy will?
Either thou'rt witch'd with blood of frogs* new-dead,
Or jaded cam'st thou from some other's bed."
With that, her loose gown on, from me she cast her;
In skipping out her naked feet much grac'd her;
And, lest her maid should know of this disgrace,
To cover it, spilt water on† the place.

ELEGIA VIII.‡

Quod ab amica non recipiatur, dolet.

What man will now take liberal arts in hand,§
Or think soft verse in any stead to stand?
Wit was sometimes more precious than gold;
Now poverty great barbarism we hold.
When our books did my mistress fair content,
I might not go whither my papers went.
She prais'd me, yet the gate shut fast upon her;
I here and there go, witty with dishonour.
See, a rich chuff, whose wounds great wealth inferr'd,
For bloodshed knighted, before me preferr'd!
Fool,‖ canst thou him in thy white arms embrace?
Fool, canst thou lie in his enfolding space?
Know'st not this¶ head a helm was wont to bear?
This side, that serves thee, a sharp sword did wear.
His left hand, whereon gold doth ill alight,
A target bore; blood-sprinkled was his right.
Canst touch that hand wherewith some one lie[s] dead?
Ah, whither is thy breast's soft nature fled?
Behold the signs of ancient fight, his scars!
Whate'er he hath, his body gain'd in wars.

Perhaps he'll tell how oft he slew a man:
Confessing this, why dost thou touch him than?*
I, the pure priest of Phœbus and the Muses,
At thy deaf doors in verse sing my abuses.
Not what we slothful know,† let wise men learn,
But follow trembling camps and battles stern,
And, for a good verse, draw the first dart‡ forth:
Homer, without this, shall be nothing worth.
Jove, being admonish'd gold had sovereign power,
To win the maid came in a golden shower.
Till then, rough was her father, she severe,
The posts of brass, the walls of iron were.
But when in gifts the wise adulterer came,
She held her lap ope to receive the same.
Yet when old Saturn heaven's rule possess'd,
All gain in darkness the deep earth suppress'd:
Gold, silver, iron's heavy weight, and brass,
In hell were harbour'd; here was found no mass.
But better things it gave, corn without ploughs,
Apples, and honey in oaks' hollow boughs:
With strong ploughshares no man the earth did cleave,
The ditcher no marks on the ground did leave;
Nor hanging oars the troubled seas did sweep,
Men kept the shore and sail'd not into deep.
Against thyself, man's nature, thou wert cunning,
And to thine own§ loss was thy wit swift running.
Why gird'st thy cities with a towerèd wall,
Why lett'st discordant hands to armour fall?
What dost with seas? with th' earth thou wert content;
Why seek'st not heaven, the third realm, to frequent?
Heaven thou affects: with Romulus, temples brave,
Bacchus, Alcides, and now Cæsar have.
Gold from the earth, instead of fruits, we pluck;
Soldiers by blood to be enrich'd have luck.
Courts shut the poor out; wealth gives estimation;
Thence grows the judge and knight of reputation.
All they possess;‖ they govern fields, and laws;
They manage peace, and raw war's bloody jaws.
Only our loves let not such rich churls gain:
'Tis well, if some wench for the poor remain.

---

* *blood of frogs*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "venefica *ranis*."

† *on*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "in."

‡ *Elegia* VIII.] Not in ed. A.

§ *take . . . in hand*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*suscipit* artes."

‖ *Fool*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had here "*stulta*, lacertis"; and, in the next line, "*amplexu, stulta, jacere* potes."

¶ *this*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "his."—"caput hoc."

* *than*] i.e. then.

† *know*] Old eds. "knew."

‡ *dart*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "darts."—Here our translator quite mistakes the meaning of "Proque bono versu primum deducite pilum."

§ *thine own*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "thy one."

‖ *All they possess*, &c.] Very incorrectly rendered.

"Omnia possideant: illis Campusque Forumque
Serviat; hi pacem erudaque bella gerant."

Now, Sabine-like, though chaste she seems to live,
One her * commands, who many things can give.
For me, she doth keeper and husband fear: †
If I should give, both would the house forbear.
If of scorn'd lovers god be venger just,
O, let him change goods so ill-got to dust!

ELEGIA IX.‡

Tibulli mortem deflet.

If Thetis and the Morn their sons did wail,
And envious Fates great goddesses assail,
Sad Elegy,§ thy woful hairs unbind:
Ah, now a name too true thou hast I find!
Tibullus, thy work's poet, and thy fame,
Burns his dead body in the funeral flame.
Lo, Cupid brings his quiver spoilèd quite,
His broken bow, his firebrand without light!
How piteously with drooping wings he stands,
And knocks his bare breast with self-angry hands!
The locks spread on his neck receive his tears,
And shaking sobs his mouth for speeches bears:
So at Æneas' burial, men report,
Fair-fac'd Iülus, he ‖ went forth thy court:
And Venus grieves, Tibullus' life being spent,
As when the wild boar Adon's ¶ groin had rent.
The gods' care we are call'd, and men of piety,
And some there be that think we have a deity.
Outrageous death profanes all holy things,
And on all creatures obscure darkness brings.
To Thracian Orpheus what did parents good,
Or songs amazing wild beasts of the wood?
Where Linus,** by his father Phœbus laid,
To sing with his unequall'd harp is said.
See,†† Homer, from whose fountain ever fill'd
Pierian dew to poets is distill'd!

Him the last day in black Averu hath drown'd:
Verses alone are with continuance crown'd.
The work of poets lasts; Troy's labour's fame,
And that slow web night's falsehood did unframe.
So Nemesis, so Delia famous are;
The one his first love, th' other his new care
What profit to us * hath our pure life bred?
What to have lain alone † in empty bed?
When bad Fates take good men, I am forbod
By secret thoughts to think there is a god.
Live godly, thou shalt die; though honour heaven,
Yet shall thy life be forcibly bereaven:
Trust in good verse, Tibullus feels death's pains;
Scarce rests of all ‡ what a small urn contains.
Thee,§ sacred poet, could sad flames destroy?
Nor fearèd they thy body to annoy?
The holy gods' gilt temples they might fire,
That durst to so great wickedness aspire.
Eryx' bright empress turn'd her looks aside,
And some, that she refrain'd tears, have denied.
Yet better is't, than if Corcyra's isle
Had thee unknown intern'd in ground most vile.
Thy dying eyes here did thy mother close,
Nor did thy ashes her last offerings lose.
Part of her sorrow here thy sister bearing,
Comes forth, her unkemb'd ‖ locks asunder tearing.
Nemesis and thy first wench join their kisses
With thine, nor this last fire their presence misses.
Delia departing, "Happier lov'd," she saith,
"Was I: thou liv'd'st, while thou esteem'd'st my faith."
Nemesis answers, "What's my loss to thee?
His fainting hand in death engraspèd me."
If aught remains of us but name and spirit,
Tibullus doth Elysium's joy inherit.
Their youthful brows with ivy girt, to meet him,
With Calvus, learn'd Catullus comes and greet him; ¶

---

* *her*] Old eds. "she."—"Imperat ut captæ, qui dare multa potest."

† *For me, she doth keeper and husband fear*] But the original is, "Me prohibet custos: in me timet illa maritum."

‡ *Elegia* IX.] Not in ed. A.

§ *Elegy*] Ed. B "Eeliga."—Ed. C "Elegia."

‖ *he*] i. e. Cupid.

¶ *Adon's*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "Adonis."

** *Where Linus*, &c.] Marlowe must have read "*Et Linus* in silvis"; but I know not what reading he followed in the remainder of the line. In the next line, his copy of Ovid had "Dicitur *invictâ* concinuisse lyrâ."

†† *See*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Aspice* Mæonidem."

* *What profit to us*, &c.] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Quid *nos* sacra juvant?"

† *alone*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "above."

‡ *Scarce rests of all*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Vix manet e *toto*."

§ *Thee*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "The."

‖ *unkemb'd*] "iuornatas."—Old eds. "vnkeembe" (and "unkeembd"). See note **, p. 318.

¶ *comes and greet him*] Is equivalent, perhaps, to "comes and *they both* greet him." The original has "Obvius huic venias . . . cum Calvo, docte Catulle" but that here our translator did not write "*learn'd Catullus*, come *and greet him*," is proved by "*Their* youthful brows" in the preceding line.

And thou, if falsely charg'd to wrong thy friend,
Gallus, that car'd'st* not blood and life to spend.
With these thy soul walks, souls if death release:
The godly sweet Tibullus doth increase.†
Thy bones, I pray, may in the urn safe rest,
And may th' earth's weight thy ashes naught molest!

ELEGIA X.‡

Ad Cererem, conquerens quod ejus sacris cum amica concumbere non permittatur.

Come were the times of Ceres' sacrifice;
In empty bed alone my mistress lies.
Golden-hair'd Ceres, crown'd with ears of corn,
Why are our pleasures by thy means forborne?
Thee, goddess, bountiful all nations judge,
Nor less at man's prosperity any grudge.
Rude husbandmen bak'd not their corn before,
Nor on the earth was known the name of floor.§
On mast of oaks, first oracles, men fed;
This was their meat; the soft grass was their bed.‖
First Ceres taught the seed in fields to swell,
And ripe-ear'd corn with sharp-edg'd scythes to fell;
She first constrain'd bulls' necks to bear the yoke,
And untill'd ground with crookèd ploughshares broke.
Who thinks her to be glad at lovers' smart,
And worshipp'd by their pain and lying apart?
Nor is she, though she loves the fertile fields,
A clown, nor no love from her warm breast yields:
Be witness Crete (nor Crete doth all things feign),
Crete proud that Jove her nursery maintain.
There he who rules the world's star-spangled towers,
A little boy, drunk teat-distilling showers.
Faith to the witness Jove's praise doth apply;
Ceres, I think, no known fault will deny.

The goddess saw Iasion,* on Candian Ide,
With strong hand striking wild beasts' bristled hide:
She saw, and, as her marrow took the flame,
Was divers ways distract with love and shame.
Love conquer'd shame: the furrows dry were burn'd,
And corn with least part of itself return'd;
When well-toss'd mattocks did the ground prepare,
Being fit-broken with the crookèd share,
And seeds were equally in large fields cast,
The ploughman's hopes were frustrate at the last.
The grain-rich goddess in high woods did stray;†
Her long hair's ear-wrought garland fell away.
Only was Crete fruitful that plenteous year;
Where Ceres went, each place was harvest there:
Ida, the seat of groves, did sing with corn,‡
Which by the wild boar in the woods was shorn.
Law-giving Minos did such years desire,
And wish'd the goddess long might feel love's fire.
Ceres, what sports to thee § so grievous were,
As in thy sacrifice we them forbear?
Why am I sad, when Proserpine is found,
And, Juno-like, with ‖ Dis reigns under-ground?
Festival days ask Venus, songs, and wine;
These gifts are meet to please the powers divine.

ELEGIA XI.¶

Ad amicam, a cujus amore discedere non potest.

Long have I borne much;** mad thy faults me†† make;
Dishonest Love, my wearied breast forsake!

---

* *car'd'st*] Old eds. "carst."

† *The godly sweet Tibullus doth increase*] No one could possibly find out the meaning of this line without the assistance of the original: "Anxisti numeros, culte Tibulle, pios."

‡ *Elegia* X.] Not in ed. A.

§ *Nor on the earth was known the name of floor*] "Nec notum terris area nomen erat."

‖ *This was their meat; the soft grass was their bed*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Hæc cibus; et teneri cespitis herba *torus*."

* *Iasion*] Marlowe must have intended this name (which is properly "Iăsion" or "Iăsius") to be pronounced "Jasion."

† *in high woods did stray*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "silvis *errabat* in altis."

‡ *did sing with corn*] Of all our translator's mistakes this is perhaps the oddest. "Ipse locus nemorum *canebat* frugibus Ido."

§ *Ceres, what sports to thee*, &c.]
"Quod tibi secubitus tristes, Dea flava, fuissent;
Hoc cogor sacris nunc ego ferre tuis."
Here Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Qui* tibi," &c: and he seems to have thought that "secubitus" meant the same as "concubitus."

‖ *with*] So ed. B.—Not in ed. C.

¶ *Elegia* XI.] Not in ed. A.

** *Long have I borne much*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Multa diu tuli" (against the metre: the right lection is "diuque").

†† *me*] So ed. B.—Ed. C. "we."

Now * have I freed myself, and fled the chain,†
And what I have borne, shame to bear again.
We vanquish, and tread tam'd Love under feet;
Victorious wreaths at length my temples greet.‡
Suffer, and harden: good grows by this grief;
Oft bitter juice brings to the sick relief.
I have sustain'd, so oft thrust from the door,
To lay my body on the hard moist floor.
I know not whom thou lewdly didst embrace,
When I to watch supplied a servant's place.
I saw when forth a tirèd lover went,
His side past service, and his courage spent.
Yet this is less than if he had seen me:
May that shame fall mine enemies' chance to be!
When have not I, fix'd to thy side, close lay'd?
I have thy husband, guard, and fellow play'd.
The people by my company she pleas'd; §
My love was cause that more men's || love she seiz'd.
What should I tell her vain tongue's filthy lies,
And, to my loss, god-wronging perjuries?
What secret becks in banquets with her youths,
With privy signs, and talk dissembling truths?
Hearing her to be sick, I thither ran;
But with my rival sick she was not than.¶
These harden'd me, with what I keep obscure: **
Some other seek, who will these things endure.
Now my ship in the wishèd haven crown'd,
With joy†† hears Neptune's swelling waters sound.
Leave thy once-powerful words, and flatteries;
I am not as I was before, unwise.
Now love and hate my light breast each way move;
But victory, I think, will hap to love.
I'll hate, if I can; if not, love 'gainst my will:
Bulls hate the yoke, yet what they hate have still.
I fly her lust, but follow beauty's creature;
I loathe her manners, love her body's feature.
Nor with thee, nor without thee, can I live,
And doubt to which desire the palm to give.

Or less fair, or less lewd, would thou mightst be!
Beauty with lewdness doth right ill agree.
Her deeds gain hate; her face entreateth love:
Ah, she doth more worth than her vices prove!
Spare me, O, by our fellow bed, by all
The gods (who by thee to be perjur'd fall),*
And by thy face, to me a power divine,
And by thine eyes whose radiance burns out mine!
Whate'er thou art, mine art thou: choose this course,—
Wilt have me willing, or to love by force?
Rather I'll hoist up sail, and use the wind,
That I may love yet, though against my mind.

ELEGIA XII.†

Dolet amicam suam ita suis carminibus innotuisse ut rivales multos sibi pararit.

What day was that,‡ which, all sad haps to bring,
White birds to lovers did not always sing?
Or is, I think, my wish against the stars? §
Or shall I plain || some god against me wars?
Who mine was call'd, whom I lov'd more than any,
I fear with me is common now to many.
Err I? or by my books ¶ is she so known?
'Tis so; ** by my wit her abuse is grown.
And justly; for her praise why did I tell?
The wench by my fault is set forth to sell.
The bawd I play; lovers to her I guide;
Her gate by my hands is set open wide.
'Tis doubtful whether verse avail or harm:
Against my good they were an envious charm.
When Thebes, when Troy, when Cæsar should be writ,
Alone Corinna moves my wanton wit.

---

* *Now*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "Nor."

† *and fled the chain*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*fugique* catenas."

‡ *Victorious wreaths at length my temples greet*] The original (which I suspect, Marlowe did not understand here) has "Venerunt capiti cornua sera meo."

§ *by my company she pleas'd*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "per me *comitata placebat*."

|| *men's*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "men."

¶ *than*] i. e. then.

** *with what I keep obscure*] "et quæ taceo."

†† *With joy*, &c.] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Læta* tumescentes", &c.

* (*who by thee to be perjur'd fall*)] "Qui *dant* fallendos se tibi sæpe" was the reading in the copy of Ovid used by Marlowe,—who mistranslates "fallendos."

† *Elegia* XII.] Not in ed. A.

‡ *What day was that*, &c.] Nothing can be worse than this translation of—

"Quis fuit ille dies, quo tristia semper amanti
Omina non albæ concinuistis aves?"

§ *stars*] So ed. C.—Ed. B "starre."—An awkward version of a line, which stood thus in Marlowe's copy of Ovid,—"Quodve putem sidus nostris occurrere *votis?*"

|| *plain*] i. e. complain.

¶ *books*] Old eds. "lookes."—"an nostris innotuit illa libellis?"

** *'Tis so*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Sic *est*."

With Muse oppos'd, would I my lines had done,
And Phœbus had forsook my work begun!
Nor, as use will not poets' record hear,
Would I my words would any credit bear.
Scylla by us her father's rich hair steals,
And Scylla's womb mad raging dogs conceals.
We cause feet fly; we mingle hairs with snakes;
Victorious Perseus * a wing'd steed's back takes.
Our verse great Tityus a huge space out-spreads,
And gives the viper-curled dog three heads.
We make Enceladus use a thousand arms,
And men enthrall'd by mermaid's singing charms.†
The east winds in Ulysses' bags we shut,
And blabbing Tantalus in mid-waters put.
Niobe flint, Callist we make a bear;
Bird-changèd Progne doth her Itys tear.‡
Jove turns himself into a swan, or gold,
Or his bull's horns Europa's hand doth hold.
Proteus what should I name? teeth, Thebes' first seed?
Oxen in whose mouths burning flames did breed?
Heaven-star, Electra, that bewail'd her sisters? §
The ships, whose god-head in the sea now glisters?
The sun turn'd back from Atreus' cursèd table?
And sweet-touch'd harp that to move stones was able?
Poets' large power is bounndless and immense,
Nor have their words true history's pretence.
And my wench ought to have seem'd falsely prais'd,
Now your credulity harm to me hath rais'd.

ELEGIA XIII.‖

De Junonis festo.

When fruit-fill'd Tuscia should a wife give me,
We touch'd the walls, Camillus, won by thee.
The priests to Juno did prepare chaste feasts,
With famous pageants, and their home-bred beasts.
To know their rites, well recompens'd my * stay,
Though thither leads a rough steep hilly way.
There stands an old wood, with thick trees dark-clouded:
Who sees it, grants some deity there is shrowded.
An altar takes men's incense and oblation,
An altar made after the ancient fashion.
Here, when the pipe † with solemn tunes doth sound,
The annual pomp goes on the cover'd ground.‡
White heifers by glad people forth are led,
Which with the grass of Tuscan fields are fed,
And calves from whose fear'd front no threatening flies,
And little pigs, base hog-sties' sacrifice,
And rams with horns their hard heads wreathèd back;
Only the goddess hated goat did lack;
By whom disclos'd, she in the high woods took,
Is said to have attempted flight forsook.
Now is the goat brought through the boys with darts,§
And give[n] to him that the first wound imparts.
Where Juno comes, each youth and pretty maid
Shew‖ large ways, with their garments there display'd.
Jewels and gold their virgin tresses crown,
And stately robes to their gilt feet hang down.
As is the use, the nuns in white ¶ veils clad,
Upon their heads the holy mysteries had.
When the chief pomp comes, loud the people hollow;
And she her vestal virgin priests doth follow.
Such was the Greek pomp, Agamemnon dead;
Which fact ** and country wealth Halesus fled;
And, having wander'd now through sea and land,
Built walls high-towerèd with a prosperous hand.
He to th' Hetrurians Juno's feast commended:
Let me and them by it be aye befriended.

---

* *Victorious Perseus*] "Victor Abantiades"; which has been explained to mean Bellerophon: but the probability is that Ovid alludes to Perseus; see Burm. ad l.

† *And men enthrall'd by mermaid's singing charms*] "Ambiguæ captos virginis ore viros." Here, perhaps, Ovid alludes to the Sphinx; see Burm. ad l.

‡ *Bird-changèd Progne doth her Itys tear*] Very unlike the original:—"Concinit Odrysium Cecropis ales Ityn."

§ *Heaven-star, Electra, that bewail'd her sisters*] Whatever text our translator may have followed here, he has mistaken "electra" for a proper name, and made nonsense of the whole line. (The approved reading is, "Flere genis electra tuas, auriga, sorores?")

‖ *Elegia* XIII.] Not in ed. A.

* *my*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "may."

† *Here, when the pipe*, &c.] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Hic* ubi *personuit*", &c.

‡ *the cover'd ground*] "velatas . . . vias."

§ *Now is the goat brought through the boys with darts*] A very faulty translation of "Nunc quoque per pueros jaculis incessitur index."

‖ *Shew*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Præbuerant* latas", &c.

¶ *in white*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "*in* their *white*.'

** *fact*] "scelus" (the murder of Agamemnon).

ELEGIA XIV.

Ad amicam, si peccatura est, ut occulte peccet.

SEEING thou art fair, I bar not thy false playing;
But let not me, poor soul, know * of thy straying:
Nor do I give thee counsel to live chaste,
But that thou wouldst dissemble, when 'tis past.
She hath not trod † awry, that doth deny it:
Such as confess have lost their good names by it.
What madness is't to tell night-pranks ‡ by day,
And § hidden secrets openly to bewray?
The strumpet with the stranger ‖ will not do,
Before the room be clear, and door put to.
Will you make shipwreck of your honest name,
And let the world be witness of the same?
Be more advis'd, walk as a puritan,
And I shall think you chaste, do what you can.
Slip still, only deny it when 'tis done,
And, before folk,¶ immodest speeches shun.
The bed is for lascivious toyings meet;
There use all tricks,** and tread shame under feet.
When you are up and dress'd, be sage and grave,
And in the bed hide all the faults you have.
Be not asham'd to strip you, being there,
And mingle thighs, yours ever mine †† to bear;
There in your rosy lips my tongue entomb,
Practise a thousand sports when there you come;
Forbear no wanton words you there would speak,
And with your pastime let the bed-stead creak.
But with your robes put on an honest face,
And blush, and seem as you were full of grace;
Deceive all; let me err, and think I'm right,
And, like a wittol, think thee void of slight.
Why see I lines so oft receiv'd and given?
This ‡‡ bed and that by tumbling made uneven?
Like one start up, your hair toss'd and displac'd,
And with a wanton's tooth your neck new-raz'd?
Grant this, that what you do I may not see; §§
If you weigh not ill speeches, yet weigh me.

My soul fleets when I think what you have done,
And thorough *every vein doth cold blood run.
Then thee whom I must love, I hate in vain,
And would be dead, but, dead,† with thee remain.
I'll not sift much, but hold thee soon excus'd,
Say but thou wert injuriously accus'd.
Though, while the deed ‡ be doing, you be took,
And I see when you ope the two-leav'd book,
Swear I was blind; deny,§ if you be wise,
And I will trust your words more than mine eyes.
From him that yields, the palm ‖ is quickly got:
Teach but your tongue to say, "I did it not;"
And being justified by two words, think
The cause acquits ¶ you not, but I that ** wink.

ELEGIA XV.††

Ad Venerem, quod elegis finem imponat.

TENDER Loves 'mother,‡‡ a new poet get;
This last end to my Elegies is set,§§
Which I, Peligny's foster-child, have fram'd,
Nor am I by such wanton toys defam'd;
Heir of an ancient house, if help that can,
Not only by war's rage made gentleman.
In Virgil Mantua joys; in Catull Verone;
Of me Peligny's nation boasts alone;
Whom liberty to honest arms compell'd,
When careful Rome in doubt their prowess held:
And some guest viewing watery Sulmo's walls,
Where little ground to be enclos'd befalls,
"How ‖‖ such a poet could you bring forth?" says;
"How small soe'er,¶¶ I'll you for greatest praise."

---

* *know*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "wit."

† *trod*] So eds. A, C.—Ed. B "tred."

‡ *night-pranks*] Ed. A "*night*-sports."—Eds. B, C, "*night*'s *pranckes*."

§ *And*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Or."

‖ *stranger*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "stanger."

¶ *folk*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "people."

** *tricks*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "toyes."

†† *yours ever mine*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "mine euer yours."

‡‡ *This*, &c.] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "And *this*," &c.—But the original has "Cur pressus prior est interiorque torus?"

§§ *Grant this, that what you do I may not see*] Is not equivalent to "Tantum non oculos crimen deducis ad ipsos."

* *thorough*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "through."

† *dead*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "dying."

‡ *deed*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "deedes."

§ *deny*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "yeeld not."

‖ *palm*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "garland."

¶ *acquits*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "acquites."

** *I that*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "that I."—At the end of this elegy ed. A has "C. Marlow."

†† *Elegia* XV.] Not in ed. A.

‡‡ *Tender Loves' mother*] "tenerorum mater Amorum."

§§ *This last end to my Elegies is set*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "*Traditur hæc* Elegis ultima *charta* meis."

‖‖ *How*] Marlowe seems to have read here "*Qui*, tantum," &c.

¶¶ *soe'er*] So ed. B.—Ed. C "to erre."

Both Loves, to whom my heart long time did yield,*
Your golden ensigns pluck † out of my field.

Horn'd Bacchus graver fury doth distil;
A greater ground with great horse is to till.
Weak Elegies, delightful Muse,* farewell;
A work that, after my death, here shall dwell.

* *Both Loves, to whom my heart long time did yield*] Marlowe's copy of Ovid had "Culte puer, puerique parens *mihi tempore longo*" (instead of what we now read, "Amathusia culti").

† *pluck*] Old eds. "pluckt."

* *Weak Elegies, delightful Muse*] "Imbelles Elegi, genialis Musa."

EPIGRAMS BY J. D.

Three editions of the volume, of which these *Epigrams* form a portion, have been already described, p. 312.

J. D. are the initials of John (afterwards Sir John) Davies, author of the well known and excellent poem, *Nosce Teipsum*, &c. For more on this subject, see the *Account of Marlowe and his Writings.*

EPIGRAMS BY J. D.*

AD MUSAM. I.

Fly, merry Muse,† unto that merry town,
Where thou mayst plays, revels, and triumphs see;
The house of fame, and‡ theatre of renown,
Where all good wits and spirits love§ to be.
Fall in between their hands that praise and love thee,‖
And be to them a laughter and a jest:
But as for them which¶ scorning shall reprove** thee,
Disdain their wits, and think thine†† own the best.
But if thou find any so gross and dull,
That thinks‡‡ I do to private taxing§§ lean,
Bid him go hang, for he is but a gull,
And knows not what an epigram doth‖‖ mean,
Which taxeth,* under a particular† name,
A general vice which merits public blame.

OF A GULL. II.

Oft in my laughing rhymes I name a gull;
But this new term will‡ many questions breed;
Therefore at first I will express§ at full,
Who is a true and perfect gull indeed.
A gull is he who‖ fears a velvet gown,
And, when a wench is brave,¶ dares not speak to her;
A gull is he which** traverseth the town,
And is for marriage known a common wooer;
A gull is he which,†† when‡‡ he proudly wears
A silver-hilted rapier by his side,
Endures the lie§§ and knocks about the ears,
Whilst‖‖ in his sheath his sleeping sword doth bide;
A gull is he which¶¶ wears good handsome clothes,
And stands in presence stroking up his hair,***
And fills††† up his unperfect speech with oaths,
But speaks not one wise word throughout the year:

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* *Epigrams by J. D.*] *MS. Harleian* 1836 contains a collection of Epigrams, among which are found all the present *Epigrams*, with the exception of the 8th, 12th, 14th, 20th, 45th, 46th, 47th, and 48th. That MS. has helped me to several important corrections of the text, and in the 40th *Epigram* has supplied two lines which were necessary to complete a stanza. Though it is of a date considerably posterior to the first appearance in print of *Epigrams by J. D.*, perhaps all the pieces which it exhibits are from the pen of Davies.

Some of these *Epigrams* are to be found among the *Epigrams* in *Wit's Recreations:* see the reprint of that work (1817) from a collation of eds. 1640-41-54-63.

† *Muse*] So eds.—MS. "newes."

‡ *and*] So eds.—MS. "the."

§ *love*] So eds.—MS. "loues."

‖ *praise and love thee*] Eds. (against the rhyme) "loue and praise thee."—MS. "seeme to *loue thee.*"

¶ *them which*] So eds.—MS. "those that."

** *reprove*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "approue."

†† *thine*] So eds.—MS. "thy."

‡‡ *thinks*] So MS.—Eds. "thinke."

§§ *private taxing*] i. e. censuring of individuals. So eds. —MS. "*priuate* talkinge."—Compare the Induction to *The Knight of the Burning Pestle;*

"Fly far from hence
All *private taxes!*", &c.

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, ii, 136, ed. Dyce.

‖‖ *doth*] So MS.—Eds. "does."

* *taxeth*] So eds.—MS. "carrieth."

† *particular*] So eds. A, B; and MS.—Ed. C "peculiar."

‡ *will*] So eds.—MS. "may."

§ *Therefore . . . . express*] So eds.—MS. "Wherefore . . . . disclose."

‖ *who*] So eds.—MS. "that."

¶ *brave*] i. e. fine, richly dressed.

** *which*] So eds.—MS. "that."

†† *which*] So eds.—MS. "that."

‡‡ *when*] So MS.—Eds. "while" (but we have "Whilst" in the closing line of this stanza).

§§ *lie*] So MS.—Eds. "lies."

‖‖ *Whilst*] So eds.—MS. "While."

¶¶ *which*] So eds.—MS. "that."

*** *hair*] So eds.—MS. "heade."

††† *fills*] So eds.—MS. "filleth."

But, to define a gull in terms* precise,—
A gull is he which† seems and is not wise.‡

IN RUFUM. III.

Rufus the courtier, at the theatre,
Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,
Doth either to the stage§ himself transfer,
Or through a grate‖ doth show his double¶ face,
For that the clamorous fry of** Inns of Court
Fills up the private rooms of greater†† price,
And such a place where all may have‡‡ resort
He in his singularity doth despise.
Yet doth not his particular humour shun
The common stews and brothels of the town,
Though all the world in troops do§§ thither run,
Clean and unclean, the gentle and the clown:
Then why should Rufus in his pride abhor
A common seat, that loves a common whore?

* *terms*] So eds.—MS. "words."
† *which*] So eds.—MS. "that."
‡ *is not wise*] To this epigram there is an evident allusion in the following one;

"To Candidus.

"Friend Candidus, thou often doost demaund
What humours men by gulling understand.
Our English Martiall hath full pleasantly
In his close nips describde a gull to thee:
I'le follow him, and set downe my conceit
What a gull is—oh, word of much receit!
He is a gull whose indiscretion
Cracks his purse-strings to be in fashion;
He is a gull who is long in taking roote
In barraine soyle where can be but small fruite;
He is a gull who runnes himselfe in debt
For twelue dayes' wonder, hoping so to get;
He is a gull whose conscience is a block,
Not to take interest, but wastes his stock;
He is a gull who cannot haue a whore,
But brags how much he spends upon her score;
He is a gull that for commoditie
Payes tenne times ten, and sells the same for three;
He is a gull who, passing finicall,
Peiseth each word to be rhetoricall;
And, to conclude, who selfe-conceitedly
Thinks al men guls, ther's none more gull then he."
Guilpin's *Skialetheia, &c.*, 1598, *Epig.* 20.

§ *either to the stage*] See note ¶ on *Epigram* xxviii.
‖ *through a grate*] Malone has cited this passage (*Shakespeare*, by Boswell, iii. 81), and, if he explains it rightly, the allusion is to one of the two boxes (sometimes called *private boxes*) which were situated on each side of the balcony or upper stage.
¶ *double*] So eds.—MS. "doubtfulle"
** *fry of*] So eds.—MS. "cry *of* the."
†† *greater*] So eds.—MS. "greatest."
‡‡ *may have*] So eds.—MS. "men may."
§§ *do*] So eds.—MS. "did."

IN QUINTUM. IV.

Quintus the dancer useth evermore
His feet in measure and in rule to move:
Yet on a time he call'd his mistress *whore*,
And thought* with that sweet word to win her love.
O, had his tongue like to his feet been taught,
It† never would have utter'd such a thought!

IN PLURIMOS.‡ V.

Faustinus, Sextus, Cinna, Ponticus,§
With Gella, Lesbia,‖ Thais, Rhodope,¶
Rode all to Staines,** for no cause serious,
But for their mirth and for their lechery.
Scarce were they settled in their lodging,†† when
Wenches with wenches, men with men fell‡‡ out,
Men with their wenches, wenches with their§§ men;
Which straight dissolv'd‖‖ this ill-assembled rout.¶¶
But since the devil brought them thus*** together,
To my discoursing††† thoughts it is a wonder,
Why presently as‡‡‡ soon as they came thither,
The self-same devil did them part asunder.
Doubtless, it seems, it was a foolish devil,
That thus did§§§ part them ere they did some evil.

---

* *And thought*] So eds.—MS. "Thinkinge."
† *It*] So eds.—MS. "Hee."
‡ *In Plurimos*] So eds.—MS. "In meritriculas [sic] Londinensis."
§ *Faustinus . . . Cinna, Ponticus*] So eds.—MS. "Faustinus . . . . Cuma, Pontinus."
‖ *Lesbia*] So eds.—MS. "Lisba."
¶ *Rhodope*] So eds. B, C; and MS —Ed. A "Rodpe."
** *Staines*] So eds.—MS. "Ware."
†† *their lodging*] So eds.—MS. "3 lodgings."
‡‡ *fell*] So eds.—MS. "falle."
§§ *their . . . . . their*] So eds.—Not in MS.
‖‖ *dissolv'd*] So MS.—Eds. "dissolues."
¶¶ *rout*] i. e. rabble, set.
*** *thus*] So eds.—MS. "first."
††† *discoursing*] So eds.—MS. "discerninge."
‡‡‡ *as*] So eds.—MS. "so."
§§§ *thus did*] So eds.—MS. "straight would.

IN TITUM. VI.

Titus, the brave and valorous* young gallant,
Three years together in this† town hath been;
Yet my Lord Chancellor's tomb he hath not seen,
Nor the new water-work, nor the elephant.
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,—
He hath been in the Counter all this‡ while.

IN FAUSTUM. VII.

Faustus, nor§ lord nor knight, nor wise nor old,
To every place about the town doth ride;
He rides into the fields plays to behold,
He rides to take boat at the water-side,
He rides to Paul's,‖ he rides to th' ordinary,
He rides unto the house of bawdry too,—
Thither his horse so often doth him¶ carry,
That shortly he will quite** forget to go.

IN KATAM.†† VIII.

Kate, being pleas'd, wish'd that her pleasure could
Endure as long as a buff-jerkin would.
Content thee, Kate; although thy pleasure wasteth,
Thy pleasure's place like a buff-jerkin lasteth,
For no buff-jerkin hath been oftener worn,
Nor hath more scrapings or more dressings borne.

IN LIBRUM. IX.

Liber doth vaunt how chastely he hath liv'd
Since he hath been in town, seven years‡‡ and more,
For that he swears he hath four only swiv'd,
A maid, a wife,* a widow, and a whore:
Then, Liber, thou hast swiv'd all womenkind,
For a fifth sort, I know, thou canst not find.

IN MEDONTEM. X.

Great Captain Medon wears a chain of gold
Which at five hundred crowns is valuèd,
For that it was his grandsire's† chain of old,
When great King Henry Boulogne conquerèd.
And wear it, Medon, for it may ensue,
That thou, by virtue of this‡ massy chain,
A stronger town than Boulogne mayst subdue,
If wise men's saws be not reputed§ vain;
For what said Philip king of Macedon?
"There is no castle so well fortified,
But if an ass laden with gold come‖ on,
The guard will stoop, and gates fly open wide."

IN GELLAM. XI.

Gella, if thou dost love thyself, take heed
Lest thou my rhymes¶ unto thy lover read;
For straight thou grinn'st,** and then thy lover seeth
Thy canker-eaten gums and rotten teeth.

IN QUINTUM.†† XII.

Quintus his wit‡‡ infus'd into his brain,
Mislikes the place, and fled into his feet;
And there it wanders up and down the street,§§
Dabbled in the dirt, and soakèd in the rain.
Doubtless his wit intends not to aspire,
Which leaves his head, to travel in the mire.

---

* *valorous*] So eds.—MS. "valient."
† *this*] So eds.—MS. "the."
‡ *this*] So eds.—MS. "the."
§ *nor*] So MS.—Eds. "not."
‖ *Paul's*] Eds. A, B, "Powles."—Ed. C "Paules."—MS. "Powels." (But in *Ep.* xx. ed. A has "Paules").
¶ *so often doth him*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "doth him so often."—MS. "*so often* him doth."
** *quite*] So eds.—Not in MS.
†† *In Katam*] This *Epigram* is not in MS.
‡‡ *been in town, seven years*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "bin seauen years .in towne."—MS. "knowen this *towne* 7 *yeares*."

* *A maid, a wife*] So eds.—MS. "A wife, a made."
† *grandsire's*] So eds.—MS. "fathers."
‡ *virtue of this*] So eds.—MS. "wearing *of* that."
§ *reputed*] So eds.—MS, "accounted."
‖ *come*] So MS.—Eds. "comes."
¶ *rhymes*] So eds.—MS. "lynes."
** *grinn'st*] So eds.—MS. "laughest."
†† *In Quintum*] This *Epigram* is not in MS.
‡‡ *Quintus his wit*] i. e. Quintus's ✠.
§§ *street*] Eds. "strectes."

IN SEVERUM. XIII.

The puritan Severus oft doth read
This* text, that doth pronounce vain speech† a sin,—
"That thing defiles a man, that doth proceed
From out the mouth, not that which enters‡ in."
Hence is it§ that we seldom hear him swear;
And thereof,‖ like¶ a Pharisee, he vaunts:
But he devours more capons in a** year
Than would suffice an†† hundred protestants.
And, sooth, those sectaries‡‡ are gluttons all,
As well the thread-bare cobbler as the knight;
For those poor slaves which have not wherewithal,
Feed§§ on the rich, till they devour them quite;
And so, like‖‖ Pharaoh's kine, they eat up clean
Those that be fat, yet still themselves be¶¶ lean.

IN LEUCAM.*** XIV.

Leuca in presence once a fart did let;
Some laugh'd a little; she forsook††† the place;
And, mad with shame, did eke‡‡‡ her glove forget,
Which she return'd to fetch with bashful grace;
And when she would have said "my glove,"§§§
"My fart," quod‖‖‖ she; which did more laughter move.

IN MACRUM. XV.

Thou canst not speak yet,¶¶¶ Macer; for to speak,
Is to distinguish sounds significant:
Thou with harsh noise the air dost* rudely break;
But what thou utter'st common sense doth want,—
Half-English words,† with fustian terms among,
Much like the burden of a northern song.

IN FAUSTUM. XVI.

"That youth," saith Faustus, "hath a lion‡ seen,
Who from a§ dicing-house comes moneyless."
But when he lost his hair, where had he been?
I doubt‖ me, he¶ had seen a lioness.

IN COSMUM. XVII.

Cosmus hath more discoursing in his head
Than Jove when Pallas issu'd from his brain;
And still he strives to be deliverèd
Of all his thoughts at once; but all in vain;
For, as we see at all the** playhouse-doors,
When ended is the play, the dance, and song,
A thousand townsmen, gentlemen, and whores,
Porters, and serving-men, together throng,—
So thoughts of drinking, thriving,†† wenching, war,‡‡
And borrowing money, ranging§§ in his mind,
To issue all at‖‖ once so forward are,
As none at all can perfect passage find.

IN FLACCUM. XVIII.

The false knave Flaccus once a bribe I gave;
The more fool I¶¶ to bribe so false a knave:

---

* *This*] So eds.—MS. "His."
† *speech*] So eds.—MS. "wordes."
‡ *enters*] So eds.—MS. "entereth."
§ *is it*] So eds.—MS. "it is."
‖ *thereof*] So eds.—MS. "therefore."
¶ *like*] So Ed. A, and MS.—Eds. B, C, "as."
** *a*] So ed. A, and MS.—Eds. B, C, "one."
†† *an*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "a."—MS. "one."
‡‡ *those sectaries*] So eds.—MS. "these scituaries."
§§ *Feed*] So eds.—MS. "Eate."
‖‖ *like*] So ed. A, and MS.—Eds. B, C, "as."
¶¶ *be fat, yet still themselves be*] So eds.—MS. "are *fatt, yett* they *themselues* are."
*** *In Leucam*] This *Epigram* is not in MS.
††† *forsook*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "refus'd."
‡‡‡ *eke*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "then."
§§§ "*my glove*"] Something has dropt out of this line.
‖‖‖ *quod*] i. e. quoth.
¶¶¶ *yet*] So eds.—MS. "of."

* *harsh noise the air dost*] So eds.—MS. (nonsensically) "horse nor sea *the ayre* doth."
† *words*] So eds.—MS. "termes."
‡ *a lion*] So eds.—MS. "the lions."
§ *Who from a*] So eds.—MS. "Which *from* the."
‖ *doubt*] So eds.—MS. "feare."
¶ *he*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Not in ed. A.
** *at all the*] So eds.—MS. "that att *the*."
†† *drinking, thriving*] So eds.—MS. "thrivinge, drinckinge."
‡‡ *wenching, war*] So eds.—MS. "*wenchinge* ware."
§§ *ranging*] So MS.—Eds. "raging."
‖‖ *at*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "a."
¶¶ *The more fool I*] So eds.—MS. "I was a foole."

But he gave back my* bribe; the more fool he,
That for my folly did not cozen me.

IN CINEAM. XIX.

Thou†, doggèd Cineas, hated like a dog,
For still thou grumblest like a masty ‡ dog,
Compar'st thyself to nothing but a dog;
Thou say'st thou art as weary as a dog,
As angry, sick, and hungry as a dog,
As dull and melancholy as a dog,
As lazy, sleepy, idle§ as a dog.
But why dost thou compare thee to a dog
In that for which all men despise a dog?
I will compare thee better to a dog;
Thou art as fair and‖ comely as a dog,
Thou art as true and honest as a dog,
Thou art as kind and liberal as a dog,
Thou art as wise and valiant as a dog.
But, Cineas, I have often¶ heard thee tell,
Thou art as like** thy father as may be:
'Tis like enough; and, faith, I like it†† well;
But I am glad thou art not like to me.

IN GERONTEM.‡‡ XX.

Geron his§§ mouldy memory corrects
Old Holinshed our famous chronicler
With moral rules, and policy collects
Out of all actions done these fourscore year;‖‖
Accounts the time of every old event,
Not from Christ's birth, nor from the prince's reign,
But from some other famous accident,
Which in men's general notice doth remain,—
The siege of Boulogne, and the plaguy sweat,
The going to Saint Quintin's and New-haven,
The rising in the north, the frost so great,
That cart-wheel prints on Thamis'¶¶ face were graven,***
The fall of money, and burning of Paul's* steeple,
The blazing star, and Spaniards' overthrow:
By these events, notorious to the people,
He measures times, and things forepast doth show:
But most of all, he chiefly reckons by
A private chance,—the death of his curst† wife;
This is to him the dearest memory,
And th' happiest accident of all his life.

IN MARCUM. XXI.

When Marcus comes from Mins',‡ he still doth swear,
By "come on seven,"§ that‖ all is lost and gone:
But that's not true;¶ for he hath lost his hair,
Only for that he came too much on one.**

IN CYPRIUM. XXII.

The fine youth Cyprius is more terse and neat
Than the new garden of the Old Temple is;
And still the newest fashion he doth get,
And with the time doth change from that to this;
He wears a hat now of the flat-crown block,††
The treble ruff,‡‡ long cloak, and doublet French;
He takes tobacco, and doth wear a lock,
And wastes more time in dressing than a wench.
Yet this new-fangled youth, made for these§§ times,
Doth, above all, praise old George‖‖ Gascoigne's rhymes.

---

* *my*] So eds.—MS. "the."
† *Thou*] So eds.—MS. "Thous."
‡ *masty*] i. e. mastiff.
§ *sleepy, idle*] So MS.—Eds. "*sleepie* and as *idle*."
‖ *and*] So eds.—MS. " as."
¶ *often*] So MS.—Eds. A, B, "oft."—Ed. C omits the word.
** *Thou art as like*] So eds.—MS. "That thou art *like*."
†† *'Tis . . . . it*] So eds.—MS. "Its . . . thee."
‡‡ *In Gerontem*] This *Epigram* is not in MS.
§§ *Geron his*] i. e. Geron's.—Ed. A "Geron."—Eds. B, C, "Gerons."
‖‖ *year*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "yeares."
¶¶ *Thamis'*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "Thames."
*** *graven*] Eds. "scene."

* *Paul's*] So eds. A, C.—Ed. B "Powles."
† *curst*] i. e. ill-natured.
‡ *from Mins'*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "*from* Minnes."—MS. "for newes."—*Mins'* (which perhaps should be written *Min's*) is, I presume, the name of some person who kept an ordinary where gaming was practised.
§ *on seven*] So eds. B, C; and MS. (which has the not unusual spelling, "one" for "*on*").—Ed. A "a *seauen*."
‖ *that*] So eds.—Not in MS.
¶ *true*] So eds.—MS. "so."
** *came too much on one*] Eds. "*came too much* at *one*" (nor wrongly, if in the second line we read "at *seven*," for which "a *seauen*" of ed. A is most probably a misprint).—MS. "comes *to much one* [i. e. *on*] *one*."
†† *block*] i. e. form, fashion (properly, the wood on which the crown of the hat is moulded).
‡‡ *ruff*] So MS.—Eds. "ruffes."
§§ *these*] So eds.—MS. "this."
‖‖ *George*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Not in ed. A.

IN CINEAM. XXIII.

When Cineas comes amongst his friends in morning,
He slyly looks * who first his cap doth move:
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning,
As if for ever they† had lost his love.
I, knowing‡ how it doth the humour fit
Of this fond § gull to be saluted first,
Catch at my cap, but move it not‖ a whit:
Which he perceiving,¶ seems for** spite to burst.
But, Cineas, why expect†† you more of me
Than I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quality,
For vault, and dance, and fence,‡‡ and rhyme I can:
You keep a whore at your own charge, men tell me;
Indeed, friend Cineas, therein you excel me.§§

IN GALLUM. XXIV.

Gallus hath been this summer-time‖‖ in Friesland,
And now, return'd, he speaks such warlike words,
As, if I could their English understand,
I fear me they would cut my throat like swords;
He talks of counter-scarfs,¶¶ and casamates,***
Of parapets, curtains, and palisadoes;†††
Of flankers, ravelins, gabions‡‡‡ he prates,
And of false-brays,* and† sallies, and scaladoes.
But,‡ to requite such gulling terms as these,
With words of my profession I§ reply;
I tell of fourching, vouchers, and‖ counterpleas,
Of withernams,¶ essoins, and champarty.
So, neither of us understanding either,**
We part as wise as when†† we came together.

IN DECIUM.‡‡ XXV.

Audacious painters have Nine Worthies made;
But poet Decius, more audacious far,

---

* *looks*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "spies."—MS. "notes."

† *they*] So eds.—MS. "hee."

‡ *knowing*] So ed. A, and MS.—Eds. B, C, "seeing."

§ *fond*] i. e. foolish.

‖ *not*] So eds.—MS. "never."

¶ *Which he perceiving*] So MS.—Ed. A "*Which* perceiuing he."—Eds. B, C, "*Which* to perceiuing he."

** *for*] So eds.—MS. "with."

†† *expect*] So eds.—MS. "respect."

‡‡ *vault, and dance, and fence*] So eds.—MS. "vaute *and* fence *and* daunce."

§§ *excel me*] MS. adds;—

"You keepe a whore att your [own] charge in towne;
Indeede, frend Cineas, there you put me downe."

‖‖ *summer-time*] So eds.—MS. "sommer."

¶¶ *counter-scarfs*] i. e. counter-scarps,—a spelling frequent in old writers. So eds.—MS. "counterscapes."

*** *casamates*] Eds. "casomates."—MS. "cassamates."

††† *Of parapets, curtains, and palisadoes*] Eds. "*Of parapets*, of curtenevs, *and pallizadois*."—MS. "*Of* parapelets, *curtens, and* passadoes."

‡‡‡ *Of flankers, ravelins, gabions*] So eds.—MS. "*Of* ffranckers, *ravelinges*, and *gabions*."

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* *false-brays*] i. e. counter-breast-works, mounds raised to mask some part of the works. So ed. A, and MS.—Eds. B, C, "*false* baits."

† *and*] So eds.—MS. "of."—With this passage compare the following lines;

"See Captaine Martio, he i'th' 'Renounce me' band,
That in the middle region doth stand
Wo' th' reputation steele! Faith, lets remoue
Into his ranke (if such discourse you loue):
Hee'l tell of basilisks, trenches, retires,
Of pallizadoes, parepets, frontires,
Of caluerins, and barieadoes too,
What to bee harquebazerd, to lye in perdue," &c.

Fitzgeoffrey's *Notes from Black-Fryers*, Sig. E 7,—a portion of the vol. entitled *Certain Elegies*, &c., ed. 1620.

‡ *But*] So eds.—MS. "And."

§ *I*] So eds.—MS. "to."

‖ *fourcking . . . . and*] So eds.—MS. "forginge . . . . . of."

¶ *withernams*] So eds. A, B; and MS.—Ed. C "withermans."

** *either*] So ed. A.—Eds. B, C, "one an other."—MS. "other."

†† *wise as when*] So eds.—MS. "wisely as."

‡‡ *In Decium*] Jonson told Drummond "That S. J. Davies played in ane Epigrame on Draton's, who, in a sonnet, concluded his Mistriss might been the Ninth [Tenth] Worthy; and said, he used a phrase like Damœtas in [Sir P. Sidney's] Arcadia, who said, For wit his Mistresse might be a gyant." *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden*, p. 15, ed. Shakespeare Soc. The sonnet by Drayton, which our author here ridicules, is as follows;

"*To the Celestiall Numbers.*

"Vnto the World, to Learning, and to Heauen,
Three Nines there are, to euery one a Nine,
One Number of the Earth, the other both Diuine;
One Woman now makes three odde Numbers euen:
Nine Orders first of Angels be in Heauen,
Nine Muses doe with Learning still frequent,
These with the Gods are euer Resident;
Nine Worthy Ones vnto the World were giuen:
My Worthy One to these Nine Worthies addeth,
And my faire Muse one Muse vnto the Nine,
And my good Angell (in my soule Diuine)
With one more Order these Nine Orders gladdeth:
My Muse, my Worthy, and my Angell, then,
Makes euery one of these three Nines a Ten."

Idea, Sonnet 18, ed. 8vo, n. d.

Making his mistress march with men of war,
With title of "Teuth Worthy" * doth her lade.
Methinks that gull did use his terms as fit,
Which† term'd his love "a giant for her wit."

IN GELLAM. XXVI.

If Gella's beauty be examinèd,
She hath a dull dead eye, a saddle nose,
An‡ ill-shap'd face, with morphew overspread,
And rotten teeth, which she in laughing shows;
Briefly, she is the filthiest wench in town,
Of all that do the art of whoring use:
But when she hath put on her satin gown,
Her cut§ lawn apron, and her velvet shoes,
Her green silk stockings, and her petticoat
Of taffeta, with golden fringe around,
And is withal perfum'd‖ with civet hot,¶
Which doth her valiant stinking breath confound,—
Yet she with these additions is no more
Than a sweet, filthy, fine, ill-favour'd whore.

IN SYLLAM. XXVII.

Sylla is often challeng'd to the field,
To answer, like** a gentleman, his foes:
But then he doth this†† only answer yield,—‡‡
That he hath livings and fair lands to lose.
Sylla, if none but beggars valiant were,
The king of Spain would put us all in fear.

IN SYLLAM. XXVIII.

Who dares affirm that Sylla dares§§ not fight?
When I dare swear‖‖ he dares adventure more
Than the most valiant and all-daring* wight†
That ever arms with resolution bore;
He that dares‡ touch the most unwholesome whore
That ever was retir'd into the spittle,
And dares court§ wenches standing at a door
(The portion of his wit being passing little);
He that dares give his dearest friends offences,
Which other valiant fools do fear to do,
And, when a fever doth confound his senses,
Dares‖ eat raw beef, and drink strong wine thereto;
He that dares take tobacco on the stage,¶
Dares man a whore at noon-day through the street,
Dares dance in Paul's,** and in this formal age
Dares say and do†† whatever is unmeet;
Whom fear of shame could never yet affright,
Who dares affirm that Sylla dares not fight?

IN HEYWODUM. XXIX.

Heywood, that did in epigrams‡‡ excel,
Is now put down since my light Muse arose;

* *Tenth Worthy*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*tenth* worthlie."—MS. "ten worthies."

† *Which*] So eds.—MS. "That."

‡ *An*] So eds. A, B; and MS.—Ed. C "And."

§ *cut*] So MS.—Eds. "out."

‖ *perfum'd*] So eds. A, C; and MS.—Ed. B "perfund."

¶ *hot*] So eds.—MS. "sweete."

** *like*] So ed. A, and MS.—Eds. B, C, "as."

†† *then he doth this*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "when doth he his."—MS. "*he doth* all *this*."

‡‡ *yield*] So eds.—MS. "make."

§§ *dares*] So MS.—Eds. "dare" (but compare the last line of this *Ep.*).

‖‖ *swear*] So eds.—MS. "say."

* *valiant and all-daring*] So MS.—Ed. A "braue, most *all daring*."—Eds. B, C, "braue *and all-daring*."

† *wight*] So eds.—MS. "knight."

‡ *dares*] So Eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "dare."

§ *And dares court*, &c.] MS. omits this and the next line.

‖ *Dares*] So MS.—Eds. "Dare."

¶ *He that dares take tobacco on the stage*] Probably most readers are aware that it was formerly the custom of gallants to smoke tobacco on the stage, during the performance, either lying on the rushes, or sitting upon hired stools.

** *Paul's*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A, and MS. "Powles."

†† *say and do*] So eds.—MS. "doe *and* say."

‡‡ *that did in epigrams*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "which in epigrams did."—The *Epigrams* of John Heywood are well known.—An allusion to this epigram of Davies occurs in Sir. John Harington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596; "This Haywood for his proverbs and epigrams is not yet put down by any of our country, though one [*Marginal note*, M. Davies] doth indeed come near him, that graces him the more in saying he puts him down." p. 41, ed. 1814. (In the same work we find, "But, as my good friend M. Davies said of his epigrams, that they were made, like doublets in Birchin-lane, for every one whom they will serve," &c, p. 133.) So too in Bastard's *Chrestoleros*, &c., 1598;

"Heywood goes downe, saith Dauis, sikerly;
And downe he goes, I can it not deny:
But were I happy, did not fortune frowne,
Were I in heart, I would sing Dauy downe."

Lib. ii. *Ep.* 15.

"*Ad Johannem Dauis.*

"If witt may make a poet, as I gesse,
Heywood with auncient poets may I [*sic*] compare.
But thou in word and deed hast made him lesse
In his owne wit: hauing yet learning spare.

As buckets are put down into a well,
Or as a school-boy putteth down his hose.*

IN DACUM.† XXX.

Amongst the poets Dacus number'd is,
Yet could he never‡ make an English rhyme:
But some prose speeches I have heard of his,
Which have been spoken many an hundred § time;
The man that keeps the elephant hath one,
Wherein he tells the wonders‖ of the beast;
Another Banks pronouncèd long agone,¶
When he his curtal's** qualities express'd:
He first taught him that keeps the monuments
At Westminster, his formal tale to say,
And also him which†† puppets represents,
And also him which with the ape doth play.
Though all his poetry be like to this,
Amongst‡‡ the poets Dacus §§ number'd is.

IN PRISCUM. XXXI.

When Priscus, rais'd from low to high estate,
Rode through the street in|||| pompous jollity,
Caius, his poor familiar friend* of late,
Bespake† him thus, "Sir, now you know not me."
"'Tis‡ likely, friend," quoth Priscus, "to be so,
For at this time myself I do not know."

IN BRUNUM. XXXII.

Brunus, which deems§ himself a fair‖ sweet youth,
Is nine and thirty¶ years of age at least;
Yet was he never, to confess the truth,
But a dry starveling when he was at best.
This gull was sick to show his nightcap fine,
And his wrought pillow overspread with lawn;
But hath** been well since his grief's cause hath line††
At Trollop's, by Saint Clement's Church, in‡‡ pawn.

IN FRANCUM. XXXIII.

When Francus comes to solace with his whore,
He sends for rods, and strips himself stark naked;
For his lust sleeps, and will not rise before,
By whipping of the wench, it be awakèd.§§
I envy him not, but wish I|||| had the power
To make myself his wench but one half-hour.

IN CASTOREM. XXXIV.

Of speaking well why do we learn the skill,
Hoping thereby honour and wealth to gain?
Sith¶¶ railing Castor doth, by speaking ill,
Opinion of much wit, and gold obtain.

The goate doth hunt the grasse, the wolfe the goat,
The lyon huuts the wolfe, by proofe we see.
Heywood sang others downe, but thy sweete note,
Dauis, hath sang him downe, and I would thee.
Thou be not mou'de, nor count it such a sinn,
To will in thee what thou hast donn in him."
Id. Lib. iii. *Ep.* 3.

Compare also Freeman's *Rubbe and a great Cast*, 1614;

"Heywood wrote Epigrams, so did Dauis;
Reader, thou doubst [*sic*] *vtrum horum mauis:*
Bnt vnto mine, whose vaine is no better,
Thou wilt not subscribe *Religetur* [sic], *ametur.*"
Sec. Part, Ep. 100.

* *hose*] i. e. breeches.

† *In Dacum*] See note on *Epigram* XLV.

‡ *could he never*] So eds.—MS. "never could hee."

§ *many an hundred*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*many* a," &c.—MS. "*many* thousand."

‖ *wonders*] So eds.—MS. "wonder."

¶ *agone*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "agoe."

** *curtal's*] i. e. horse's (the word means properly—a docked horse). So much may be found in various books concerning Banks and his wonderful horse, that any account of them is unnecessary here.

†† *which*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "with."

‡‡ *Amongst*] So eds.—MS. "amorge."

§§ *Dacus*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Not in ed. A.

|||| *street in*] So eds.—MS. "strectes with."

* *Caius, his poor familiar friend*] So eds.—MS. "Leaues *his poore familier* frends."

† *Bespake*] So eds.—MS. "Bespeakes."

‡ *'Tis*] So eds.—MS. "Its."

§ *deems*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A, and MS. "thinkes."

‖ *fair*] So eds.—MS. "fine."

¶ *nine and thirty*] So MS., except that it has "thirtith."—Eds. "thirtie nine."

** *But hath*] So eds.—MS. "*But* he *hath.*"

†† *line*] i. e. lien, lain.

‡‡ *in*] So eds.—MS. "at."

§§ *the wench, it be awakèd*] So eds.—MS. "his *wench, it* may *be* waked."

|||| *I*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "he."

¶¶ *Sith*] i. e. Since.

IN SEPTIMIUM. XXXV.

Septimius * lives, and is like garlic seen,
For though his head be white, his † blade is green.
This old mad colt deserves a martyr's praise,
For he was burnèd in Queen Mary's days.

OF TOBACCO. XXXVI.

Homer of Moly and Nepenthe ‡ sings;
Moly, the gods' most sovereign herb divine,
Nepenthe, Helen's § drink, which ‖ gladness brings,
Heart's grief expels, and doth the wit ¶ refine.
But this our age another world hath found,
From whence an herb of heavenly power is brought;
Moly is not so sovereign for a wound,
Nor hath Nepenthe so great wonders wrought.
It is tobacco, whose sweet subtle ** fume
The hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,
By drawing down †† and drying up the rheum,
The mother and the nurse of each disease;
It is tobacco, which ‡‡ doth cold expel,
And clears th' obstructions of the arteries,
And surfeits threatening death digesteth §§ well,
Decocting all the stomach's crudities;
It is tobacco, which ||| hath power to clarify
The cloudy mists ¶¶ before dim eyes appearing;
It is tobacco, which hath power to rarify ***
The thick gross humour which ††† doth stop the hearing;
The wasting hectic, ‡‡‡ and the quartan fever,
Which doth of physic make a mockery,
The gout it cures, and helps ill breaths for ever,
Whether the cause in teeth or stomach be;
And though ill breaths were by it but confounded,
Yet that vile * medicine it doth far excel,
Which by Sir Thomas More † hath been propounded,
For this is thought a gentleman-like smell.
O, that I were one of these ‡ mountebanks
Which praise their oils and powders which they sell!
My customers would § give me coin with thanks;
I for this ware, forsooth, ‖ a tale would tell:
Yet would I use none of these terms before;
I would but say, that it the pox will ¶ cure;
This ** were enough, without discoursing more,
All our brave gallants in the town t'allure. ††

IN CRASSUM. XXXVII.

Crassus his lies ‡‡ are no §§ pernicious lies,
But pleasant fictions, hurtful unto none
But to himself; for no man counts him wise,
To tell for truth that which for false is known.
He swears that Gaunt ||| is three-score miles about,
And that the bridge at Paris on ¶¶ the Seine
Is of such thickness, length, and breadth, throughout,
That six-score arches can it scarce sustain;
He swears he saw so great a dead man's scull
At Canterbury digg'd out of the ground,

---

* *Septimius*] So ed. B.—Ed. A, and MS. "Septimus."—Ed. C "Septinius."

† *his*] So eds.—MS. "the."

‡ *Nepenthe*] So eds.—MS. (both here and afterwards in this *Ep.*) "Nepenthen."

§ *Helen's*] Ed. A "Hekens."—Eds. B, C, "Hcauens."—MS. "helevs."—

> "Not that *Nepenthes*, which the wife of Thone
> In Egypt gave to Jove-born *Helena*," &c.
> Milton's *Comus*, *v.* 675.

‖ *which*] Ed. A "with" (a manifest mistake for "which").—Eds. B, C, "most."—MS. "that."

¶ *wit*] So MS.—Eds. "wits."

** *subtle*] So MS.—Eds. "substantiall."

†† *down*] So eds.—MS. "up."

‡‡ *which*] So eds.—MS. "that."

§§ *digesteth*] So eds.—MS. "resisteth."

||| *which*] So eds.—MS. "that."

¶¶ *mists*] So eds.—MS. "mist."

*** *which . . . rarify*] So eds.—MS. "that . . . ratiffie."

††† *humour which*] So eds.—MS. "humors that."

‡‡‡ *The wasting hectic*, &c.] In MS. this quatrain stands as the last but two of the epigram.

* *vile*] So MS. (where it is spelt "vild:" see note ‖, p. 68).—Not in eds.

† *Which by Sir Thomas More*, &c.] The allusion is to the following *Epigramma* of Sir T. More;

> "*Medicinæ ad tollendos fœtores anhelitus, provenientes a cibis quibusdam.*"
>
> "Sectile ne tetros porrum tibi spiret odores,
> Protenus a porro fac mihi cepe vores.
> Denuo fœtorem si vis depellere cepæ,
> Hoc facile efficient allia mansa tibi.
> Spiritus at si post etiam gravis allia restat,
> Aut nihil, aut tantum tollere *merda* potest."
> *T. Mori Lucubrationes*, &c., p. 261, ed. 1563.

‡ *that . . . . these*] So eds.—MS. "if . . . . the."

§ *would*] So eds.—MS. "should."

‖ *forsooth*] So eds.—MS. "so faire."

¶ *will*] So eds.—MS. "would."

** *This*] So eds.—MS. "It."

†† *All our brave gallants in the town t'allure*] So eds.—MS. "*All our* English *gallants to alure*."

‡‡ *Crassus his lies*] i. e. Crassus's lies.

§§ *no*] So MS.—Eds. "not."

||| *Gaunt*] i. e. Ghent. So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "Caunt."

¶¶ *at Paris on*] So eds.—MS. "in *Paris* ouer."

As * would contain of wheat three bushels full;
And that in Kent are twenty yeomen found,
Of which the poorest every year † dispends
Five thousand pound: these ‡ and five thousand mo §
So oft he hath recited || to his friends,
That ¶ now himself persuades himself 'tis ** so.
But why doth Crassus tell his †† lies so rife,
Of bridges, towns, and things that have no life?
He is a lawyer, and doth well espy
That for such lies an action will not lie.

IN PHILONEM. XXXVIII.

Philo, the lawyer, and the ‡‡ fortune-teller,
The school-master, the midwife, §§ and the bawd,
The conjurer, the buyer and the seller
Of painting which with breathing will be thaw'd,
Doth practise physic; and his credit grows,
As doth the ballad-singer's auditory,
Which hath at Temple-Bar his standing chose, ||||
And to the vulgar sings an ale-house story:
First stands ¶¶ a porter; then an oyster-wife
Doth stint her cry, and stay *** her steps to hear him;
Then comes a cutpurse ready with a ††† knife,
And then a country client presses ‡‡‡ near him;
There stands the constable, there stands the whore,
And, listening to the song, heed §§§ not each other;
There by the serjeant stands the debitor, ||||
And doth no more mistrust him than ¶¶¶ his brother:

* *As*] So MS.—Eds. "That."
† *year*] So eds.—MS. "day."
‡ *pound: these*] So eds.—MS. "pounds, yea."
§ *mo*] i. e. more.
|| *recited*] So eds.—MS. "reported."
¶ *That*] So eds.—MS. "As."
** *'tis*] So eds.—MS. "its."
†† *his*] So eds.—MS. "those."
‡‡ *the lawyer, and the*] So eds.—MS. "*the* gentloman, *the*."
§§ *midwife*] So eds.—MS. "widdow."
|||| *chose*] So eds.—MS. "close."
¶¶ *stands*] So eds.—MS. "comes."
*** *stay*] So eds.—MS. "stayes."
††† *a*] So eds.—MS. "his."
‡‡‡ *presses*] So MS.—Eds. "passeth."
§§§ *listening . . . heed*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "harkning . . . mark"; and so MS., except that it has "markes."
|||| *debitor*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A, and MS. "debtor poore."
¶¶¶ *than*] So eds.—Not in MS.

This * Orpheus to such hearers † giveth music,
And Philo to such patients giveth physic.

IN FUSCUM. XXXIX.

Fuscus is free, and ‡ hath the world at will;
Yet, in the course of life that he doth lead,
He's like a horse which, turning § round a mill,
Doth always in the self-same circle tread:
First, he doth rise at ten; and at eleven
He goes || to Gill's, ¶ where he doth eat till one;
Then sees a ** play till six; and sups at seven;
And, after supper, straight to bed is gone;
And there till ten next day he doth remain;
And then he dines; then sees †† a comedy;
And then he sups, and goes ‡‡ to bed again:
Thus round he runs §§ without variety,
Save |||| that sometimes he comes not to the play,
But falls into a whore-house by the way.

IN AFRUM. XL.

The smell-feast Afer ¶¶ travels to the Burse
Twice every day, the flying *** news to hear;
Which, when he hath no money in his purse,
To rich men's tables he doth ever ††† bear.
He tells how Groningen ‡‡‡ is taken in §§§
By the brave conduct of illustrious Vere,
And how the Spanish forces Brest would win,
But that they do victorious Norris fear.

* *This*] So MS.—Eds. "Thus."
† *hearers*] So eds.—MS. "cares."
‡ *Fuscus is free, and*] So eds.—MS. "Fustus in *five* aide."
§ *which, turning*] So eds.—MS. "that turneth."
|| *goes*] So eds.—MS. "goeth."
¶ *Gill's*] Some ordinary. Ed. A, and MS. "Gilles."—Eds. B, C, "Gyls."
** *Then sees a*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*Then sees* he *a*."—MS. "Hee seeth."
†† *dines; then sees*] So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "*dines*, and *sees*."—MS. "dyneth and seeth."
‡‡ *sups, and goes*] So eds.—MS. "suppeth *and* goeth."
§§ *Thus . . . . runs*] So eds.—MS. "So . . . runneth."
|||| *Save*] So eds.—MS. "But."
¶¶ *After*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "after."
*** *flying*] So ed. A, and MS.—Eds. B, C, "newest."
††† *ever*] So MS.—Eds. "often."
‡‡‡ *how Groningen*] Eds. "*how* Gronigen."—MS. "that Groyninge."
§§§ *taken in*] i. e. taken (conquered).

No sooner is a ship at sea surpris'd,
But straight he learns the news, and doth disclose it;
No sooner hath the Turk a plot devis'd
To conquer Christendom, but straight he knows it.*
Fair-written in a scroll he hath the† names
Of all the widows which‡ the plague hath made;
And persons, times, and places, still he frames
To every tale, the better to persuade.
We call him Fame, for that the wide-mouth slave
Will eat as fast as he will utter lies;
For Fame is said an hundred mouths to have,
And he eats more than would five-score suffice.

IN PAULUM. XLI.

By lawful mart, and by unlawful stealth,
Paulus,§ in spite‖ of envy, fortunate,
Derives out of the ocean so much¶ wealth,
As he may well maintain a lord's estate:
But on the land a little gulf there is,
Wherein he drowneth all that** wealth of his.

IN LYCUM. XLII.

Lycus, which lately†† is to Venice gone,
Shall, if he do‡‡ return, gain three for one:§§
But, ten to one, his knowledge and||| his wit
Will not be better'd or increas'd a whit.

* *No sooner hath the Turk a plot devis'd To conquer Christendom, but straight he knows it*] So MS.—These two lines are omitted in eds.

† *the*] So ed. A, and MS.—Not in eds. B, C.

‡ *which*] So eds.—MS. "that.".

§ *Paulus*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A. "Paules."—MS. "Palus."

‖ *spite*] So eds.—MS. "fight."

¶ *ocean so much*] So eds. B, C.—Ed, A "oceans *so much.*"—MS. "*ocean much.*"

** *that*] Eds. "the."—MS. "ye."—The original manuscript, in all probability, had "yt" (that).

†† *which lately*] So eds.—MS. "that is of late."

‡‡ *do*] So eds.—MS. "doth."

§§ *gain three for one*] In our author's days, it was a common practice for persons, before setting out on their travels, to deposit a sum of money, on condition of receiving large interest for it at their return: if they never returned, the deposit was forfeited. Innumerable allusions to "putters out" occur in the works published during the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

||| *and*] So eds.—MS. "or."

IN PUBLIUM. XLIII.

Publius, a* student at the Common-Law,
Oft leaves his books,† and, for his‡ recreation,
To Paris-garden§ doth himself withdraw;
Where he is ravish'd with such delectation,
As‖ down amongst the bears and dogs he goes;
Where,¶ whilst he skipping cries, "To head,** to head,"
His satin doublet and his velvet hose††
Are all with spittle from above be-spread:
Then is he‡‡ like his§§ father's country hall,|||
Stinking of¶¶ dogs, and muted*** all with hawks;
And rightly too on him this filth doth fall,†††
Which‡‡‡ for such filthy sports§§§ his books|||||| forsakes,¶¶¶
Leaving**** old Ployden,†††† Dyer, and Brooke alone,
To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson.‡‡‡‡

IN SYLLAM. XLIV.

When I this proposition had defended,
"A coward cannot be an honest man,"
Thou, Sylla, seem'st forthwith §§§§ to be offended,
And hold'st|||||| the contrary, and swear'st¶¶¶¶ he can.

* *a*] So MS.—Not in eds.

† *books*] So eds.—MS. "booke."

‡ *his*] So eds.—Not in MS.

§ *To Paris-garden*] i. e. to the bear-garden on the Bankside, Southwark.—So eds. A, B.—Ed. C "*To* Parish-*garden.*"—MS. "The Parish *garden.*"

‖ *As*] So eds.—MS. "That."

¶ *Where*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "were."

** *To head*] So eds. A, B; and MS.—Ed. C "head."

†† *hose*] i. e. breeches.

‡‡ *Then is he*] So MS.—Eds. "When he is."

§§ *his*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "a."

||| *hall*] So ed. A; and MS.—Eds. B, C, "shall."

¶¶ *of*] So MS.—Eds. "with."

*** *muted*] i.e. dunged.

††† *too on him this filth doth fall*] So eds.—MS. "doth such filth vpon him *fall.*"

‡‡‡ *Which*] So eds.—MS. "That."

§§§ *sports*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "spots."

|||||| *books*] So eds.—MS "booke."

¶¶¶ *forsakes*] So eds. B, C; and MS.—Ed. A "forsake."

**** *Leaving*] So eds.—MS. "And leaues."

†††† *Ployden*] i.e. Plowden.

‡‡‡‡ *Sacarson*] So eds.—MS. "Sakerstone."—Harry Hunkes and Sacarson were two bears at Paris-Garden: the latter was the more famous, and is mentioned by Shakespeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act 1, sc. 1.

§§§§ *Sylla, seem'st forthwith*] So eds.—MS. "scemst forthwith, Sella."

|||||| *hold'st*] So MS.—Eds. "holdes" (and "holds').

¶¶¶¶ *swear'st*] So MS.—Eds. "sweres."

But, when I tell thee that he will forsake
His dearest friend in peril of his life,
Thou then art chang'd, and say'st thou didst mistake;
And so we end our argument and strife:
Yet I think oft, and think* I think aright,
Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

IN DACUM. XLV.

Dacus†, with some good colour and pretence,
Terms his love's beauty "silent eloquence;"
For she doth lay more colours on her face
Than ever Tully us'd his‡ speech to grace.

IN MARCUM. XLVI.

Why dost thou, Marcus, in thy misery
Rail and blaspheme, and call the heavens unkind?
The heavens do owe§ no kindness unto thee,
Thou hast the heavens so little in thy mind;
For in thy life thou never usest prayer
But at primero, to encounter fair.

MEDITATIONS OF A GULL. XLVII.

See, yonder melancholy gentleman,
Which, hood-wink'd with his hat, alone doth sit!
Think what he thinks, and tell me, if you can,
What great affairs trouble his little wit.
He thinks not of the war 'twixt France and Spain,
Whether it be for Europe's good or ill,
Nor whether the Empire can itself maintain
Against the Turkish power encroaching still;
Nor what great town in all the Netherlands
The States* determine to besiege this spring,
Nor how the Scottish policy now stands,
Nor what becomes of the Irish mutining.
But he doth seriously bethink him whether
Of the gull'd people he be more esteem'd
For his long cloak or [for] his great black feather
By which each gull is now a gallant deem'd;
Or of a journey he deliberates
To Paris-garden,† Cock-pit, or the play;
Or how to steal a dog he meditates,
Or what he shall unto his mistress say.
Yet with these thoughts he thinks himself most fit
To be of counsel with a king for wit.

AD MUSAM. XLVIII.

Peace, idle Muse, have done! for it is time,
Since lousy Ponticus envies‡ my fame,
And swears the better sort are much to blame
To make me so well known for my§ ill rhyme.
Yet Banks his horse‖ is better known than he;
So are the camels and the western hog,
And so is Lepidus his printed dog:¶
Why doth not Ponticus their fames envy?

---

* *oft, and think*] So eds.—MS. "and I *thinke*."

† *Dacus*, &c.] I am sorry to believe that by *Dacus* (who is spoken of with great contempt in *Epigram* xxx) our author means Samuel Daniel; but the following lines in that very pleasing writer's *Complaint of Rosamond* (which was first printed in 1592) certainly would seem to be alluded to here;

"Ah, *beauty*, syren, faire enchanting good,
Sweet *silent rhetorique* of perswading eyes,
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth moue the blood
More then the words or wisedome of the wise," &c.
P. 39,—Daniel's *Certaine Small Workes*, &c. 1611.

This and the three next *Epigrams* are not in MS.

‡ *his*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "hig."

§ *do owe*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "draw."

* *States*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "starres."

† *Paris-garden*] See note §, p. 363, scc. col.

‡ *envies*] So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "ensues."

§ *my*] So eds. B, C.—Not in ed. A.

‖ *Banks his horse*] i. e. Banks's horse: see note **, p. 360, first col.

¶ *Lepidus his printed dog*] i. e. Lepidus's printed dog. So eds. B, C.—Ed. A "*Lepidus* hie *printed dogge*." The following epigram by Sir John Harington determines that he is the Lepidus of this passage and that his favourite dog Bungey is the "printed dog." In a compartment of the engraved title-page to Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, 1591, is a representation of Bungey (see too the Annotations on Book xli of that poem); and hence he is termed by Davies the "printed dog."

"*Against Momus, in praise of his dog Bungey.*

"Because a witty writer of this time
Doth make some mention in a pleasant rime
Of Lepidus and of his famous dog,
Thou, Momus, that dost love to scoffe and cog,
Prat'st amongst base companions, and giv'st out
That unto me herein is meant a flout.
Hate makes thee blind, Momus: I dare be sworn,
He meant to me his love, to thee his scorn.
Put on thy envious spectacles, and see
Whom doth he scorn therein, the dog or me?
The dog is grac'd, compared with great Banks,
Both beasts right famous for their pretty pranks;
Although in this I grant the dog was worse,
He only fed my pleasure, not my purse:

Besides, this Muse of mine and the black feather
Grew both together fresh* in estimation;

Yet that same dog, I may say this and boast it,
He found my purse with gold when I have [had] lost it.
Now for myself: some fooles (like thee) may judge
That at the name of Lepidus I grudge:
No, sure; so far I think it from disgrace,
I wisht it cleare to me and to my race.
Lepus or Lepos, I in both have part;
That in my name I beare, this in mine heart.
But, Momus, I perswade myself that no man
Will deigne thee such a name, English or Roman.
Ile wage a but of sack, the best in Bristo,
Who cals me Lepid, I will call him Tristo."
Epigrams, Book iii. Ep. 21, ed. folio.

fresh] So eds. A, B.—Not in ed. C.

And both, grown stale, were cast away together:
What fame is this that scarce lasts out a fashion?
Only this last in credit doth remain,
That from henceforth each bastard cast-forth rhyme,
Which doth but savour of a libel vein,
Shall call me father, and be thought my crime;
So dull, and with so little sense endu'd,
Is my gross-headed judge, the multitude.*

* *the multitude*] After these words eds. have "J. D.'

IGNOTO.*

I LOVE thee not for sacred chastity,—
Who loves for that?—nor for thy sprightly wit;
I love thee not for thy sweet modesty,
Which makes thee in perfection's throne to sit;
I love thee not for thy enchanting eye,
Thy beauty[s] ravishing perfection;
I love thee not for unchaste luxury,†
Nor for thy body's fair proportion;
I love thee not for that my soul doth dance
And leap with pleasure, when those lips of thine
Give musical and graceful utterance
To some (by thee made happy) poet's line;
I love thee not for voice or slender small:‡
But wilt thou know wherefore? fair sweet, for all.

Faith, wench, I cannot court thy sprightly eyes,
With the base-viol plac'd between my thighs;
I cannot lisp, nor to some fiddle sing,
Nor run upon a high-stretch'd minikin;
I cannot whine in puling elegies,
Entombing Cupid with sad obsequies;
I am not fashion'd for these amorous times,
To court thy beauty with lascivious rhymes;
I cannot dally, caper, dance, and sing,
Oiling my saint with supple sonnetting;
I cannot cross my arms, or sigh "Ay me,
Ay me, forlorn!" egregious foppery!
I cannot buss* thy fill, play with thy hair,
Swearing by Jove, "thou art most debonair!"
Not I, by cock!† but [I] shall tell thee roundly,—
Hark in thine ear,—zounds, I can ( ) thee soundly.

Sweet wench, I love thee: yet I will not sue,
Or shew my love as musky courtiers do;
I'll not carouse a health to honour thee,
In this same bezzling‡ drunken courtesy,
And, when all's quaff'd, eat up my bousing-glass,§
In glory that I am thy servile ass;
Nor will I wear a rotten Bourbon lock,
As some sworn peasant to a female smock.
Well-featur'd lass, thou know'st I love thee dear:
Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine ear,
To hang thy dirty silken shoe-tires there;
Nor for thy love will I once gnash a brick,
Or some pied colours in my bonnet stick:
But, by the chaps of hell, to do thee good,
I'll freely spend my thrice-decocted blood.

---

* *Ignoto*] This copy of verses is found only in ed. A.
† *luxury*] i. e. lust.
‡ *small*] i. e., I suppose, of the waist.

* *buss*] i. e. kiss.
† *cock*] A very old corruption of the sacred name. This is proved by the equally common expressions, "Cock's passion," "Cock's body," &c.
‡ *bezzling*] i. e. tippling, sotting.
§ *bousing-glass*] i. e. drinking-glass.

THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCAN.

Lucans First Booke Translated Line for Line, By Chr. Marlow. At London, Printed by P. Short, and are to be sold by Walter Burre at the Signe of the Flower de Luce in Paules Churchyard, 1600, 4*to*.

According to the title-page of the second edition of *Hero and Leander* (see p. 276), this translation ought to have accompanied it: but, I believe, the two pieces are never found in conjunction.

TO HIS KIND AND TRUE FRIEND, EDWARD BLUNT.*

Blunt, I purpose to be blunt with you, and, out of my dulness, to encounter you with a Dedication in the memory of that pure elemental wit, Chr. Marlowe, whose ghost or genius is to be seen walk the Church-yard † in, at the least, three or four sheets. Methinks you should presently look wild now, and grow humorously frantic upon the taste of it. Well, lest you should, let me tell you, this spirit was sometime a familiar of your own, *Lucan's First Book translated;* which, in regard of your old right in it, I have raised in the circle of your patronage. But stay now, Edward : if I mistake not, you are to accommodate yourself with some few instructions, touching the property of a patron, that you are not yet possessed of ; and to study them for your better grace, as our gallants do fashions. First, you must be proud, and think you have merit enough in you, though you are ne'er so empty ; then, when I bring you the book, take physic, and keep state ; assign me a time by your man to come again ; and, afore the day, be sure to have changed your lodging ; in the mean time sleep little, and sweat with the invention of some pitiful dry jest or two, which you may happen to utter, with some little, or not at all, marking of your friends, when you have found a place for them to come in at ; or, if by chance something has dropped from you worth the taking up, weary all that come to you with the often repetition of it ; censure ‡ scornfully enough, and somewhat like a traveller ; commend nothing, lest you discredit your (that which you would seem to have) judgment. These things, if you can mould yourself to them, Ned, I make no question but they will not become you. One special virtue in our patrons of these days I have promised myself you shall fit excellently, which is, to give nothing ; yes, thy love I will challenge as my peculiar object, both in this, and, I hope, many more succeeding offices. Farewell : I affect not the world should measure my thoughts to thee by a scale of this nature : leave to think good of me when I fall from thee.

Thine in all rites of perfect friendship,

THOMAS THORPE. §

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* *Edward Blunt*] The bookseller.—So old ed. here (and see Dedication prefixed to *Hero and Leander*, p. 277); but, immediately after, it has "Blount, *I purpose*," &c., to the injury of a valuable pun.

† *the Church-yard*] i. e. Paul's church-yard, which abounded in booksellers' shops.

‡ *censure*] i. e. judge.

§ *Thomas Thorpe*] The bookseller.

THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCAN.

Wars worse than civil on Thessalian plains,
And outrage strangling law, and people strong,
We sing, whose conquering swords their own breasts lanc'd,*
Armies allied, the kingdom's league uprooted,
Th' affrighted world's force bent on public spoil,
Trumpets and drums, like † deadly, threatening other,
Eagles alike display'd, darts answering darts.
Romans, what madness, what huge lust of war,
Hath made barbarians drunk with Latin blood?
Now Babylon, proud through our spoil, should stoop,
While slaughter'd Crassus' ghost walks unreveng'd,
Will ye wage war, for which you shall not triumph?
Ay me! O, what a world of land and sea
Might they have won whom civil broils have slain!
As far as Titan springs, where night dims heaven,
Ay, to the torrid zone where mid-day burns,
And where stiff winter, whom no spring resolves,
Fetters the Euxine Sea with chains of ice;
Scythia ‡ and wild Armenia had been yok'd,
And they of Nilus' mouth, if there live any.
Rome, if thou take delight in impious war,
First conquer all the earth, then turn thy force
Against thyself: as yet thou wants't not foes.
That now the walls of houses half-rear'd totter,
That, rampires fallen down, huge heaps of stone
Lie in our towns, that houses are abandon'd,
And few live that behold their ancient seats;
Italy many years hath lien untill'd
And chok'd with thorns; that greedy earth wants hinds;—
Fierce Pyrrhus, neither thou nor Hannibal
Art cause; no foreign foe could so afflict us:
These plagues arise from wreak of civil power.*
But if for Nero, then unborn, the Fates
Would find no other means, and gods not slightly
Purchase immortal thrones, nor Jove joy'd heaven
Until the cruel giants' war was done;
We plain not, heavens,† but gladly bear these evils
For Nero's sake: Pharsalia groan with slaughter,
And Carthage' souls ‡ be glutted with our bloods!
At Munda let the dreadful battles join;
Add, Cæsar, to these ills, Perusian famine,
The Mutin toils, the fleet at Leuca § sunk,
And cruel field near burning Ætna fought!
Yet Rome is much bound to these civil arms,
Which made thee emperor. Thee (seeing thou, being old,
Must shine a star) shall heaven (whom thou lovest)
Receive with shouts; where thou wilt reign as king,
Or mount the Sun's flame-bearing chariot,
And with bright restless fire compass the earth,
Undaunted though her former guide be chang'd;
Nature and every power shall give thee place,
What god it please thee be, or where to sway.
But neither choose the north t'erect thy seat,

* *lanc'd*] Old ed. "launcht." See note ‖, p. 11.
† *like*] i. e. alike.
‡ *Scythia*, &c.] But Lucan has "Sub juga jam *Seres*," &c.

* *These plagues arise from wreak of civil power*] "alta sedent civilis vulnera dextræ."
† *We plain not, heavens*] "Jam nihil, O Superi, querimur."
‡ *Carthage' souls*] "Pœni . . . manes."
§ *Leuca*] Should be "Leucas."

Nor yet the adverse reeking * southern pole,
Whence thou shouldst view thy Rome with squinting beams.
If any one part of vast heaven thou swayest,
The burden'd axes † with thy force will bend:
The midst is best; that place is pure and bright;
There, Cæsar, mayst thou shine, and no cloud dim thee.
Then men from war shall bide in league and ease,
Peace through the world from Janus' fane shall fly,
And bolt the brazen gates with bars of iron.
Thou, Cæsar, at this instant art my god;
Thee if I invocate, I shall not need
To crave Apollo's aid or Bacchus' help;
Thy power inspires the Muse that sings this war.
The causes first I purpose to unfold
Of these garboils,‡ whence springs a long discourse;
And what made madding people shake off peace.
The Fates are envious, high seats quickly perish,
Under great burdens falls are ever grievous;
Rome was so great it could not bear itself.
So when this world's compounded union breaks,
Time ends, and to old Chaos all things turn,
Confusèd stars shall meet, celestial fire
Fleet on the floods, the earth shoulder the sea,
Affording it no shore, and Phœbe's wain
Chase Phœbus, and enrag'd affect his place,
And strive to shine by day, and full of strife
Dissolve the engines of the broken world.
All great things crush themselves; such end the gods
Allot the height of honour; men so strong
By land and sea, no foreign force could ruin.
O Rome, thyself art cause of all these evils,
Thyself thus shiver'd out to three men's shares!
Dire league of partners in a kingdom last not.§
O faintly-join'd friends, with ambition blind,
Why join you force to share the world betwixt you?
While th' earth the sea, and air the earth sustains,
While Titan strives against the world's swift course,
Or Cynthia, night's queen, waits upon the day,
Shall never faith be found in fellow kings:
Dominion cannot suffer partnership.

This need[s] no foreign proof nor far-fet * story:
Rome's infant walls were steep'd in brother's blood;
Nor then was land or sea, to breed such hate;
A town with one poor church set them at odds.†
Cæsar's and Pompey's jarring love soon ended,
'Twas peace against their wills; betwixt them both
Stepp'd Crassus in. Even as the slender isthmos,
Betwixt the Ægæan ‡ and the Ionian sea,
Keeps each from other, but being worn away,
They both burst out, and each encounter other;
So whenas § Crassus' wretched death, who stay'd them,
Had fill'd Assyrian Carra's ‖ walls with blood,
His loss made way for Romau outrages.
Parthians, y'afflict us more than ye suppose;
Being conquer'd, we are plagu'd with civil war.
Swords share our empire: Fortune, that made Rome
Govern the earth, the sea, the world itself,
Would not admit two lords; for Julia,
Snatch'd hence by cruel Fates, with ominous howls
Bare down to hell her son, the pledge of peace,
And all bands of that death-presaging alliance.
Julia, had heaven given thee longer life,
Thou hadst restrain'd thy headstrong husband's rage,
Yea, and thy father too, and, swords thrown down,
Made all shake hands, as once the Sabines did:
Thy death broke amity, and train'd to war
These captains emulous of each other's glory.
Thou fear'd'st, great Pompey, that late deeds would dim
Old triumphs, and that Cæsar's conquering France
Would dash the wreath thou war'st for pirates' wreck:
Thee war's use stirr'd, and thoughts that always scorn'd
A second place. Pompey could bide no equal,
Nor Cæsar no superior: which of both
Had justest cause, unlawful 'tis to judge:
Each side had great partakers; ¶ Cæsar's cause
The gods abetted, Cato lik'd the other.

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* *reekin.g*] "calidus."

† *axes*] i. e. axis.

‡ *garboils*] i. e. commotions. (The original "tantarum . . . rerum").

§ *Dire league of partners . . . . last not*] See note §, p. 166.

* *far-fet*] i. e. far-fetched.

† *A town with one poor church set them at odds*] "exiguum dominos commisit asylum."

‡ *Ægæan*] So old ed. in some copies which had been corrected at press; other copies "Aezean."

§ *whenas*] i. e. when.

‖ *Carra's*] Should be "Carræ's" or "Carrhæ's."

¶ *Each side had great partakers*] "magno se judice quisque tuetur."

Both differ'd much. Pompey was struck in years,
And by long rest forgot to manage arms,
And, being popular, sought by liberal gifts
To gain the light unstable commons' love,
And joy'd to hear his theatre's applause:
He liv'd secure, boasting his former deeds,
And thought his name sufficient to uphold him:
Like to a tall oak in a fruitful field,
Bearing old spoils and conquerors' monuments,
Who, though his root be weak, and his own weight
Keep him within the ground, his arms all bare,
His body, not his boughs, send forth a shade;
Though every blast it nod,* and seem to fall,†
When all the woods about stand bolt upright,
Yet he alone is held in reverence.
Cæsar's renown for war was less; he restless,
Shaming to strive but where he did subdue;
When ire or hope provok'd, heady and bold;
At all times charging home, and making havoc;
Urging his fortune, trusting in the gods,
Destroying what withstood his proud desires,
And glad when blood and ruin made him way:
So thunder, which the wind tears from the clouds,
With crack of riven air and hideous sound
Filling the world, leaps out and throws forth fire,
Affrights poor fearful men, and blasts their eyes
With overthwarting flames, and raging shoots
Alongst the air, and, not resisting it,
Falls, and returns, and shivers where it lights.
Such humours stirr'd them up: but this war's seed
Was even the same that wrecks all great dominions.
When Fortune made us lords of all, wealth flow'd,
And then we grew licentious and rude;
The soldiers' prey and rapine brought in riot;
Men took delight in jewels, houses, plate,
And scorn'd old sparing diet, and ware robes
Too light for women; Poverty, who hatch'd
Rome's greatest wits, was loath'd, and all the world
Ransack'd for gold, which breeds the world['s] decay;
And then large limits had their butting lands;
The ground, which Curius and Camillus till'd,
Was stretch'd unto the fields of hinds unknown.
Again, this people could not brook calm peace;
Them freedom without war might not suffice:
Quarrels were rife; greedy desire, still poor,
Did vile* deeds; then 'twas worth the price of blood,
And deem'd renown, to spoil their native town;
Force master'd right, the strongest govern'd all;
Hence came it that th' edicts were over-rul'd,
That laws were broke, tribunes with consuls strove,
Sale made of offices, and people's voices
Bought by themselves and sold, and every year
Frauds and corruption in the Field of Mars;†
Hence interest and devouring usury sprang,
Faith's breach, and hence came war, to most men welcome.
Now Cæsar overpass'd the snowy Alps:
His mind was troubled, and he aim'd at war:
And coming to the ford of Rubicon,
At night in dreadful vision fearful‡ Rome
Mourning appear'd, whose hoary hairs were torn,
And on her turret-bearing head dispers'd,
And arms all naked; who, with broken sighs,
And staring, thus bespoke: "What mean'st thou, Cæsar?
Whither goes my standard? Romans if ye be,
And bear true hearts, stay here!" This spectacle
Struck Cæsar's heart with fear; his hair stood up,
And faintness numb'd his steps there on the brink.
He thus cried out: "Thou thunderer that guard'st
Rome's mighty walls, built on Tarpeian rock!
Ye gods of Phrygia and Iülus' line,
Quirinus' rites, and Latian Jove advanc'd
On Alba hill! O vestal flames! O Rome,
My thought's sole goddess, aid mine enterprise!
I hate thee not, to thee my conquests stoop:
Cæsar is thine, so please it thee, thy soldier.
He, he afflicts Rome that made me Rome's foe."
This said, he, laying aside all lets of war,
Approach'd the swelling stream with drum and ensign:
Like to a lion of scorch'd desert Afric,
Who, seeing hunters, pauseth till fell wrath
And kingly rage increase, then, having whisk'd
His tail athwart his back, and crest heav'd up,
With jaws wide-open ghastly roaring out,
Albeit the Moor's light javelin or his spear
Sticks in his side, yet runs upon the hunter.
In summer-time the purple Rubicon,
Which issues from a small spring, is but shallow,
And creeps along the vales, dividing just
The bounds of Italy from Cisalpine France.

* *it nod*] i. e. make it nod.
† *to fall*] i. e. to make it fall.

* *vile*] Old ed. "vild." See note ‖, p. 63.
† *the Field of Mars*] i. e. the Campus Martius.
‡ *fearful*] "trepidantis."

But now the winter's wrath, and watery moon
Being three days old, enforc'd the flood to swell,
And frozen Alps thaw'd with resolving winds.
The thunder-hoof'd horse,* in a crookèd line,
To scape the violence of the stream, first waded;
Which being broke, the foot had easy passage.
As soon as Cæsar got unto the bank
And bounds of Italy, "Here, here," saith he,
"An end of peace; here end polluted laws!
Hence, leagues and covenants! Fortune, thee I follow!
War and the Destinies shall try my cause."
This said, the restless general through the dark,
Swifter than bullets thrown from Spanish slings,
Or darts which Parthians backward shoot, march'd on;
And then, when Lucifer did shine alone,
And some dim stars, he Ariminum enter'd.
Day rose, and view'd these tumults of the war:
Whether the gods or blustering south were cause
I know not, but the cloudy air did frown.
The soldiers having won the market-place,
There spread the colours, with confusèd noise
Of trumpets' clang, shrill cornets, whistling fifes.
The people started; young men left their beds,
And snatch'd arms near their household-gods hung up,
Such as peace yields; worm-eaten leathern targets,
Through which the wood peer'd, headless darts, old swords
With ugly teeth of black rust foully scarr'd.
But seeing white eagles, and Rome's flags well known,
And lofty Cæsar in the thickest throng,
They shook for fear, and cold benumb'd their limbs,
And muttering much, thus to themselves complain'd:
"O walls unfortunate, too near to France!
Predestinate to ruin! all lands else
Have stable peace: here war's rage first begins;
We bide the first brunt. Safer might we dwell
Under the frosty bear, or parching east,
Waggons or tents, than in this frontier town.
We first sustain'd the uproars of the Gauls
And furious Cimbrians, and of Carthage Moors:
As oft as Rome was sack'd, here gan the spoil."
Thus sighing whisper'd they, and none durst speak,
And show their fear or grief: but as the fields
When birds are silent thorough winter's rage,
Or sea far from the land, so all were whist.
Now light had quite dissolv'd the misty night,
And Cæsar's mind unsettled musing stood;
But gods and fortune prick'd him to this war,
Infringing all excuse of modest shame,
And labouring to approve * his quarrel good.
The angry senate, urging Gracchus' † deeds,
From doubtful Rome wrongly expell'd the tribunes
That cross'd them: both which now approach'd the camp,
And with them Curio, sometime tribune too,
One that was fee'd for Cæsar, and whose tongue
Could tune the people to the nobles' mind.
"Cæsar," said he,‡ "while eloquence prevail'd,
And I might plead, and draw the commons' minds
To favour thee, against the senate's will,
Five years I lengthen'd thy command in France;
But law being put to silence by the wars,
We, from our houses driven, most willingly
Suffer'd exile: let thy sword bring us home.§
Now, while their part is weak and fears, march hence:
Where men are ready, lingering ever hurts.
In ten years wonn'st thou France: Rome may be won
With far less toil, and yet the honour's more;
Few battles fought with prosperous success
May bring her down, and with her all the world.
Nor shalt thou triumph when thou com'st to Rome,
Nor Capitol be adorn'd with sacred bays;
Envy denies all; with thy blood must thou
Aby thy conquest past: || the son decrees
To expel the father: share the world thou canst not;
Enjoy it all thou mayst." Thus Curio spake;
And therewith Cæsar, prone enough to war,
Was so incens'd as are Eleus' steeds¶

* *The thunder-hoof'd horse*] "Sonipes."

* *approve*] i. e. prove.

† *Gracchus'*] Should be "Gracchi's."

‡ "*Cæsar," said he,* &c.] Here, though this translation professes to be "line for line," there is nothing which answers to,—

"Utque dueem varias volventem pectore curas
Conspexit."

§ *let thy sword bring us home*] Marlowe's copy of Lucan had "tua nos *faciat* victoria cives."

|| *with thy blood must thou*
Aby thy conquest past] A very violent way of rendering—

"gentesque subactas
Vix inpune feres."

¶ *Eleus' steeds*] Old ed. "Elcius *steedes*."—Is it possible that Marlowe could have taken the adjective "*Eleus*" ("*Eleus* sonipes,"—*the Elean* steed) for a substantive?

With clamours, who, though lock'd and chain'd in stalls,*
Souse down the walls, and make a passage forth.
Straight summon'd he his several companies
Unto the standard: his grave look appeas'd
The wrestling tumult, and right hand made silence;
And thus he spake: "You that with me have borne
A thousand brunts, and tried me full ten years,
See how they quit† our bloodshed in the north,
Our friends' death, and our wounds, our wintering
Under the Alps! Rome rageth now in arms
As if the Carthage Hannibal were near;
Cornets of horse are muster'd for the field;
Woods turn'd to ships; both land and sea against us.
Had foreign wars ill-thriv'd, or wrathful France
Pursu'd us hither, how were we bested,
When, coming conqueror, Rome afflicts me thus?
Let come their leader‡ whom long peace hath quail'd,
Raw soldiers lately press'd, and troops of gowns,
Babbling§ Marcellus, Cato whom fools reverence!
Must Pompey's followers, with strangers' aid
(Whom from his youth he brib'd), needs make him king?
And shall he triumph long before his time,
And, having once got head, still shall he reign?
What should I talk of men's corn reap'd by force,
And by him kept of purpose for a dearth?
Who sees not war sit by the quivering judge,
And sentence given in rings of naked swords,
And laws assail'd, and arm'd men in the senate?
'Twas his troop hemm'd in Milo being accus'd;
And now, lest age might wane his state, he casts
For civil war, wherein through use he's known
To exceed his master, that arch-traitor Sylla.
As‖ brood of barbarous tigers, having lapp'd
The blood of many a herd, whilst with their dams
They kennell'd in Hyrcania, evermore
Will rage and prey; so, Pompey, thou, having lick'd
Warm gore from Sylla's sword, art yet athirst:
Jaws flesh'd¶ with blood continue murderous.

Speak, when shall this thy long-usurp'd power end?
What end of mischief? Sylla teaching thee,
At last learn, wretch, to leave thy monarchy!
What, now Sicilian* pirates are suppress'd,
And jaded king† of Pontus poison'd slain,
Must Pompey as his last foe plume on me,
Because at his command I wound not up
My conquering eagles? say I merit naught,‡
Yet, for long service done, reward these men,
And so they triumph, be't with whom ye will.
Whither now shall these old bloodless souls repair?
What seats for their deserts? what store of ground
For servitors to till? what colonies
To rest their bones? say, Pompey, are these worse
Than pirates of Sicilia?§ they had houses.
Spread, spread these flags that ten years' space have conquer'd!
Let's use our tried force: they that now thwart right,
In wars will yield to wrong:‖ the gods are with us;
Neither spoil nor kingdom seek we by these arms,
But Rome, at thraldom's feet, to rid from tyrants."
This spoke, none answer'd, but a murmuring buzz
Th' unstable people made: their household-gods
And love to Rome (though slaughter steel'd their hearts,
And minds were prone) restrain'd them; but war's love
And Cæsar's awe dash'd all. Then Lælius,¶
The chief centurion, crown'd with oaken leaves
For saving of a Roman citizen,
Stepp'd forth, and cried; "Chief leader of Rome's force,
So be I may be bold to speak a truth,
We grieve at this thy patience and delay.

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* *though lock'd and chain'd in stalls*, &c.] Wrongly translated:—"quamvis jam carcere clauso," &c.

† *quit*] i. e. requite.

‡ *leader*] Old ed. "leaders."

§ *Babbling*] Old ed. "Brabbling."—"Marcellusque *loquax*."

‖ *As*] Old ed. "A."

¶ *flesh'd*] Old ed. "flesh."

* *Sicilian*] Should be "Cilician."

† *jaded king*] "lassi . . . regis."—Old ed. has, amusingly enough, "And Jaded, king of Pontus," &c. The monarch in question is, of course, Mithridates.

‡ *say I merit naught*] Unless we understand this in the sense of—say I receive no reward (—and in Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*, "merit" means—derive profit, B. and F's. *Works*, i. 91, ed. Dyce,—), it is a wrong translation of "mihi si merces erepta laborum est."

§ *Sicilia*] Should be "Cilicia."

‖ *they that now thwart right, In wars will yield to wrong*] Is intended to express,—

"arma tenenti
Omnia dat, qui justa negat."

¶ *Lælius*] Old ed. "Lalius."

What, doubt'st thou us? even now when youthful blood
Pricks forth our lively bodies, and strong arms
Can mainly throw the dart, wilt thou endure
These purple grooms, that senate's tyranny?
Is conquest got by civil war so heinous?
Well, lead us, then, to Syrtes' desert shore,
Or Scythia, or hot Libya's thirsty sands.
This band, that all behind us might be quail'd,
Hath with thee pass'd the swelling ocean,
And swept the foaming breast of Arctic Rhene.*
Love over-rules my will; I must obey thee,
Cæsar: he whom I hear thy trumpets charge,
I hold no Roman; by these ten blest ensigns
And all thy several triumphs, shouldst thou bid me
Entomb my sword within my brother's bowels,
Or father's throat, or groaning woman's womb,†
This hand, albeit unwilling, should perform it;
Or rob the gods, or sacred temples fire,
These troops should soon pull down the church of Jove;‡
If to encamp on Tuscan Tiber's streams,
I'll boldly quarter out the fields of Rome;
What walls thou wilt be levell'd with the ground,
These hands shall thrust the ram, and make them fly,
Albeit the city thou wouldst have so raz'd
Be Rome itself." Here every band applauded,
And, with their hands held up, all jointly cried
They'll follow where he please. The shouts rent heaven,
As when against pine-bearing Ossa's rocks
Beats Thracian Boreas, or when trees bow § down
And rustling swing up as the wind fets ‖ breath.
When Cæsar saw his army prone to war,
And Fates so bent, lest sloth and long delay
Might cross him, he withdrew his troops from France,
And in all quarters musters men for Rome.
They by Lemannus' nook forsook their tents;
They whom the Lingones ¶ foil'd with painted spears,
Under the rocks by crookèd Vogesus;
And many came from shallow Isara,
Who, running long, falls in a greater flood,
And, ere he sees the sea, loseth his name;
The yellow Ruthens * left their garrisons;
Mild Atax glad it bears not Roman boats,†
And frontier Varus that the camp is far,
Sent aid; so did Alcides' port, whose seas
Eat hollow rocks, and where the north-west wind
Nor zephyr rules not, but the north alone
Turmoils the coast, and enterance forbids;
And others came from that uncertain shore
Which is nor sea nor land, but oftimes both,
And changeth as the ocean ebbs and flows;
Whether the sea roll'd always from that point
Whence the wind blows, still forcèd to and fro;
Or that the wandering main follow the moon;
Or flaming Titan, feeding on the deep,
Pulls them aloft, and makes the surge kiss heaven;
Philosophers, look you; for unto me,
Thou cause, whate'er thou be, whom God assigns
This great effect, art hid.‡ They came that dwell
By Nemes' fields and banks of Satirus,§
Where Tarbell's winding shores embrace the sea;
The Santons that rejoice in Cæsar's love; ‖
Those of Bituriges,¶ and light Axon ** pikes;
And they of Rhene †† and Leuca,‡‡ cunning darters,
And Sequana that well could manage steeds;
The Belgians apt to govern British cars;
Th' Averni §§, too, which boldly feign themselves
The Romans' brethren, sprung of Ilian race;
The stubborn Nervians stain'd with Cotta's blood;

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* *Arctic Rhene*] Old ed. "Articks *Rhene.*"—*Rhene*, i. e. Rhine.

† *or groaning woman's womb*] Old ed. "*or* womens groning *wombe*".—"plenæque in viscera partu conjugis."

‡ *of Jove*] No;—of Juno. "Numina miscebit castrensis flamma Monetæ."

§ *bow*] Old ed. "bowde."—Here our translator has made two similes out of one.

‖ *fets*] i. e. fetches.

¶ *They whom the Lingones*, &c.] Here Marlowe's copy of Lucan had "Lingones," and was perhaps faulty in other respects. The right reading is,—

"Castraque, quæ Vogesi curvam super ardua rupem,
Pugnaces pictis cohibebant Lingonas armis."

* *Ruthens*] "Ruteni."

† *boats*] Old ed. "bloats."

‡ *art hid*] Marlowe's copy of Lucan had "lates" (instead of "late").

§ *Satirus*] Marlowe's copy of Lucan had "Satiri" (instead of "Aturi").

‖ *The Santons that rejoice in Cæsar's love*] Marlowe seems to have read here, very ridiculously, "gaudetque *amato* [instead of "amoto"] Santonus hoste."

¶ *Bituriges*] Here, oddly enough, we have the name of the people put for that of their country.

** *Axon*] Marlowe's copy of Lucan had "Axones" (instead of "Suessones").

†† *Rhene*] Marlowe's copy of Lucan had "*Rhenus*que" (instead of "Rhemusque").

‡‡ *Leuca*] A place of Marlowe's own invention. (The original has "Leucus".)

§§ *Averni*] Was the reading in Marlowe's copy of Lucan (instead of "Arverni").

And Vangions who, like those of Sarmata,*
Wear open slops;† and fierce Batavians,
Whom trumpet's clang incites; and those that dwell
By Cinga's stream, and where swift Rhodanus
Drives Araris to sea; they near the hills,
Under whose hoary rocks Gebenna hangs;
And, Trevier, thou being glad that wars are past thee;
And you, late-shorn Ligurians, who were wont
In large-spread hair to exceed the rest of France;
And where to Hesus and fell Mercury‡
They offer human flesh, and where Jove seems
Bloody like Dian, whom the Scythians serve.
And you, French Bardi, whose immortal pens
Renown the valiant souls slain in your wars,
Sit safe at home and chant sweet poesy.
And, Druides, you now in peace renew
Your barbarous customs and sinister rites:
In unfell'd woods and sacred groves you dwell;
And only gods and heavenly powers you know,
Or only know you nothing; for you hold
That souls pass not to silent Erebus
Or Pluto's bloodless kingdom, but elsewhere
Resume a body; so (if truth you sing)
Death brings long life. Doubtless these northern men,
Whom death, the greatest of all fears, affright'§ not,
Are blest by such sweet error; this makes them
Run on the sword's point, and desire to die,
And shame to spare life which being lost is won.
You likewise that repuls'd the Caÿc foe,
March towards Rome; and you, fierce men of Rhene,‖
Leaving your country open to the spoil.

These being come, their huge power made him bold
To manage greater deeds; the bordering towns
He garrison'd; and Italy he fill'd with soldiers.
Vain fame increas'd true fear, and did invade
The people's minds, and laid before their eyes
Slaughter to come, and, swiftly bringing news
Of present war, made many lies and tales:
One swears his troops of daring horsemen fought
Upon Mevania's plain, where bulls are graz'd;
Other that Cæsar's barbarous bands were spread
Along Nar flood that into Tiber falls,
And that his own ten ensigns and the rest
March'd not entirely, and yet hid * the ground;
And that he's much chang'd, looking wild and big,
And far more barbarous than the French, his vassals;
And that he lags† behind with them, of purpose,
Born 'twixt the Alps and Rhene, which he hath brought
From out their northern‡ parts, and that Rome,
He looking on, by these men should be sack'd.
Thus in his fright did each man strengthen fame,
And, without ground, fear'd what themselves had feign'd.
Nor were the commons only struck to heart
With this vain terror; but the court, the senate,
The fathers selves leap'd from their seats, and, flying,
Left hateful war decreed to both the consuls.
Then, with their fear and danger all-distract,
Their sway of flight carries the heady rout,§
That in chain'd troops break forth at every port:
You would have thought their houses had been fir'd,
Or, dropping-ripe, ready to fall with ruin.
So rush'd the inconsiderate multitude
Thorough the city, hurried headlong on,
As if the only hope that did remain
To their afflictions were t' abandon Rome.
Look how, when stormy Auster from the breach
Of Libyan Syrtes rolls a monstrous wave,
Which makes the main-sail fall with hideous sound,

---

* *Sarmata*] Used wrongly for *Sarmatia*.

† *open slops*] "laxis . . . bracis."

‡ *And where to Hesus and fell Mercury*
They offer human flesh, and where Jove seems
Bloody like Dian, &c.] Old ed.;

"*And where to Hesus, and fell Mercury* (Joue)
They offer humane flesh, and where it *seemes*
Bloudy like Dian," &c.

That the printer misunderstood the MS., which gave "Jove" as a correction of "it" in the second line, is evident from the original;—

"Et quibus inmitis placatur sanguine diro
Theutates, horrensque feris altaribus Esus;
Et Taranis [i. e. Jupiter, so called by the Gauls]
Scythicæ non mitior ara Dianæ."

§ *death . . . . affright*] See note §, p. 166.

‖ *and you, fierce men of Rhene*, &c.] Here Marlowe, by mistranslating—

"Rhenique feroces
Deseritis ripas," &c,—

makes a distinction which the original has not.

* *hid*] Old ed. "hide."

† *And that he lags*, &c.] In this passage, which is wrongly rendered, Marlowe's copy of Lucan had "*Hunc* inter Rhenum populos," &c. (instead of "Tunc," &c.).

‡ *northern*] Even if we pronounce this word as a trisyllable, the line will still halt.

§ *Their sway of flight carries the heady rout*, &c.]
"quo quemque fugæ tulit impetus, urguet
Præcipitem populum; serieque hærentia longa
Agmina prorumpunt."

The pilot from the helm leaps in the sea,
And mariners, albeit the keel be sound,
Shipwreck themselves; even so, the city left,
All rise in arms; nor could the bed-rid parents
Keep back their sons, or women's tears their husbands:
They stay'd not either to pray or sacrifice;
Their household-gods restrain them not; none linger'd,
As loath to leave Rome whom they held so dear:
Th' irrevocable people fly in troops.
O gods, that easy grant men great estates,
But hardly grace to keep them! Rome, that flows
With citizens and captives,* and would hold
The world, were it together, is by cowards
Left as a prey, now Cæsar doth approach.
When Romans are besieg'd by foreign foes,
With slender trench they escape night-stratagems,
And sudden rampire rais'd of turf snatch'd up,
Would make them sleep securely in their tents.
Thou, Rome, at name of war runn'st from thyself,
And wilt not trust thy city-walls one night:
Well might these fear, when Pompey fear'd and fled.
Now evermore, lest some one hope might ease
The commons' jangling minds,† apparent signs arose,
Strange sights appear'd; the angry threatening gods
Fill'd both the earth and seas with prodigies.
Great store of strange and unknown stars were seen
Wandering about the north, and rings of fire
Fly in the air, and dreadful bearded stars,
And comets that presage the fall of kingdoms;
The flattering‡ sky glitter'd in often flames,
And sundry fiery meteors blaz'd in heaven,
Now spear-like long, now like a spreading torch;
Lightning in silence stole forth without clouds,
And, from the northern climate snatching fire,
Blasted the Capitol; the lesser stars,
Which wont to run their course through empty night,
At noon-day muster'd; Phœbe, having fill'd
Her meeting horns to match her brother's light,
Struck with th' earth's sudden shadow, waxèd pale;
Titan himself, thron'd in the midst of heaven,
His burning chariot plung'd in sable clouds,
And whelm'd the world in darkness, making men
Despair of day; as did Thyestes' town,
Mycenæ, Phœbus flying through the east.
Fierce Mulciber unbarrèd Ætna's gate,
Which flamèd not on high, but headlong pitch'd
Her burning head on bending Hespery.
Coal-black Charybdis whirl'd a sea of blood.
Fierce mastives howl'd. The vestal fires went out;
The flame in Alba, consecrate to Jove,
Parted in twain, and with a double point
Rose, like the Theban brothers' funeral fire.
The earth went off her hinges; and the Alps
Shook the old snow from off their trembling tops.*
The ocean swell'd as high as Spanish Calpe
Or Atlas' head. Their saints and household-gods
Sweat tears, to show the travails of their city:
Crowns fell from holy statues. Ominous birds
Defil'd the day;† and wild beasts were seen,
Leaving the woods, lodge in the streets of Rome.
Cattle were seen that mutter'd human speech;
Prodigious births with more and ugly joints
Than nature gives, whose sight appals the mother;
And dismal prophecies were spread abroad:
And they, whom fierce Bellona's fury moves
To wound their arms, sing vengeance; Cybel's‡ priests,
Curling their bloody locks, howl dreadful things.
Souls quiet and appeas'd sigh'd from their graves;
Clashing of arms was heard; in untrod woods
Shrill voices schright;§ and ghosts encounter men.
Those that inhabited the suburb-fields
Fled: foul Erinnys stalk'd about the walls,
Shaking her snaky hair and crookèd pine
With flaming top; much like that hellish fiend

---

* *and captives*] Old ed. "*and* captaines."—"urbem populis, *victisque* frequentem *Gentibus*."

† *The commons' jangling minds*, &c.] That there is some error here, is proved not only by this line being over-measure, but by the word "apparent" being so closely followed by "appear'd."

‡ *flattering*] "fallaci."

* *Shook the old snow from off their trembling tops*] Old ed. "—— *their trembling* laps."—"veteremque jugis nutantibus Alpes," &c.

† *Defil'd the day*] Qy. "The day defiled"? But perhaps some word has dropped out; for the original gives,—"silvisque feras *sub nocte* relictis *Audaces* media posuisse cubilia Roma."

‡ *Cybel's*] Old ed. "Sibils."

§ *schright*] i. e. screaked, shricked.

Which made the stern Lycurgus wound his thigh,
Or fierce Agave mad; or like Megæra
That scar'd Alcides, when by Juno's task
He had before look'd Pluto in the face.
Trumpets were heard to sound; and with what noise
An armèd battle joins, such and more strange
Black night brought forth in secret. Sylla's ghost
Was seen to walk, singing sad oracles;
And Marius' head above cold Tav'ron* peering,
His grave broke open, did affright the boors.
To these ostents, as their old custom was,
They call th' Etrurian augurs: amongst whom
The gravest, Arruns, dwelt in forsaken Luca,†
Well-skill'd in pyromancy; one that knew
The hearts of beasts, and flight of wandering fowls.
First he commands such monsters Nature hatch'd
Against her kind, the barren mule's loath'd issue,
To be cut forth‡ and cast in dismal fires;
Then, that the trembling citizens should walk
About the city; then, the sacred priests
That with divine lustration purg'd the walls,
And went the round, in and without the town;
Next, an inferior troop, in tuck'd-up vestures,
After the Gabine manner; then, the nuns
And their veil'd matron, who alone might view
Minerva's statue; then, they that keep and read
Sibylla's secret works, and wash§ their saint
In Almo's flood; next, learnèd augurs follow;
Apollo's soothsayers, and Jove's feasting priests;
The skipping Salii with shields like wedges;
And Flamens last, with net-work woollen veils.
While these thus in and out had circled Rome,
Look, what the lightning blasted, Arruns takes,
And it inters with murmurs dolorous,
And calls the place Bidental. On the altar
He lays a ne'er-yok'd bull, and pours down wine,
Then crams salt leaven on his crookèd knife:
The beast long struggled, as being like to prove
An awkward sacrifice; but by the horns
The quick priest pull'd him on his knees, and slew him:
No vein sprung out, but from the yawning gash,
Instead of red blood, wallow'd venomous gore.

These direful signs made Arruns stand amaz'd,
And searching farther for the gods' displeasure,
The very colour scar'd him; a dead blackness
Ran through the blood, that turn'd it all to jelly,
And stain'd the bowels with dark loathsome spots;
The liver swell'd with filth; and every vein
Did threaten horror from the host of Cæsar;
A small thin skin contain'd the vital parts;
The heart stirr'd not; and from the gaping liver
Squeez'd matter through the caul; the entrails peer'd;
And which (ay me!) ever pretendeth* ill,
At that bunch where the liver is, appear'd
A knob of flesh, whereof one half did look
Dead and discolour'd, th' other lean and thin.†
By these he seeing what mischiefs must ensue,
Cried out, "O gods, I tremble to unfold
What you intend! great Jove is now displeas'd;
And in the breast of this slain bull are crept
Th' infernal powers. My fear transcends my words;
Yet more will happen than I can unfold:
Turn all to good, be augury vain, and Tages,
Th' art's master, false!" Thus, in ambiguous terms
Involving all, did Arruns darkly sing.
But Figulus, more seen in heavenly mysteries,
Whose like Ægyptian Memphis never had
For skill in stars and tuneful planeting,‡
In this sort spake: "The world's swift course is lawless
And casual; all the stars at random range;§
Or if Fate rule them, Rome, thy citizens
Are near some plague. What mischief shall ensue?
Shall towns be swallow'd? shall the thicken'd air
Become intemperate? shall the earth be barren?
Shall water be congeal'd and turn'd to ice?‖
O gods, what death prepare ye? with what plague

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* *Tav'ron*] i. e. Anio.

† *Luca*] Old ed. has "Leuca," with a marginal note,—"or Lunæ."

‡ *cut forth*] i. e. cut out from the womb. But this is not warranted by the original.

§ *wash*] Old ed. "wash'd."

* *pretendeth*] Equivalent to *portendeth*. See note ‡, p. 162.

† *whereof one half did look*
Dead and discolour'd, th' other lean and thin] Very imperfectly rendered:

"pars ægra et marcida pendet,
Pars micat, et celeri venas movet inproba pulsu."

‡ *and tuneful planeting*] "numerisque moventibus astra."

§ *range*] Old ed. "radge."—"et incerto discurrunt sidera motu."

‖ *Shall water be congeal'd and turn'd to ice?*] But the original is,—

"Omnis an infusis miscebitur unda venenis?"

Qy. could Marlowe have read "—— unda *pruinis*"?

Mean ye to rage? the death of many men
Meets in one period. If cold noisome Saturn
Were now exalted, and with blue beams shin'd,
Then Ganymede* would renew Deucalion's flood,
And in the fleeting sea the earth be drench'd.
O Phœbus, shouldst thou with thy rays now singe
The fell Nemæan beast, th' earth would be fir'd,
And heaven tormented with thy chafing heat:
But thy fires hurt not. Mars, 'tis thou inflam'st
The threatening Scorpion with the burning tail,
And fir'st his cleys:† why art thou thus enrag'd?
Kind Jupiter hath low declin'd himself;
Venus is faint; swift Hermes retrograde;
Mars only rules the heaven. Why do the planets
Alter their course, and vainly dim their virtue?
Sword-girt Orion's side glisters too bright:
War's rage draws near; and to the sword's strong hand
Let all laws yield, sin bear the name of virtue:
Many a year these furious broils let last:
Why should we wish the gods should ever end them?
War only gives us peace. O Rome, continue
The course of mischief, and stretch out the date
Of slaughter! only civil broils make peace."
These sad presages were enough to scare
The quivering Romans; but worse things affright them.
As Mænas* full of wine on Pindus raves,
So runs a matron through th' amazèd streets,
Disclosing Phœbus' fury in this sort:
"Pæan, whither am I hal'd? where shall I fall,
Thus borne aloft? I see Pangæus' hill
With hoary top, and, under Hæmus' mount,
Philippi plains. Phœbus, what rage is this?
Why grapples Rome, and makes war, having no foes?
Whither turn I now? thou lead'st me toward th' east,
Where Nile augmenteth the Pelusian sea:
This headless trunk that lies on Nilus' sand
I know. Now thoroughout† the air I fly
To doubtful Syrtes and dry Afric, where
A Fury leads the Emathian bands. From thence
To the pine-bearing hills;‡ thence§ to the mounts
Pyrene; and so back to Rome again.
See, impious war defiles the senate-house!
New factions rise. Now through the world again
I go. O Phœbus, show me Neptune's shore,
And other regions! I have seen Philippi."
This said, being tir'd with fury, she sunk down.

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* *Ganymede*] So Marlowe chooses to render "Aquarius," adopting the notion of some mythologists that Ganymede was changed into that sign.

† *cleys*] i. e. claws.

* *Mænas*] i. e. a Bacchante.—Old ed. "Mænus." (The original has "Edonis".)

† *thoroughout*] Old ed. "throughout."

‡ *pine-bearing hills*] Marlowe must have read here "*Piniferæ* colles" (instead of "Nubiferæ," &c.).

§ *thence*] Old ed. "hence.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.*

Come † live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,‡
Woods or steepy mountain yields.§

And we will ‖ sit upon the rocks,
Seeing ¶ the shepherds feed their ** flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing †† madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,‡‡
And a thousand §§ fragrant posies;

A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown * made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers † for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
An if these pleasures may thee move,
Come ‡ live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains § shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

---

* *The Passionate Shepherd to his love*] The present text of this song, with the exception of the third line of the first stanza and two very trifling variations in the second and sixth stanzas, is from *England's Helicon*, 1600, where it is subscribed with Marlowe's name. Four stanzas of it (the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 5th,) had previously appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599. It was inserted, as the composition of Marlowe, in Walton's *Complete Angler*, 1653. See more particulars concerning this song in the *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*.

† *Come*] So *E. H.* and *C. A.*—Omitted in *P. P.*

‡ *That hills and valleys, dales and fields*] So *P. P.*—*E. H.* "*That vallies*, groues, *hills and fieldes.*"—*C. A.* "*That vallies*, groves, or *hils*, or *fields.*"

§ *Woods or steepy mountain yields*] So *E. H.*—*P. P.* "And the craggy *mountain yields.*"—*C. A.* "Or *woods* and *steepie* mountains *yeelds.*"

‖ *And we will*] So *E. H.*—*P. P.* "There will we."—*C. A.* "Where *we will.*"

¶ *Seeing*] So *E. H.*—*P. P.* and *C. A.* "And see."

** *their*] So *E. H.* and *P. P.*—*C. A.* "our."

†† *sing*] So *P. P.* and *C. A.*—*E. H.* "sings."

‡‡ *And I will make thee beds of roses*] So *E. H.* and *C. A.*—*P. P.* "There will I *make thee* a bed *of roses.*"

§§ *And a thousand*] So *E. H.*—*P. P.* "With *a thousand.*"—*C. A.* "*And* then *a thousand.*"

* *A gown*, &c.] This stanza is not in *P. P.*

† *Fair-linèd slippers*] So *E. H.*—*C. A.* "Slippers lin'd choicely."

‡ *Come*] So *E. H.* and *C. A.*—*P. P.* "Then."—After this stanza, the following one was inserted in the second edition of the *C. A.*, 1655;

> "Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
> As precious as the gods do eat,
> Shall on an ivory table be
> Prepar'd each day for thee and me."

§ *The shepherd-swains*, &c.] This stanza is not in *P. P.*—*E. H.* and *C. A.* "*The* sheepheards *swaines.*"

FRAGMENT.*

I WALK'D along a stream, for pureness rare,
  Brighter than sun-shine; for it did acquaint
The dullest sight with all the glorious prey
That in the pebble-pavèd channel lay.

No molten crystal, but a richer mine,
  Even Nature's rarest alchymy ran there,—
Diamonds resolv'd, and substance more divine,
  Through whose bright-gliding current might appear
A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory shine,
  Enamelling the banks, made them more dear
Than ever was that glorious palace' gate
Where the day-shining Sun in triumph sate.

Upon this brim the eglantine and rose,
  The tamarisk, olive, and the almond tree,
As kind companions, in one union grows,
  Folding their twining † arms, as oft we see
Turtle-taught lovers either other close,
  Lending to dulness feeling sympathy;
And as a costly valance o'er a bed,
So did their garland-tops the brook o'erspread.

Their leaves, that differ'd both in shape and show,
  Though all were green, yet difference such in green,
Like to the checker'd bent of Iris' bow,
  Prided the running main, as it had been—

DIALOGUE IN VERSE.‡

JACK.

SEEST thou not yon farmer's son?
  He hath stoln my love from me, alas!
What shall I do? I am undone;
  My heart will ne'er be as it was.
O, but he gives her gay gold rings,
  And tufted gloves [for] holiday,
And many other goodly things,
  That hath stoln my love away.

FRIEND.

Let him give her gay gold rings
  Or tufted gloves, were they ne'er so [gay];
[F]or were her lovers lords or kings,
  They should not carry the wench away.

---

* *Fragment*] From *England's Parnassus*, 1600, p. 480 (under *Description of Seas, Waters, Riuers, &c.*), where it is signed "Ch. Marlowe."—The Editor of Marlowe's *Works*, 1826, having a very short memory, could not recollect from what source the compiler of *England's Parnassus* had derived a passage which he ascribes to Marlowe,—

"The rites
In which love's beauteous empress most delights," &c.

It is taken from *Hero and Leander:* see p. 283, first col.

† *twining*] So in the "Errata" to *E. P.*, which in the text has "twindring."

‡ *Dialogue in verse*] Was first printed in *The Alleyn Papers* (for the Shakespeare Society), p. 8, by Mr. Collier, who prefaced it with the following remarks. "In the original MS. this dramatic dialogue in verse is written as prose, on one side of a sheet of paper, at the back of which, in a more modern hand, is the name 'Kitt Marlowe.' What connection, if any, he may have had with it, it is impossible to determine, but it was obviously worthy of preservation, as a curious stage-relic of an early date, and unlike anything else of the kind that has come down to us. In consequence of haste or ignorance on the part of the writer of the manuscript, it has been necessary to supply some portions, which are printed within brackets. There are also some obvious errors in the distribution of the dialogue, which it was not easy to correct. The probability is that, when performed, it was accompanied with music."

I have hazarded a conjecture that this Dialogue may be a fragment of *The Maiden's Holiday*, a lost comedy, which is said to have been written partly by Marlowe: see *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*.

JACK.*

But 'a dances wonders well,†
And with his dances stole her love from me:
Yet she wont to say I bore the bell
For dancing and for courtesy.

DICK.‡

Fie, lusty younker, what do you here,
Not dancing on the green to-day?
For Pierce, the farmer's son, I fear,
Is like to carry your wench away.

JACK.§

Good Dick, bid them all come hither,
And tell Pierce from me beside,
That, if he think to have the wench,
Here he stands shall lie with the bride.

DICK.‖

Fie, Nan, why use thy old lover so,
For any other new-come guest?
Thou long time his love did know;
Why shouldst thou not use him best?

NAN.¶

Bonny Dick, I will not forsake
My bonny Rowland for any gold:
If he can dance as well as Pierce,
He shall have my heart in hold.

PIERCE.

Why, then, my hearts, let's to this gear;
And by dancing I may won **
My Nan, whose love I hold so dear
As any realm under the sun.

GENTLEMAN.††

Then, gentles, ere I speed from hence,
I will be so bold to dance
A turn or two without offence;
For, as I was walking along by chance,
I was told you did agree.*

FRIEND.†

'Tis true, good sir; and this is she
Hopes your worship comes not to crave her;
For she hath lovers two or three,
And he that dances best must have her.

GENTLEMAN.

How say you, sweet, will you dance with me?
And you [shall] have both land and [hill];
My love shall want nor gold nor fee.

NAN.‡

I thank you, sir, for your good will;
But one of these my love must be:
I'm but a homely country maid,
And far unfit for your degree;
[To dance with you I am afraid.]

FRIEND.

Take her, good sir, by the hand,
As she is fairest: were she fairer,
By this dance, you shall understand,
He that can win her is like to wear her.

FOOL.

And saw you not [my] Nan to-day,
My mother's maid have you not seen?
My pretty Nan is gone away
To seek her love upon the green.
[I cannot see her 'mong so many:]
She shall have me, if she have any.

NAN.§

Welcome, sweet-heart, and welcome here,
Welcome, my [true] love, now to me.
This is my love [and my darling dear],
And that my husband [soon] must be.
And, boy, when thou com'st home, thou'lt see
Thou art as welcome home as he.

---

* *Jack*] Not in MS.
† *wonders well*] i. e. wondrous well.
‡ *Dick*] MS. "Jack."
§ *Jack*] Not in MS.
‖ *Dick*] MS. "W. Fre." (i. e., I suppose, *Wench's Friend.*)
¶ *Nan*] Not in MS.
** *won*] i. e. win.
†† *Gentleman*] MS. "Frend." That this portion of the dialogue belongs to the "Gen." is evident from what follows.

* *agree*] Something is wanting here.
† *Friend*] Not in MS.
‡ *Nan*] Not in MS.
§ *Nan*] MS. "Wen." (i. e. Wench).

GENTLEMAN.

Why, how now, sweet Nan! I hope you jest.

NAN.*

No, by my troth, I love the fool the best:
And, if you be jealous, God give you good-night!
I fear you're a gelding, you caper so light.

GENTLEMAN.

I thought she had jested and meant but a fable,
But now do I see she hath play'[d] with his bable.*
I wish all my friends by me to take heed,
That a fool come not near you when you mean to speed.

* *Nan*] MS. "Wen." (i. e. Wench).

* *bable*] i. e. bauble.

IN OBITUM† HONORATISSIMI VIRI, ROGERI MANWOOD, MILITIS, QUÆSTORII REGINALIS CAPITALIS BARONIS.

NOCTIVAGI terror, ganeonis triste flagellum,
Et Jovis Alcides, rigido vulturque latroni,
Urnâ subtegitur. Scelerum, gaudete, nepotes!
Insons, luctificâ sparsis cervice capillis,
Plange! fori lumen, venerandæ gloria legis,
Occidit: heu, secum effœtas Acherontis ad oras
Multa abiit virtus. Pro tot virtutibus uni,
Livor, parce viro; non audacissimus esto
Illius in cineres, cujus tot millia vultus
Mortalium attonuit: sic cum te nuntia Ditis
Vulneret exsanguis, feliciter ossa quiescant,
Famaque marmorei superet monumenta sepulcri.

† *In obitum*, &c.] This epitaph was first printed by Mr. Collier (*History of the English Stage*, &c. p. xliv,—prefixed to the first vol. of his *Shakespeare*) from a MS. on the back of the title-page of a copy of *Hero and Leander*, ed. 1629, where it is subscribed with Marlowe's name.—For a notice of Sir Roger Manwood, see *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*.

APPENDICES.

APPENDICES.

No. I.

THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDIE.

[See *Account of Marlowe and his Writings.*—This ballad is printed from a manuscript copy in the possession of Mr. J. P. Collier.]

All you that have got eares to heare,
Now listen unto mee;
Whilst I do tell a tale of feare;
A true one it shall bee:

A truer storie nere was told,
As some alive can showe;
'Tis of a man in crime grown olde,
Though age he did not know.

This man did his owne God denie
And Christ his onelie son,
And did all punishment defie,
So he his course might run.

Both day and night would he blaspheme,
And day and night would sweare,
As if his life was but a dreame,
Not ending in dispaire.

A poet was he of repute,
And wrote full many a playe,
Now strutting in a silken sute,
Then begging by the way.

He had alsoe a player beene
Upon the Curtaine-stage,
But brake his leg in one lewd scene,
When in his early age.

He was a fellow to all those
That did God's laws reject,
Consorting with the Christians' foes
And men of ill aspect.

Ruffians and cutpurses hee
Had ever at his backe,
And led a life most foule and free,
To his eternall wracke.

He now is gone to his account,
And gone before his time,
Did not his wicked deedes surmount
All precedent of crime.

But he no warning ever tooke
From others' wofull fate,
And never gave his life a looke
Untill it was to late.

He had a friend, once gay and greene,*
Who died not long before,
The wofull'st wretch was ever seene,
The worst ere woman bore,

Unlesse this Wormall† did exceede
Even him in wickednesse,
Who died in the extreemest neede
And terror's bitternesse.

* *a friend, once gay and greene*] i. e. Robert Greene: see *Account of Marlowe and his Writings.*

† *Wormall*] The anagram of *Marlow.*

Yet Wormall ever kept his course,
  Since nought could him dismay;
He knew not what thing was remorse
  Unto his dying day.

Then had he no time to repent
  The crimes he did commit,
And no man ever did lament
  For him, to dye unfitt.

Ah, how is knowledge wasted quite
  On such want wisedome true,
And that which should be guiding light
  But leades to errors newe!

Well might learnd Cambridge oft regret
  He ever there was bred:
The tree she in his minde had set
  Brought poison forth instead.

His lust was lawlesse as his life,
  And brought about his death;
For, in a deadlie mortall strife,
  Striving to stop the breath

Of one who was his rivall foe,
  With his owne dagger slaine,
He groand, and word spoke never moe,
  Pierc'd through the eye and braine.

Thus did he come to suddaine ende
  That was a foe to all,
And least unto himselfe a friend,
  And raging passion's thrall.

Had he been brought up to the trade
  His father follow'd still,
This exit he had never made,
  Nor playde a part soe ill.

Take warning ye that playes doe make,
  And ye that doe them act;
Desist in time for Wormall's sake,
  And thinke upon his fact.

Blaspheming Tambolin* must die,
  And Faustus meete his ende;
Repent, repent, or presentlie
  To hell ye must discend.

What is there, in this world, of worth,
  That we should prize it soe?
Life is but trouble from our birth,
  The wise do say and know.

Our lives, then, let us mend with speed,
  Or we shall suerly rue
The end of everie hainous deede,
  In life that shall insue.

Finis. Ign.

* *Tambolin*] So perhaps the ballad-monger chose to write the name.

No. II.

A NOTE*

CONTAYNINGE THE OPINION OF ONE CHRISTOFER MARLYE, CONCERNYNGE HIS DAMNABLE OPINIONS AND JUDGMENT OF RELYGION AND SCORNE OF GODS WORDE.

FROM MS. HARL. 6853, FOL. 320.

[SEE *Account of Marlowe and his Writings.*—This paper was first printed by Ritson in his *Observations on Warton's Hist. of E. P.*, p. 40.

I have elsewhere expressed my conviction that the charge of irreligion, which we find so repeatedly brought against Marlowe, was not without foundation; and it seems but too certain that his habits of life were licentious. Still, I am far from thinking that this paper is to be received as a document of much authority. The accuser appears to have had a strong feeling of enmity towards Marlowe; and his veracity is rendered the more questionable by the fact, that he afterwards suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Tyburn.

In a volume of Marlowe's collected pieces (now in the Bodleian Library) Malone has written what follows:—

"This Richard Bame or Banes was hanged at Tyburn on the 6th of Dec. 1594. See the Stationers' Register, Book B, p. 316.

"It is obvious to remark upon this testimony, that it is *not upon oath*; that it contains some declarations which it is utterly incredible that Marlowe should have made (as that concerning his intention to coin, which he must have known to be penal); that Bame does not appear to have been confronted with the person accused, or cross-examined by him or any other person; and that the whole rests upon his single assertion. This paper, however, may derive some support from the verses quoted at the other side [of the page in Malone's book] from *The Returne from Parnassus*, which was written about 10 years after Marlowe's death." [It was written somewhat earlier: see my *Account of Marlowe and his Writings.*]]

THAT the Indians and many Authors of Antiquitei have assuredly written of aboue 16 thowsande yeers agone, wher † Adam is proved to have leyved within 6 thowsande yeers.

He affirmeth ‡ That Moyses was but a Juggler, and that one Heriots can do more then hee.

That Moyses made the Jewes to travell fortie yeers in the wildernes (which iorny might have ben don in lesse then one yeer) er they came to the promised lande, to the intente that those whoe wer privei to most of his subtileteis might perish, and so an everlastinge supersticion remayne in the hartes of the people.

That the firste beginnynge of Religion was only to keep men in awe.

That it was an easye matter for Moyses, beinge brought vp in all the artes of the Egiptians, to abvse the Jewes, beinge a rvde and grosse people.

* * * * * * * * *

* * *†

That he [Christ] was the sonne of a carpenter, and that, yf the Jewes amonge whome he was borne did crvcifye him, thei best knew him and whence he came.

That Christ deserved better to dye then Barabas, and that the Jewes made a good choyce, though Barrabas were both a theife and a murtherer.

That yf ther be any God or good Religion, then it is in the Papistes, becavse the service of God is performed with more ceremonyes, as elevacion of the masse, organs, singinge men, *shaven crownes*, &c. That all protestantes ar hipocriticall Asses.

That, yf he wer put to write a new religion, he wolde vndertake both a more excellent and more admirable methode, and that all the new testament is filthely written.

---

* *A note*, &c.] This, the original title, is partly drawn through with a pen and altered as follows; *A Note delivered on Whitson eve last of the most horreble blasphemes vtteryd by Christofer Marly who within* iii *dayes after came to a soden and fearfull end of his life.*—Warton carelessly gives the title thus; "Account of the blasphemous and damnable opinions of Christ. Marley and 3 others who came to a sudden and fearfull end of this life." *Hist. of E. P.*, iii. 437, ed. 4to.

† *wher*] i. e. whereas.

‡ *He affirmeth*] All the portions now printed in Italics, are in the original drawn through with a pen by the person who altered the title.

† Wherever asterisks occur, they indicate clauses of such an abominable nature, that I did not choose to print them.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

That all the Appostels wer fishermen and base fellowes, nether of witt nor worth, that Pawle only had witt, that he was a timerous fellow in biddinge men to be subiect to magistrates against his conscience.

That he had as good right to coyne as the Queen of Englande, and that he was acquainted with one Poole, a prisoner in newgate, whoe hath great skill in mixture of mettalls, and, havinge learned some thinges of him, he ment, thorough help of a cvnnynge stampe-maker, to coyne french crownes, pistolettes, and englishe shillinges.

That, yf Christ had instituted the Sacramentes with more ceremonyall reverence, it wold have ben had in more admiracion, that it wolde have ben much better beinge administred in a Tobacco pype.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

That ono Richard Cholmelei* hath confessed that he was perswaded by Marloes reason to become an Athieste.

Theis thinges, with many other, shall by good and honest men be proved to be his opinions and common speeches, and that this Marloe doth not only holde them himself, but almost in every company he commeth, perswadeth men to Athiesme, willinge them not to be afrayed of bugbeares and hobgoblins, and vtterly scornynge both God and his ministers, as I Richard Bome [sic] *will justify both by my othe and the testimony of many honest men, and almost all men with whome he hath conversed any tyme will testefy the same: and, as I thincke, all men in christianitei ought to endevor that the mouth of so dangerous a member may be stopped.*

He sayeth moreover that he hath coated† a number of contrarieties out of the scriptures, which he hath geeven to some great men, whoe in convenient tyme shalbe named. When theis thinges shalbe called in question, the witnesses shalbe produced.

RYCHARD BAME.

(Endorsed)

Copye of Marloes blasphemyes as sent to her H[*ighness*].

* *That one Richard Cholmelei*, &c.] On the margin, opposite this clause, is written in a different hand "he is layd for," which is equivalent to—means are taken to discover him. (Ritson, misreading the MS., printed "ho is *sayd* for.")

† *coated*] i. e. *quoted*, noted down.

No. III.

PORTIONS OF GAGER'S DIDO.

[See *Account of Marlowe and his Writings.*—These portions of Gager's *Dido*, which was acted at Christ-Church, Oxford, before Prince Alasco in June, 1583, are given from a MS. volume in the author's hand-writing (which contains no more of the play).

"This night," says Holinshed, "and the night insuing, after sumptuous suppers in his lodging, he [Prince Alasco] personaly was present with his traine in the hall [of Christ-Church]; first at the plaieng of a pleasant comedie intituled *Rivales;* then at the setting out of a verie statelie tragedie named *Dido*, wherein the quoenes banket (with Eneas narration of the destruction of Troie) was liuelie described in a marchpaine patterne; there was also a goodlie sight of hunters with full crie of a kennell of hounds, Mercurie and Iris descending and ascending from and to an high place, the tempest, wherein it hailed small confects, rained rosewater, and snew an artificiall kind of snow, all strange, marueilous, and abundant.—Most of the actors were of the same house [Christ-Church]; six or seauen of them were of saint Johns, and three or foure of other colleges and hals." *Chron.* iii. 1355, ed. 1587.

Among the Latin dramas of Frischlin is a tragedy called *Dido*, which, according to Niceron (*Mem.* xix. 206), was first printed in 1581. Frischlin puts into the mouth of the Chorus the very same parts of Virgil which Gager (p. 394, sec. col., p. 396, sec. col.) has used for *his* Chorus: but it does not therefore neccssarily follow that Frischlin's tragedy was known to Gager.]

Prologus in Didonem tragœdiam.

Res quæque varias invicem patitur vices,
Et ipsa gratam varietas formam parit.
Quæ sæpe fiunt illa cui placeant diu?
Vicissitudo semper oblectat magis.
Hesterna Mopsum scena ridiculum dedit;
Hodierna grandem scena materiam dabit;
Levis in cothurnum vertitur soccus gravem:
Nec gratiora læta sunt mœstis tamen,
Nec amara quovis melle delectant minus.
Tulit omne punctum tristia admiscens jocis:
Ridere forsan aliquis ad fletum potest,
Idemque magna flere lætitia potest;
Jucunditates lacrymæ summas habent,
Magna est voluptas flere ubi nihil est mali.
Tantum benignas quæso vos aures date,
Et argumentum, si placet, totum eloquar.

Argumentum.

Huic Dido clarum fabulæ nomen facit;
Hic ipsa ad horas regna moderatur dicas:
Urbs ista Libyci est magna Carthago soli.
Junonis odio per tot Æneas freta
Jactatus, istis applicat terris ratem:
Benigna tectis excipit Dido hospitem.
Sed ante nato cara prospiciens Venus,
Tyrios bilingues quippe et ambiguam domum
Et adhuc furentis odia Junonis timet,
Cupidinem sollicita lascivum rogat
Ut ora pueri sumat Ascanii puer,
Uratque tacita regium pectus face.
Gerit ille morem: deperit Elisa hospitem;
Instigat Anna: nemore venatur; dolo
Junonis atrum nimbus involvit diem;
Junguntur antro. Monitus Æneas parat
Abire Libya: rescit abituri fugam
Regina; queritur, obsecrat, sævit, furit:
Immotus ille navigat jussu Jovis.
Elisa magicos rite constructa pyra
Simulata cultus propria dextra occidit.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Dido, Æneas, Ascanius falsus.

Dido. Quin, hospes, ista missa faciamus magis:
Olim juvabit quod fuit durum pati
Meminisse; curas interea mente excute.
Instructa dapibus mensa nos, eccum, manet:
Accumbe, quæso; Bacchus ærumnas levet.
Magnanime princeps, si foret suasum tibi
Quam gratus aulam veneris nostram advena,
Nec non Iülus pariter et comites viæ,
Non dico Troja penitus exciderct tibi
Sedesque patriæ, lætior certo fores.
Æn. Regina, gentis candidum sidus tuæ,
Non lingua nostri pectoris sensum explicet,
Non vultus animum: lætitia gestit levis,
Ingens stupescit seque non capiens silet.
Quis tam benignæ verba reginæ satis
Vultusque placidos referat, et miseris fidem

Opemque nostris rebus ærumnis datam?
Quis apparatus regios digne efferat
Luxusque tantos? ista meditantem tua
Promerita si me cogites, lætum putes.

Dido. Non ista tanti agnosco quæ memoras bona:
Equidem esse cupio, fateor, et spero assequi
Ut non Elisæ pigeat Æneam hospitis.
Sed cur Iülus tristior spectat dapes?

Asc. Urbs ista Trojæ præbuit speciem mihi,
Animumque misero subiit aspectu dolor:
Quæ nocte genitor retulit hesterna altius
Hic breviter oculis subjici videas tuis.

Dido. Iüle, quæso, repete fortunam Ilii.

Asc. Hanc esse Trojam finge quam pateram vides:
Hac Simois ibat fluvius; hic densis sita est
Mons Ida silvis; hac stetit Tenedos via;
Hac Cilla, Chryse, quæque circuitu undique
Urbes minores dirutæ bello jacent.
Hic mille ratibus hostium statio fuit;
Hic castra; campus inter hic pugnæ jacet;
Hos esse magnos Pergami muros puta;
Hæc porta Scæa est; Hector hac solitus ferox
Turmas in aciem ducere; hic Priami lares,
Hic patris; illic steterat Anchisæ domus;
Hic, parte muri diruta, insidiis equi
Ingens in urbem panditur mediam via;
Hic cæpta cædes. Plura quid fari queam?
Post multa tandem funera et strages ducum,
Sic est Sinonis fraude, sic Danaûm face
Incensa, sic est in leves cineres data.

Dido. O quam stupendi specimen ingenii datum!
O te beatum prole generosa patrem,
Et te parente filium tali editum!
Divinam, Iüle, sequere naturæ indolem;
Laudes parentis bellicas opto tibi,
Senemque precor ætate transcendas avum:
Et hoc amoris osculum pignus cape.

Asc. Quin oscularis filium, genitor, tuum?

HYMNUS IÖPÆ.

Quod tibi nomen tribuam deorum?
Sive te Martem, Lyciumve Phœbum,
Herculem seu te Jove procreatum,
Dicere fas est;

Sive digneris titulo minore,
Teque mortalem placeat vocari;
At deûm certe poteris videri
Sanguine cretus.

Quas tibi dicam celebremve laudes?
Quo mihi fas est resonare plectro?
Quod decet tanto memorare carmen
Principe dignum?

Splendor heroum, patriæque lumen
Inclytum, salve, generisque prisci!
Non tua nostras tetigit carina
Gratior oras.

Sis licet tantus, superesque nostri
Pectoris captum, tamen est Elisa
Major, O hospes, nimium beate
Hospite Elisa!

Est minor nemo nisi comparatus,
Neve te dici pudeat minorem:
Nil videt nostræ simile aut secundum
Orbis Elisæ.

Cynthiæ qualis nitor inter astra
Talis in terris decor est Elisæ:
Ecce, cui gratus patria relicta
Veneris hospes!

Proximas illi tamen occupasti
Nominis laudes, sequerisque juxta;
Proximos illi tibi vox Iöpæ
Cantat honores.

Vinciant pictæ cyathos coronæ,
Nobili Bacchus statuatur auro,
Maximi fiant strepitus per aulam,
Jussit Elisa.

Hospes illustris, tibi gratulamur;
Jam juvat longos geminare plausus;
En, tibi lætæ volitant per ampla
Atria voces!

DIDO, ÆNEAS.

Dido. Dux magne Teucrûm, quæ tibi placeant dapes?

Æn. Nec hæ nec illæ, sed placent cunctæ mihi:
Epulas in epulis, in cibis quæro cibos,
Et copia meum tanta delectum impedit.

Dido. Non ista Priami regna: quis Carthaginis
Hospitia Trojæ conferat quondam tuæ?
Sed tenuis aures pepulit hic rumor meas
Quædam fuisse fata secreta Ilii:
Quænam illa fuerint, hospes, exponas precor.

Æn. Regina, variis illa numerantur modis:
In his reponi Troili letum solet,
Scissumque Scææ limen, atque Helenus sacer,
Rhesique equorum raptus, et Pyrrhus simul;
Sed prima Trojæ fata memorantur duo,
Flavæ sacratum Palladis signum deæ,
Et cum sagittis arcus ac pharetra Herculis.
Dido. Quod hoc Minervæ quæso simulacrum fuit?
Æn. Cum dives Asiam regeret et muros novi
Extrueret Ilus Ilii, festo die
Cecidisse cælo fertur, huc illuc means,
Colum sinistra, spiculum dextra tenens,
Habituque toto bellicam referens deam.
Obstupuit Ilus: consulit Phœbum pius:
Consultus ille tale responsum dedit;
"In hoc ruina stabit et Trojæ salus;
Servate tectis urbe cum vestra deam;
Ablata secum tollet imperium loci."
Ast Ilus arcem Palladi sacram extruit,
Cæleste tuto collocat signum loco,
Additque vigiles; nec quidem hæredi minor
Pervenit inde cura, Laomedon, tibi.
At, heu, parum servata sub Priamo fuit!
Hoc ipsa voluit Pallas ex illo die
Quo forma victa est Paridis arbitrio furens.
Dido. Quis machinator facinoris tanti extitit?
Æn. Furtis Ulysses aptus ac natus dolo,
Dum per cloacas abditam quærit viam.
Dido. Quin et secundum Pergami fatum explica.
Æn. Arsurus illo natus Alcmena rogo
Quo victor astra petiit et superûm domos,
"Pæante genite," dixit, "hoc munus cape;"
Arcumque dono pariter et pharetram dedit
Gravidam sagittis: arguunt tela Herculem.
Dido. Quis hoc Pelasgis aperuit fatum deus?
Æn. Et hoc et illud proximum Phœbo caput
Monstravit Helenus, ipse fatorum mora.
Hic, captus Ithaci fraude, sic Danais sacra
Resolvit ora, Delio plenus deo:
"En, hic sagittis restat Alcidæ labor
Supremus! illum fata rapuerunt licet,
At interesse gloriæ hæredem jubent;
Nec minima tanti pars erit facti Hercules;
Non ante Troja poterit æquari solo
Priamique regnum quam Philoctetes gravi
Serpentis ictu saucius, Lemno exulans,
In castra veniat, ut ducum strage edita
Cruore arundo madeat Herculea Phrygûm,
Ne quid geratur arduum dempto Hercule."
En, ista Trojæ summa fatorum fuit!

POMPA LARVALIS.*

Dido. Rector deorum Jupiter et hominum sator
(Nam jura te loquuntur hospitibus dare),
Si rite pateram solitus hanc Belus tibi
Implere vino, et quisquis a Belo minor,
Hanc esse Tyriis pariter et Teucris diem
Jucundam, et hujus posteros olim velis
Meminisse nostros! Bacche, lætitiæ dator,
Adsis, et alma Juno jam Phrygibus bona!
Et O faventes este vos, Tyrii, precor!
[*Libat Jovi.*

ASCANIUS, DIDO.

Asc. Regina, tandem quæso tollantur dapes;
Satis epularum, luxui satis est datum:
Inambulando membra relevemus precor.
Dido. Mos tibi geretur.—Tollite, ministri, ocius.
Interea læto personet cantu domus:
Nos inferamus regiis hortis gradum.

MAHARBAL, HANNO.

Mah. Ut vereor, Hanno, quem ferent ista exitum
Hospitia! si (quod omen avertat deus)
Quod sæpe factum, jamque ne fiat precor,
Si deperiret hospitem Dido novum,
Quæ bella, quas hæ nuptiæ turbas darent!
Han. At tu, Maharbal, quem tibi fingis metum?
Nolo oscitantem, nolo prudentem nimis.
Quæ bella vates (illa fac nubat) canis?
Mah. Tantumne Iärbas dedecus inultum feret
Furens adhuc amore? quid Libyæ duces
Quos illa toties sprevit? impune hospitem
In regna recipi, despici indigenas sinent?
Han. Si tu, Maharbal, exigi miserum putes,
Licito juventam ducat ut vacuam toro
Regina pollens opibus, ætate integra,
Tuone potius nubet arbitrio, an suo,
An magis Iärbæ? Lege si tali velim
Rex esse, moriar! conjugem nolo eripi,
Nolo imperari; gravius hoc multo reor.
Nam quas Iärbæ, quas refers regum minas?
Ducente Tyrias Troico turmas duce
Carthago clarum gentibus caput efferet.
Mah. At subeat animo quæ sit hospitibus fides
Habenda; Theseus doceat Ariadnæ malo,
Jason Medeæ: trita peregrinis fuga est.
Han. Ah, ne duorum scelera sint culpa omnium!
Sed mæsta vultus exiit Dido foras:
At nos secreto tecta repetamus gradu.

* *Pompa larvalis*] i. e. A Masque.

DIDO, ANNA.

Dido. Quæ me, Anna, dubiam somnia exterrent, soror?
Quis iste nuper sedibus nostris novus
Successit hospes! ore quem sese ferens!
Quam fortis alto pectore armisque inclytus!
Equidem, soror, (nec vana credentis fides,)
Genus esse divûm credo: degenerem arguit
Animum timor: quot ille perpessus mala
Terra marique! bella quæ gessit ferox!
Si non sederet in animo fixum mihi
Ne cui jugali lege sociari velim,
Postquam mariti morte deceptam mei
Amor fefellit primus, et tædæ mihi
Si non perosæ penitus ac thalami forent,
Huic forsan uni cederem culpæ libens.
Sed vel dehiscat ante mihi tellus precor,
Vel pater ad umbras fulmine omnipotens agat,
Pallentis umbras Erebi et infernam Styga,
Quam tua resolvam jura, te violem, pudor!
Me primus ille qui sibi junxit meos
Abstulit amores; habeat is secum et suo
Servet sepulcro: nemo levitate arguat.

An. O cara magis hoc lucis aspectu, soror,
Semperne mœrens cælibem vitam exiges?
Nunquamne Veneris pignora et licitos toros
Dulcesque natos noveris? id tu putas
Curare manes? esto, nulli ægram viri
Flexere quondam, non tua spretus Tyro
Nobilis Iärbas, gentis et Libyæ duces,
Et quos abundans Africa triumphis alit;
Etiamne Amori sola pugnabis deo?
Nec quorum in arvis degis in mentem venit?
Hinc Marte gens invicta, Gætuli truces,
Numidæque cingunt; hinc regio squalens situ,
Et vasta syrtis; inde Barcæi fremunt
Late furentes: bella quid dicam Tyro
Jam nascitura? quid graves fratris minas?
Junonis equidem et cælitum auspiciis reor
Huc detulisse Dardanas ventum rates.
Germana, quam tu, quam brevi hanc urbem tuam,
Quæ regna cernes surgere Ænea duce!
Comitante Teucro milite ut se Punica
Nomenque terris gloria attollet tuum!

Dido. Non ista nostrum quæ refers animum latent;
Et jam fatebor, Anna, post miserum mei
Fatum Sichæi et cæde fraterna impie
Sparsos penates, solus hic sensus meos
Flexit, animumque cardine labantem impulit,
Primasque flammæ veteris agnosco notas:
Sed dubius animum distrahit nostrum timor
Pudorque. Voti quam mei spem das, soror?

An. Germana, tantum posce tu veniam deos
Sacris litatis: hospiti indulge novo;
Causas morandi necte dum pelago gravis
Desævit hiemis ira, dum quassæ rates,
Dum non sereno murmurant venti polo.

Dido. Satis est: amori subdis ardenti faces:
Laxabo frœna; stultus excedat pudor.
Cras demereri victima crebra deos
Pacemque in extis quærere statutum est mihi:
Tibi vacca Cereri, pariter et Baccho cadet;
Longe ante reliquos sacra Junoni feram
Cui conjugalis vincla sunt curæ tori.

CHORUS.

Eheu, Dido, miseret nos tui!
O ignaræ vatum mentes!
Quid juvat aras tangere supplicem?
Nulla juvabunt vota furentem:
Exedit intus flamma medullas,
Tacitum vivit pectore vulnus.
Dido miseris uritur ignibus,
Totaque furens urbe vagatur:
Missa qualis cerva sagitta
Quam procul inter Cressia fixit
Nemora incautam pastor, et inscius
Medio liquit pectore ferrum;
Mœrens silvas illa petit fuga,
Lateri stridens hæret arundo.
Nunc per muros demens hospitem
Secum Æneam ducit Elisa;
Nunc Sidonias ostentat opes
Urbemque novam; cupit effari,
Et mox media voce resistit;
Nunc Iliacos audire expetit
Illa labores; nunc convivia
Eadem quærit labente die.
Non jam cœptæ surgunt turres,
Non exercent juvenes arma,
Non jam bello tela recondunt,
Portusve parant; cessant opera,
Pendent altæ murorum minæ.
O quis superum tanta clemens
Peste furentem solvat Elisam!

Secundo [*actu*] *transitur ad venationem.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

SICHÆI UMBRA.*

Tellure scissa per vias saxo asperas
Mœstum Sichæus Tartaro gressum extuli,
Atram sinistra præferens tædam novis
Thalamis Elisæ conjugis quondam meæ.
Nam quæ sub imas fama mihi terras venit!
Amore Teucri furere Didonem hospitis!
In media recipi regna peregrinum! loco
Viri esse! quo me, quo meas lachrymas feram?
Si jam Sichæus excidit penitus tibi,
Si jam secundos expetis, Dido, toros,
Nullosne Libya quos ames gignit duces?
Misero beata, perfido nubes pia?
Regina perfugæ, Troico Tyria viro?
Genus omne Phrygium fecit invisum Paris;
Hic rapuit, iste deseret vagus hospitem.
Absiste, Dido; rara in hospitibus fides,
Erratque ut ipsi; prodidit patriam suam,
Prodet alienam; conjugem quanto magis?
Secum penates avehat, Latium petat.
At tu, Megæra, pectus hoc furiis age,
Perure. Satis est: caveat Æneas malum.
Quin intus abeo: stabo et arcebo nefas.
[*Exit in regiam.*

Tempestas Junonia.

NYMPHARUM PLANCTUS. (*Nymphæ canent in scena.*)

Eheu, querulos fundite planctus!
Terite infestis pectora palmis;
Eheu, dicite Tyriis omen
Venit acerbum!
Heu, hymenæos, heu, male junctos!
Heu, connubium quale nec ævum
Vidit priscum nullaque nascens
Hora videbit!
Non cessabit nemorum questus:
Nos quoque Nymphæ fletum dabimus;
Atque ex imis mœsta cavernis
Ingemet Echo.

CUPIDO VERUS. (*Exeat e nemore.*)

Bene est, abunde est, exitum nacti sumus,
Matris repertum fraudibus, partum meis.
Amavit; etiam amore bacchata est, novo
Flagravit igne; nec levi pretio stetit
Tenuisse Iülum genibus et gremio levem.
Insuave retuli suavium dulci osculo;
Cum lusit illa ludicro, lusi dolo:
Bibit? recepi; aspexit? et vultum intuli;
Vocavit? aderam; mulsit? implevi sinum;
Vafer fefelli simplicem astutus piam:
Et jam reliqui perditam, quamvis putet
Abiisse curam penitus. En, conjux Jovis
Genetrixque nostra, manibus ad speciem datis,
Pepigere fœdus! nuptiis dicunt diem;
In nemora mittunt; imbribus cælum rotant;
Et hanc cavernam nuptiis statuunt locum:
Mox ducet extra conjugem sponsus suam.
Sed nos in urbem magnus etiamnum labor
Accersit; aliquis semper in Tyriis amat.

Redeunt a venatione.

MERCURIUS SOLUS. (*Cœlitus delapsus.*)

Facunda proles maximi superum Jovis
Matrisque Maiæ, nuntius velox deûm,
Corusca summi templa deserui ætheris.
Quis hic locus? quæ zona? quas terras premo?
Utrumve votum visa decipiunt meum?
An ista Libya est? ista Carthago nova?
Ni fallor, ipsa est, urbis agnosco notas;
Didonis hoc est regiæ limen domus.
Hic delinitus ductor Æneas Phrygum
Moratur; ille causa veniendi fuit.
Nec vile quisquam munus hoc nostrum putet,
Quod huc et illuc pervolem nutu Jovis:
Sancte colendum est numen in terris meum;
Legatione cælitum fungi grave est,
Nec nisi valenti munus ingenio datur.
Seu petere terram, seu fretum supra placet
Volare, rapido flamine alarum vehor.
Tum quanta virgæ, quam potens virtus meæ!
Hac pallidi animas evoco Ditis domo,
Hac pariter alias mitto ad infernam Styga;
Induco somnos, rursus hac somnos fugo,
Et pressa morte lumina resigno gravi;
Hac fretus æquor transeo ventos agens,
Nubesque moti turbidas trano ætheris.
Sed, ecce, quisnam regia gressum extulit?
Ipse est Achati junctus Æneas suo.

MERCURIUS AD ÆNEAM.

Carthaginis tu mœnia excelsæ locas,
Urbemque nunc uxorius pulchram extruis,

* *Sichæi Umbra*] I may notice here, that in the *Didone* of Dolce (first printed in 1547) one of the personages is L'Ombra di Sicheo.

Rerum tuarum oblite regnique immemor?
Hominum deûmque rector et mundi arbiter,
Qui numine polos torquet et terras suo,
Celeres per auras ipse me jussit tibi
Mandata ferre: quid struis? qua spe teris
Libycis in oris otia et terris tibi
Fato negatis? quo tuæ spectant moræ?
Si nulla rerum fama tantarum movet,
Nec ipse proprium laude moliris super
Tua laborem, subeat Ascanius tibi,
Et spes Iüli respice hæredis tui,
Cui jam Latini regna debentur soli:
Arcesne Latias invides nato pater?
Non alma talem te mihi dixit Venus,
Nec vindicavit ideo bis Graiûm dolis;
Sed qui frementem regeret Italiam fore,
A sanguine alto proderet Teucri genus,
Orbique jura victor et leges daret.
Legationis summa nostræ est, naviga.

ÆNEAS, ACHATES.

Æn. Horrore quatior totus, et mentem pavor
Concussit ingens, atra nox oculos subit,
Facilemque verbis denegat lingua exitum:
Sed quid profari, quid loqui, Æneas, potes?
Aut unde fas est? huc et huc animus mihi
Variusque rapitur, qualis Euripus solet
Fluere et refluere septies uno die.
Tanto deorum attonitus imperio juvat
Abire, et istas deserere terras fuga:
Sed te furentem quo mihi affatu licet
Ambire, Dido? quem mihi vultum induam?
Quæ prima sumam verba? quæ causa est satis?
Incertus animi versor in varias vices;
Sic ut carinam media sulcantem freta
Hac rector, illac unda transversum rapit.
Restitue fluctus, Juno, jam Libycos mihi;
Levior in illis ira prælusit tua
Quicunque sævo maria transitis deo,
Amate fluctus; credite experto mihi.

Ach. Magnanime Troûm ductor et captæ unicum
Patriæ levamen, comprime affectus precor,
Teque obsequentem nuntio præbe Jovis:
Minus eligendum est cum duo occurrunt mala.

Æn. Sic est, Achates: at quis hic judex erit?

Ach. Jove imperante te tamen judex latet?

Æn. At hospitalis Jupiter prohibet fugam.

Ach. Iter institutum cur fugam turpem vocas?

Æn. Sic prædicabit fama. *Ach.* Sed falsa et levis.

Æn. Tamen est timenda levior. *Ach.* At superi magis.

Æn. At cara Dido est. *Ach.* Veniat in mentem tibi
Ascanius. *Æn.* Etiam magna Carthago venit.

Ach. Num terra fatis debita Italia est minor?

Æn. Via longa pelago. *Ach.* Jupiter monstrat viam.

Æn. At sæva Juno. *Ach.* Materia laudis tuæ.

Æn. At cuncta Elisæ debeo, classem, meos,
Vitamque Iüli. *Ach.* Quas decet grates age.

Æn. Omnis habeatur gratia, ingratum arguet.

Ach. Promerita perdit qui satis grato exprobrat.

Æn. Amat. *Ach.* Sequetur forsan. *Æn.* Insanit. *Ach.* Fuge.

Æn. At obsecrabit per fidem misero datam,
Per hospitia, per lacrymas, per dexteram,
Per omne quicquid dulce mihi secum fuit.

Ach. Tu pariter obsecra per Ascanii caput,
Per dira superum monita, per fatis tibi
Promissa Latii regna, per gentes novas.
Obsiste lacrymis, jamque te intractabilem
Durumque præbe fortis, auresque obstrue,
Vocesque miseras perfer, obdura, excute;
Ut alta quercus quam simul facto impetu
Boreæ valentes hinc et hinc flatibus
Eruere certant, hæret hæc scopulis tamen,
Quantumque ad auras vertice erigitur suo
Radice tantum extenditur in imam Styga.

Æn. Satis est, Achates; vincat imperium Jovis.
Et te, deorum sancte, quisquis eras, sequor:
O placidus adsis quæso, cursumque adjuves,
Et astra cælo dextra placato feras!

Ach. At Mnesthea Cloanthumque rectores jube
Ut arma taciti colligant, classem instruant,
Ex urbe socios ad suas cogant rates,
Novique causam fronte consilii tegant.
Interea tu, dum nesciat Dido furens,
Tantosque amores non putet rumpi suos,
Aditum experire quæque fandi tempora
Idonea, rebus quis modus dexter tuis.

Æn. Te cura, Achates, classis armandæ manet.
Hominesque deosque testor et sanctam fidem,
Me, Elisa, terris cedere invitum tuis!

CHORUS.

O quam velox est Fama malum
Celeri versans mobilitate!
Primo semper parva timore,
Postea sese tollit in auras,

Graditurque solo, mox caput inter
Nubila condit.
Odiis illam stimulata deûm
Cœo, ut perhibent, Enceladoque
Tulit extremam Terra sororem,
Pedibus celerem levibusque alis;
Monstrum horrendum, cui quot plumæ
Corpore, tot sunt oculi subter,
Tot sunt linguæ, totidemque sonant
Ora, tot avidas subrigit aures.
Noctu cæli medio pervolat,
Nec declinat lumina somno;
Custos summi culmina tecti
Turresve altas tenet interdiu.
Garrula magnas territat urbes,
Nuntia ficti, nuntia veri.
Hæc multiplici voce replevit
Populos gaudens, infecta simul
Et facta canens; scilicet hospitem
Venisse novum sanguine Teucro,
Cui se Dido dignetur viro
Jungere, nunc se luxis * hiemem
Ducere totam, regni immemores:
Hæc dea passim fœda per urbes
Libycas hominum fundit in ora.

EPILOGUS.

Jam nacta tandem est exitum Dido suum;
Utinam expetitum; quem tamen potuit tulit;
Et scriptam et actam tempus excuset breve.
Nunc quisque reputet quid sibi hinc referat
boni.

---

* *luxis*] Here Gager seems to have forgotten that "luxus" is a noun of the 4th declension.—Qy. "dignatur" in the preceding line?

Venus inimico credere antiquo vetat:
Ut faveat hostis, cogitat semper dolos;
Ut Juno Teucris sit bona, insidias struit.
Fidemque opemque regium est miseris dare;
Hospitia claram magna nobilitant domum.
Beneficio quicunque destrictus manet
Capite minuitur, esse liber desinit;
Sit gratus usque licet, at ingrate audiet.
Junonia male expressa tempestas monet
Habenda quæ sit Prometheis posthac fides,
Nec posse quemquam fulmen imitari Jovis.
Decet obsequentes esse præmonitis deûm;
Omnisque nimia est, sit licet brevior, mora.
Molles moveri fœminæ lacrymis solent;
Sed fortis aures obstruere debet suas.
Promerita si majora detineant bona,
Quæcunque fuerint, neminem vinctum tenent.
Vis magna amoris: fœminas gravior solet
Corripere flamma; levior accendit viros.
Sed vita paucas nostra Didones tulit:
Prudentiores fœminas factas reor;
Amore nullam credo morituram gravi.
Sed una longe, Elisa, te superat tamen
Regina virgo: quot tulit casus pia!
Quæ regna statuit! quam dat externis fidem!
Dignata nullo conjuge Sichæo tamen,
Animumque nullus flectat Æneas suum.
Tamen, ecce, major hospes Ænea hospite,
Cui verba, Dido, rectius quadrent tua!
Quis iste nuper sedibus nostris novus
Successit hospes? ore quem sese ferens?
Quam fortis alto pectore armisque inclytus!
Genus esse divûm credo, nec vana est fides.
Sed Elisa fato Tyria miserando occubat:
At nostra Elisa vivit, et vivat precor,
Talesque regnans hospites videat diu,
Sabæ salutent undique et magni duces.
Huic vos Elisæ tollere applausum decet.

No. IV.

SPECIMENS OF PETOWE'S CONTINUATION OF MARLOWE'S HERO AND LEANDER.

[Concerning this piece and its author see *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*. The title-page of the old ed. is,—

The Second Part of Hero and Leander conteyning their further Fortunes by Henry Petowe. Sat cito, si sit bene. London. Printed by Thomas Purfoot, for Andrew Harris, and are to be sould at his shop under the Popes head next to the Royall Exchange. 1598, 4to.]

Marlowe's fragment ends * where Leander becomes "lord of his desires." Petowe's continuation (after some mythological matter, and the encomium on Marlowe already cited) informs us that

"Dvke Archilaus, cruell, voyd of pitie,
Where Hero dwelt was regent of that citie."

He conceives a violent passion for her: but she, true to Leander, is moved neither by his "thundering threates" nor his soothing words. Upon this, Archilaus, expecting to have better success with the lady if Leander were away, accuses him of treason, and banishes him from Sestos. The lovers take a very tender farewell of each other; and Leander sets out with all speed for Delphi, to consult the oracle of Apollo concerning his future fortunes.

"True loue quite bannisht, lust began to pleade
To Hero, like a scholler deepely reade.
'The flaming sighes that boyle within my brest,
Faire loue,' quoth he, 'are cause of my vnrest;
Vnrest I entertaine for thy sweet sake,
And in my tent choose sorrow for my make.†
Why dost thou frowne?' quoth he;—and then she turn'd;—
'Oh, coole the fainting soule that flaming burn'd,
Forc't by desire, to touch thy matchles beautie,
To whome thy seruant vowes all reucrent dutie.'
With that, her irefull browes, clowded with frownes,
His soule, alreadv drencht, in woe's sea drownes:
But, floating on the waues, thus he gan say;
'Flint-harted lady, canst thou be so coy?
Can pittie take no place? is kinde remorce *
Quite bannisht, quite fled?' Then gan he to be horce,
Vnable to exclaime against her longer;
Whose woe-lament made Hero's hart more stronger."

She now bewails the fate of Leander, and calls on heaven to punish the destroyer of her happiness.

"The angry Duke lay listning to her words,
And, till she ends, no speech at all affords;
Vntill at length, exclaiming 'gainst her kinde,
Thus he breath'd foorth the venome of his minde:
'Oh, timerous taunters, that delights in toyes,
Iangling iesters, depriuers of sweete joyes,
Tumbling cock-boats tottering too and fro,
Grownd of the graft whence all my griefe doth grow,
Sullen serpents enuiron'd with despight,
That ill for good at all times doth requite!
As cypresse-tree that rent is by the roote,
As well-sowen seede for drought that cannot sprout,
As braunch or slip bitter from whence it growes,
As gaping ground that raineles cannot close,
As fish on lande to whome no water flowes,
As flowers doe fade when Phœbus rarest showes,
As Salamandra repuls'd from the fier,—
Wanting my wish, I die for my desire.'
Speaking those words, death seiz'd him for his owne:
Wherewith she thought her woes were ouerthrowne."

* See note †, p. 289.
† *make*] i. e. mate.

* *remorce*] i. e. compassion.

She is, however, altogether mistaken; for Euristippus, the brother and successor to Archilaus, in great fury accuses her of having poisoned the last-mentioned personage, and is resolved to make her feel his vengeance.

"Her doome was thus: ere three moneths' date
tooke end,
If she found none that would her cause defend,
Vntimely death should seize her as a pray,
And vnresisting life should death obay.
Meane-time within a rocke-fram'd castle strong
She was imprison'd, traytors vile among.
Where, discontented when she should haue rested,
Her foode bad fare, with sighes and teares she
feasted
And when the breathlesse horses of the Sunne
Had made their stay, and Luna had begun
With cheerefull smyling browes to grace darke
night
Clad in blacke sable weedes, for want of light,
This all-alone sad lady gan to play,
Framing sweet musick to her well-a-day;
Th' effect whereof this sonnet plainely showes,
The fountaine whence springs Hero's heauie woes.

HERO'S LAMENTATION IN PRISON.

'NIGHT'S mourning blacke and mistie vailing hew
Shadowes the blessed comfort of the sunne,
At whose bright gaze I wonted to renew
My liueles life, when life was almost done.
Done is my life, and all my pleasure done,
For he is gone in whome my life begun:
Vnhappie I, poore I, and none as I,
But pilgrim he, poore he, that should be by.

'My loue exil'd, and I in prison fast,
Out-streaming teares breake into weeping raine:
He too soone banisht, I in dungeon cast,
He for me mourneth, I for him complaine.
He's banished, yet liues at libertie,
And I exil'd, yet liue in miserie;
He weepes for me far off, I for him here:
I would I were with him, and he more nere!

'Bvt this imprisoning caue, this woefull cell,
This house of sorrow and increasing woe,
Griefe's tearie chamber where sad care doth dwell,
Where liquid teares, like top-fil'd seas, doe flow,
Beating their waues 'gainst still relentles stone,
Still still they smile on me, and I still mone;
I weepe to stone, and stone of stone I finde,
Colde stone colde comfort yeilds,—oh, most
vnkinde!

'Oft haue I read that stone relents at raine,
And I impleat their barren wombe with store;
Teares streaming downe, they wet and wet againe;
Yet pittilesse they harden more and more;
And when my longing soule lookes they should
sonder,
I touch the flintie stone, and they seeme stronger;
They stronge, I weake,—alas, what hope haue I!
Hero wants comfort, Hero needs must die.'

When the melodious shrill-toung'd nightingale
With heauie cheere had warbled this sad tale,
Night's drowsie god an iuorie cannopie
Curtaines before the windowes of faire beautie:
Drown'd thus in sleepe, she spent the wearie
night:
There leaue I Hero in a heauie plight.
Now to the woefull pilgrime I returne,
Whose passions force the gentle birdes to mourne:
They see Leander weepe, with heauie note
They faintly singe, as when they singe by rote;
While he gan descant on his miserie,
The pretie fowles doe make him melodie.

LEANDER'S COMPLAINT OF HIS RESTLES ESTATE.

'BRIGHT heauen's immortall mouing spheares,
And Phœbus all diuine,
Rue on lowe earth's vnfained teares
That issue from earth's eyne.
Eyes were these no-eyes whilst eies' eye-sight
lasted,
But these darke eyes' cleere sight sad sorrow
wasted.

'What creature liuing liues in griefe
That breathes on Tellus' soile,
But heauens pitie with reliefe,
Saue me, a slaue to spoyle?
Spoyle doe his worst; spoyle cannot spoile me
more;
Spoyle neuer spoyl'd so true a loue before.

'The stricken deere stands not in awe
Of blacke grym irefull death,
For he findes hearbes * that can withdrawe
The shaft, to saue his breath;
The chased deere hath soile † to coole his heate;
The toyled steed is vp in stable set;

* *For he findes hearbes*, &c.] See note *, p. 212.
† *soile*] See note †, p. 264.

'The sillie owles lurke in the leaues,
Shine sunne or night's queene whether;
The sparrowe shrowdes her in the eaues
From stormes of huffing weather;
Fowles comfort finde; Leander findes no friend:
Then, comfortlesse, Leander's life must end.'"

By this time, "the smiling browes of Heauen" being pleased "to set a period to Leander's toyle," he reaches Delphi in safety:

"He craues long-lookt-for rest, or else to die:
To whome the Oracle gan thus reply.

THE ORACLE.

He loueth thine, that loues not thee:
His loue to thine shall fatall bee:
Vpon suspect she shalbe slaine,
Vnles thou doe returne againe."

Such a response could not fail to "renewe Leander's woes againe." He, however, thinks it best to return to Sestos, that he may prevent, if possible, the threatened danger; and presently he arrives there.

"This backe-retired pilgrime liu'd secure,
And in vnknowen disguise he did indure
Full two moneths' space, vntill the time drew nie
To free faire Hero or inforce her die."

On that day there is a great assembly of knights and ladies. Hero, at the Duke's command, is brought forth from her dungeon; and her beauty excites much admiration among the crowd.

"Though by the sterne Duke she was dishonored,
Yet of the people she was honored;
Mongst whome exil'd Leander, all vnseene
And all vnknowne, attended on his queene.
When to the neere-adioyning pallaice-gate,
The place appointed for the princely combate,
They did approch, there might all eies behold
The Duke in armour of pure beaten gold,
Mounted vpon a steed as white as snow,
The proud Duke Euristippus, Hero's foe.
Hero being seated in rich maiestie,
A seruile hand-mayd to captiuitie,
From whence she might behold that gentle knight,
That for her sake durst hazard life in fight;
For this was all the comfort Hero had,
So many eyes shed teares to see her sad;
Her hand-maide Hope perswaded her, some one
Vndaunted knight would be her champion;
Yet, since her lord Leander was not nie,
She was resolu'd eyther to liue or die.
But her Leander, carefull of his loue,
Intending loue's firme constancie to proue,
(Yf to his lot the honour did befall,)
Withdrew himselfe into the pallaice-hall,
Where he was armed to his soules content,
And priuily conducted to a tent,
From whence he issu'd foorth at trumpet's sound;
Who, at the first encounter, on the ground
Forced the mazed Duke sore panting lie,
Drown'd in the ryuer of sad extacie.
At length reuiuing, he doth mount againe;
Whome young Leander in short time had slaine.
The Duke quite dead, this all-vnknowne young knight
Was foorthwith made the heire of Sestos' right;
The princesse Hero set at libertie,
Kept by the late dead Duke in miserie;
Whose constancie Leander gan to proue,
And now anew begins to court his loue."

Hero, having no idea who he is, concludes an answer to his addresses by saying,

"'But rest content and satisfied with this,
Whilst true Leander liues, true Hero's his.'—
'And thy Leander liues, sweete soule,' sayde he,
'Praysing thy all-admired chastitie:
Though thus disguis'd, I am that banisht knight
That for affecting thee was put to flight;
Hero, I am Leander, thy true phere,*
As true to thee as life to me is deere.'
When Hero all-amazed gan reuiue,
And she that then seem'd dead was now aliue,
With kinde imbracements, kissing at each straine,
She welcoms him and kisses him againe:
'By thee my ioyes haue shaken of dispaire,
All stormes be past, and weather waxeth faire;
By thy returne Hero receaues more ioye
Then Paris did when Hellen was in Troy;
By thee my heauy doubts and thoughts are fled,
And now my wits with pleasant thoughts are fed.'—
'Feed, sacred sainct, on nectar all diuine,
While these my eyes,' quoth he, 'gaze on thy eyne;
And ever after may these eyes beware
That they on strangers' beautie neuer stare:
My wits I charme henceforth they take such heede
They frame no toyes, my fancies new to feede;

* *phere*] See note ¶, p. 297.

Deafe be my eares to heare another voice,
To force me smile or make my soule reioyce;
Lame be my feete when they presume to moue,
To force Leander seeke another loue;
And when thy faire,* sweet faire, I gin disgrace,
Heauen to my soule afford no resting-place!'
What he to her, she vow'd the like to him;
All sorrowes fled, their ioyes anew begin.

Full many yeares those louers liu'd in fame,
That all the world did much admire the same.
Their liues' spent date, and vnresisted death
At hand to set a period to their breath,
They were transform'd by all-diuine decrees
Into the forme and shape of two pine-trees,
Whose nature's such, the fæmale pine will die,
Vnles the male be euer planted by;
A map for all succeeding times to come,
To view true loue, which in their loues begun."

And so the poem concludes.

* *faire*] i. e. beauty.

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THE END.

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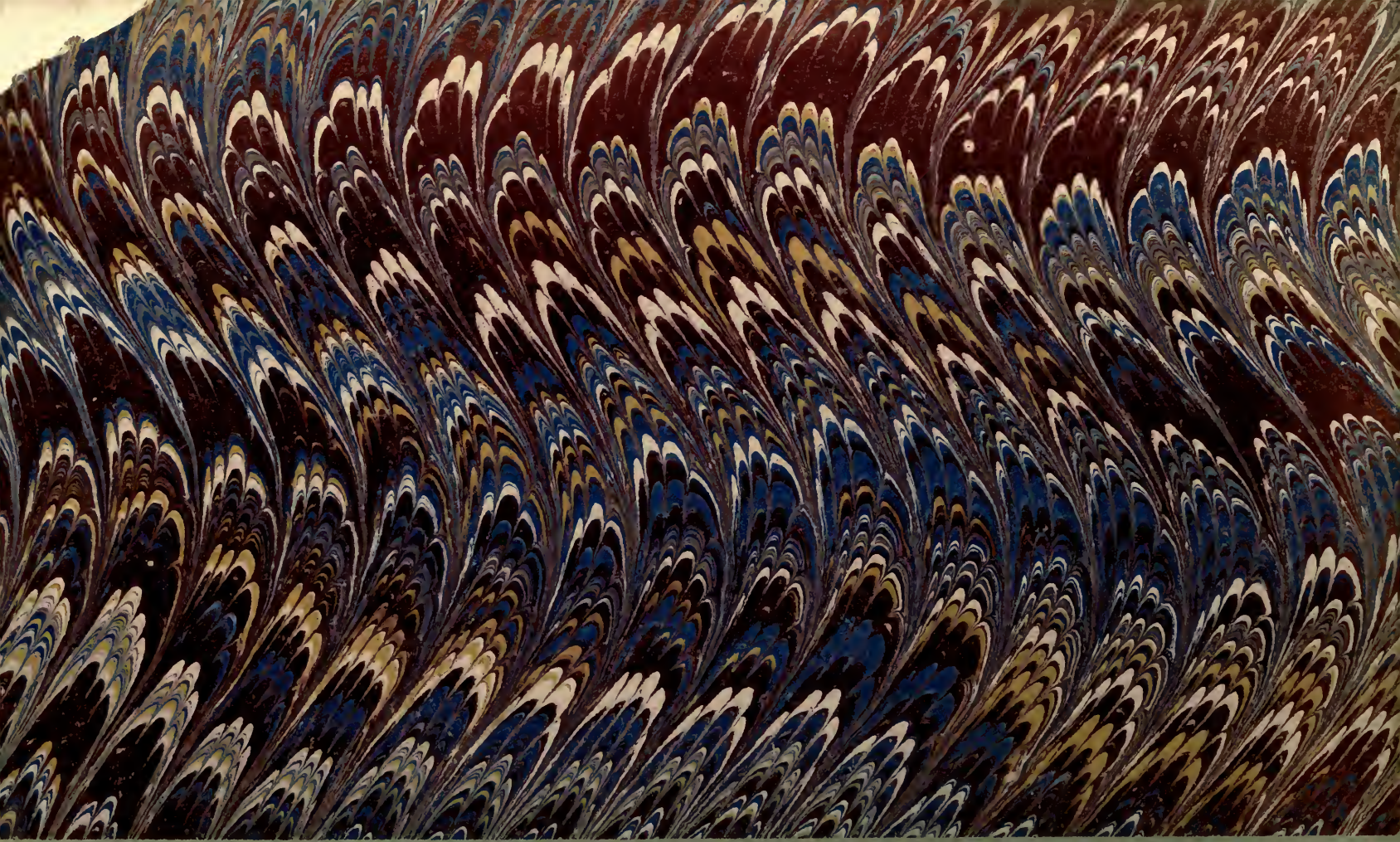

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